

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXIX. — FEBRUARY, 1897. — No. CCCCLXXII.

DEMOCRATIC TENDENCIES.

I.

FORMER DEMOCRACIES.

I HAVE thought it necessary, at the risk of being tedious, to preface what I am about to say concerning democracy by a brief account of the earlier efforts to establish it. I do this to avoid the notion, which is only too prevalent, that we are in this age attempting something new in the art of government, when the fact is that we are continuing a very old experiment under widely changed conditions. Human nature remains the constant element in our problem, but it is now surrounded with a great variety of novel agencies, to which we are slowly and painfully trying to adapt ourselves.

There is probably no political question which has been more debated than the origin of society, — what it was that in the beginning brought large bodies of men together under one government. There is probably no subject more obscure. When it began to be looked into after the Renaissance, the view of Aristotle, that society had grown naturally, was the one generally adopted. Government was the product of the nature of man as a gregarious or political animal, as he calls him. Men loved to live in a herd, and in order to live comfortably in a herd, regulations were necessary; and as soon as speech came, these regulations became governments, but they were not at the outset really what we call government. They were, more pro-

perly, customs. There is nothing more wonderful or incredible in these than in the customs of the bees or of the ants. These animals have certain ways of acting under certain circumstances, which must be considered, as long as we deny them intellect, a true government. That is, a certain course of conduct is imposed on them by some power or influence superior to the individual will. Whether this power be instinct or custom makes little difference. It constitutes an orderly way of living in society. The essential thing in any government is that it should make living in society easy and secure, while living alone is insecure and disagreeable. The prevalence of the belief among individuals that things must be done in a certain way, and not in others, and that unless things are done in a certain way, and not in others, unpleasant results will follow, means organized society; and it makes no difference from what source the unpleasantness of these results may emanate. As soon as this power or influence takes hold of men, and a number of them agree in submitting to it, government of some kind is instituted.

Of the origin of custom we know little, although there has been a great deal of speculation about it, too. But it is almost certain that every custom originated either in a common sense of the convenience of some practice, or in a gradually formed common belief in its efficacy as a protection against known ills. So it may be alleged with toler-

able positiveness that the practice of being bound by certain customs was in the beginning a natural product of men's gregariousness.

A great deal, also, has been written about the origin of law. In the beginning of this century Austin made some impression by the definition of law as a command promulgated by an official superior; that is, that there must be a government, in our sense of the word, before there is law, and that even custom does not become law until it has received the sanction or affirmation of this political superior, or of its courts or judges. But, as has been pointed out by Maine and Holland and Pollock, the courts decide what customs are binding and what are not, showing that a custom may be a law before the political superior takes any notice of it. In fact, it is now generally recognized, as Maine suggests, that law begins in custom or religion; that law is the product either of custom or of belief. As far as we can go back into the mists of time we find men living under the domain of custom. We find them doing some things and avoiding others, simply because their fathers before them have done them or have avoided them. We find this long before we can catch sight of any political authority whatever. Even to-day, according to Mr. Lumholtz, there are Australian savages who have no political or social superiors, and whom nobody commands. But they have rules of living. Superiority of physical strength seems to lead, in process of time, to the predominance of one man, which finally brings with it moral influence. But political authority, apparently, does not come for a good while. Among American Indians, the chief is not always a political superior. He leads in a war party those who choose to follow him from confidence in his ability, but when the expedition is over he becomes simply a distinguished man, whose advice is valuable and whose prowess is great. What holds the tribe together is

a collection of customs which fix the date and character of its doings, and which none dares to disobey. Not unnaturally, when a chief of more than ordinary force and character is able, in a more advanced state of society, to convert this influence into positive rule, — that is, to make himself a Homeric or Roman "king," and perhaps a hereditary king, — to become a real political chief, and to give his family a semi-sacred character in the popular eyes, we have the foundation of a state.

But we meet with no sign in antiquity of the conscious foundation of a state by agreement. In all that we see or know of the foundations of society, we find no trace of conscious organization. Certain arrangements grow out of existing conditions. They are not made, and they differ infinitely as the previous circumstances differ. So that the Aristotelian view appears to have been founded on all that was known or could be learnt of the early history of mankind. The contract theory represented society as we see it, as having been founded by discussion between rulers and people, and the formation by mutual agreement of rules by which the government was to be carried on. This was, in the seventeenth century, the chief weapon of the friends of constitutional liberty against the absolutists. Sir Robert Filmer, on behalf of the absolutists, founded the monarch's claim to rule on the paternal character of Adam. As Adam ruled all that then existed of the human race in virtue of his fatherhood, so the kings ruled his descendants as his successors in virtue of their fatherhood. Grotius went halfway towards this theory by founding the monarch's title, not on a contract with the governed, but on the consent of the governed. They gave themselves to the monarch without conditions. Hobbes held that men formed society through fear of each other: each, being afraid the others would kill or rob him, thought it best for safety to enter into an alli-

ance with somebody, and thus tribes, and finally societies, grew up. But all agreed that in the original state of nature men lived as individuals, without relations with other men. Grotius made his theory support the existing condition of things on the continent of Europe. Sir Robert Filmer used his to defend the cause of King James, and Hobbes his to exalt the power of "the state," or "Leviathan," in behalf of King Charles. Hooker, as a moralist, used his theory to inculcate the duty and advantages of mutual love and assistance, whatever the form of government might be. Locke held to the contract theory on behalf of King William; but the only government he could have known to result, as Hooker says, from "the deliberate advice, consultation, and composition between men," was that of the New England colonies, and more particularly that of Plymouth. What happened in "the state of nature," though described by nearly all these writers with minuteness, is pure guesswork.

Although Locke and Hooker described a free commonwealth or a "perfect democracy" with tolerable accuracy as the "majority making laws for the community from time to time, and executing those laws by officers of their own appointment," we really get no glimpses of a "people" as we understand the word in the modern world. A people, in the political sense, has to be not simply a collection of individuals or families living in a certain region in a certain way, and making common cause against enemies, but a body conscious of its own existence as a political organism, and of the existence of certain duties of individuals to one another without blood relationship, and of rights of its own, and of control over its own affairs as a whole, and of the power to dispose of itself as a whole. When this self-consciousness first arose we do not know. We find all writers on government down to the French Revolution treating the

states of antiquity, and especially the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, as illustrations or proofs of their theories. What was right politically was generally found in the Bible; what was wise or admirable was generally found in Plutarch's *Lives* or in Livy. Indeed, it may be said that before Montesquieu there was no political speculation worth serious attention. He was the first since Aristotle to base his theories on the nature of man, and to some extent on the experience of existing states. As he says in his preface, "I have not drawn my principles from my prejudices, but from the nature of things." He was, in fact, the first to consider the effects of character on government, and to look on government as modifying character. But he continued, like his predecessors, to find most of his illustrations in antiquity. This gave much of the writing on politics of the pre-Revolutionary period an academic air. Even Rousseau and Voltaire and the Encyclopædists seemed to be making literature rather than exerting an influence on government. It was not until the Revolution had sought to embody these speculations in practice that democracy, or the rule of the people, came out of the closets of the philosophers, either as a beneficent force or as a new kind of danger, and that discussions about government took on an air of real business. The Revolution sought to embody the speculations of the philosophers in practice, not so much because it fancied their theories as because the nation was miserable. Had the French people been happy and prosperous or well governed, the probabilities are that we should have heard little or nothing of the influence of the writers.

There is no doubt that the pre-Revolutionary writers were in the right way in relying on Greece and Rome for their illustrations. Up to that time the modern world, if we except England, had contributed little or nothing to the science of government. Certain customary

bodies had grown up, such as the States-General in France and the House of Commons in England, which kept alive the theory that the people had something to do with the management of their own affairs. But as a rule government was in all countries a congeries of customs, maxims, or proverbs, literally without form and inexplicable, for which little could be said except that they had grown up, and that people were used to them and liked them. Symmetry was the last thing they sought. The ignorance and barbarism of the Middle Ages lingered in the laws and governmental arrangements of every European country. To get an idea of the orderly growth of states, as the result of manners, circumstances, and religion, readers have to go back to Greece and Rome.

Greece and Rome are, in truth, our political ancestors. From them have come to us, through some process of descent, the idea of nearly all our political arrangements. The habit of taking counsel together is a natural result of man's gregariousness. But the practice of persuasion by discussion, and decision by a majority after a hearing, is Greek. The use of checks in the exercise of authority by law, and indeed the habit of trying experiments in politics, are Greek and Roman. The Greeks and Romans were the first we know of to make special machinery of government, to see how it would work, and to change it deliberately if it was unsuitable. The Greeks may be said to have been the founders of what is called "diplomacy;" that is, of the art of conducting negotiations and transacting business through argument between equal states. The Romans set us the example of basing political arrangements on manners and religion. They took the family as their political model, and created the political father called the "king," or leader; but they kept in mind that as there were many fathers, there must be discussion and agreement. They were the first,

too, to embody in their polity a full recognition of the value of experience and deliberation by creating a body of seniors, or older men, called the "Senate." The early Roman Senate was composed simply of older men. To compose it mainly of distinguished public servants was the idea of a much later period.

In fact, what strikes one most, in reading the history of either ancient Greece or Rome, is its political activity, the incessantness with which the people sought after better ways of living in society. Greece was, for this purpose, somewhat in our position; that is, it was made up of a number of small states, in which constant experimentation in politics was going on, within limits set by a certain number of Hellenic customs which roughly corresponded to our Federal Constitution. Every one of the small states tried something new, — monarchy, democracy, or aristocracy, military or peaceful habits, — and accepted or rejected it after trial. What is in our eyes most singular in these trials is the part distinguished men played in them. In nothing political do we differ more from the ancient world than in the disappearance from among us of the "lawgiver," Moses, Solon, Lycurgus, Minos, — the single statesman to whom the people commit the construction of a social and political régime by which they agree to live, or at least to try to live. We can hardly conceive of a state of mind in which we should be willing to leave to one man, however revered, the construction of a plan of life both civil and political, — sometimes, as in the case of Sparta, of great severity, — and then accept it, without question, for an indefinite period. According to Plutarch, the Spartans lived for five hundred years under laws of extraordinary rigidity contrived by Lycurgus. Solon at Athens, too, appears to have had no difficulty in enforcing the *seisachtheia*, or general release of debtors, in order to make way for his code of laws, and Moses, or some

one of somewhat similar authority, supplied the Hebrews with a moral code of the most enduring character. It is to be observed, however, that the lawgiver always acted with the aid of religion. He was always supposed to have God or his oracles behind him; that is, he had to be in some sense divinely appointed. There is more or less uncertainty about the exact nature of the kind of legislation which each provided, but no matter how mythical his character or doings might be, the mere conception of the lawgiver indicates a readiness to defer to individual wisdom, which has long departed from the world, — the most remarkable feature of ancient politics.

But what was really almost as striking was the capacity for general political progress of the communities which sprang up in the numerous islands and valleys of Greece, and of the various villages of shepherds and husbandmen who founded Rome. We can hardly imagine similar communities in our day doing more than live by a small set of customs, tending their flocks, cultivating their small farms, and only too happy to walk quietly and unostentatiously in their ancient ways. The Greeks and Romans, on the contrary, were remarkable for continuous search after better ways. The village on the Palatine grew into an empire through a series of experiments in war and peace. There were constant changes in the structure of the government from Romulus down to Augustus, to meet some existing ill. In like manner, every little community in Greece was occupied in steady pursuit of a better régime than that which it had. As a rule, each was a little democracy, engaged more or less frequently in resisting the attempts of rich men to set up either a monarchy or an aristocracy. These attempts were often successful for a time, but never permanently successful. Down to the end, in spite of their early respect for family, the Greeks appear to have remained thoroughly democratic in their ideas and

manners. But the rich class were rarely content with the existing state of things, always felt they could do better if they had their way, and were as purely selfish as aristocracies are apt to be. They were convinced that the most important interest of the state was that they, not the many, should be happy and content. Aristotle furnishes several illustrations of this, the most remarkable being the oath which he says was taken by some of the oligarchies: "I will be evil-minded towards the people, and bring on them by my counsel whatever mischief I can."

In Aristotle's *Politics*, in fact, may be found the best thought of the ancient world about politics, and, in general, about life in an organized state. It is somewhat startling to see how small is the advance we have made on his ideas. That the great end of men in society should be, not simply to live, but to live well; that a free state should be composed of freemen; that a state in which the good of the rulers is sought rather than that of the many is not a free state; that private property is essential; that no man is a citizen who does not share in the government; that a good citizen and a good man are synonymous terms; that no man should be judge in his own cause; that government should be adapted to the mental and moral condition of the governed; that every class in a state, if it gets possession of the government, is apt to seek its own advantage exclusively, — these are principles which have not been improved upon, and lie at the basis of all modern political constitutions.

The only matters on which we should be disposed, in modern life, to dissent from Aristotle are the judiciary and slavery. Judges, he thinks, in a democracy, should be numerous and elective, and he recognizes slavery as ordained by nature. But his description of the internal dangers of a state, of the different kinds of government which have

been tried, of the objections to each, and of the things necessary to the successful practice of either monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, has hardly been surpassed in our day, even with our vastly longer experience. In fact, it is rather humiliating to see how few are the advances we have made in the art of government as he describes it, in spite of our twenty-five hundred years of longer familiarity with its difficulties. From him we get the Greek idea of citizenship without qualification; that is, government by universal suffrage, without regard to rank or property. But this has to be received with some allowance, owing to the existence of slavery. In every Greek republic the laboring class were slaves and were excluded from all share in the government, so that we cannot say that any one state made the experiment of democracy in the sense in which we understand it. Even in the successful democracies, the voters or citizens were, in a certain degree, an oligarchy, were possessed of property and independence, and had ample time to occupy themselves with politics and to go to the assemblies, or, as we say, "to attend to their political duties."

This points to other important differences between our idea of democracy and that of the ancients. With Aristotle, smallness was an essential condition of democracy. It was considered desirable that no democracy should be so large that all the citizens could not attend the general assembly and take a personal part in legislating and judging; also, that all citizens should be in some measure known to one another and to the magistrates. As the representative system had not been invented, our plan of committing the work of government to a class, while the rest of the population give the bulk of their time to some sort of bread-earning, was not known to the ancients as democracy. Such a state of things was not in their eyes a democracy, but an oligarchy or a monarchy. The

personal participation of the citizen in all deliberations was essential. To secure this, as democracies grew larger, and the poor found presence at the meetings of the assembly a hardship, they were paid a small sum for their attendance, like our jurymen. Moreover, for the same reasons, every democracy was supposed to consist of a city simply, with all citizens living within easy reach of the agora or forum. Strangers and sojourners and slaves, however numerous, were excluded from citizenship, so that at Athens and Rome, in the later days, the real citizens were in a small minority, constituting what the French call the *pays légal*; that is, the city or country recognized by or known to the law. This presence of a body of persons sharing the life and interests of the place, but not allowed to share in its government, was transmitted to the modern world, and became a feature in all the municipalities of the Middle Ages, and even of the democratic cantons of Switzerland. The citizens or burgesses owned the state or city as property, and transmitted it to their children. They gave nothing to the non-citizens but permission to reside and protection. The idea that mere birth and residence ought to give citizenship gained ground only after the French Revolution, and was really not received in England until the reform of the municipalities in 1832. The old confinement of the citizenship to a small body of property-holders, or descendants of property-holders, undoubtedly gave the property qualification to such of the modern European states as set up an elected legislature or council. Down to the passage of the Reform Bill in England, the exclusion of all but freeholders from the franchise seemed a perfectly natural arrangement. It was very difficult for most Englishmen, and the same thing is true of the earlier Americans, to suppose that any one could take a genuine interest in the welfare of the country, or be willing to make sacrifices for its

sake, who did not own land in it. The central idea of the ancient city was in this way made to cover the larger area of a modern kingdom.

This idea of citizenship, too, accounts in some measure for the important place assigned in the Greek system to the "demagogue." Not only the name, but the picture of the demagogue comes to us from antiquity. He is literally a man who exerts great influence over the people, it may be for good as well as for bad purposes. We use the word in a bad sense, but originally the sense was not always bad. The demagogue was distinctly the product of oratory. It was oratory at Athens, for instance, which is said to have created him; and of course, to give weight to oratory, the body to be influenced must be small. To employ the common expression of our orators, those whom he addresses must be "within the sound of his voice." In the absence of a periodical press this was essential. The people must have been a body which a man could address even in the open air. His distinguishing trait, however, as Aristotle describes him, was his correspondence to the flatterer or courtier of the monarch or tyrant. He always extolled the wisdom and other good qualities of the people, and claimed in virtue of this wisdom very great powers for it. He was the great enemy of checks and balances. Aristotle describes one sort of democratic government as "allowing the people, not the law, to be supreme." "And this takes place," he says, "when everything is determined by a majority of voters, and not by a law,—a thing which happens by reason of the demagogues." They might, in fact, be described as the great champions, on every occasion, of government by simple majority, a characteristic which they possess in our day. Most demagogues maintain the wisdom of the people, not generally, but with regard to the particular matter under consideration; this wis-

dom is superior to all experience, to all checks imposed by antecedent laws or constitutions, and even to the moral ideas of any preceding generation. Their audience is always treated as either omnipotent or allwise within the sphere of legislation, and as much wronged by the restriction of its powers by any outward influence.

It is the remembrance of this fact which has led, in modern times, to the adoption of constitutions changeable only at fixed times or in a prescribed way. The main object of them all is to put restrictions on the power of the majority vote, which vote is an object of great dread to nearly all political philosophers in our day. On the other hand, the object of nearly all demagogues, as they are called, is to establish this power. This has perhaps never been more remarkably illustrated than by the recent presidential canvass in this country. All, or nearly all, Mr. Bryan's adherents wished, with regard to the currency and various other matters, to disregard the experience of the race and of the rest of the world, and to treat the wishes of the majority as sufficient to determine finally the action which the nation ought to take. The caution due to the fear of external resistance, which in previous democracies has generally been operative, was notably absent, owing to the unprecedented size of the democracy. The demagogues said that we were so large and powerful that we could do what we pleased. No ancient democracy was able to say this or think it. It always had neighbors of nearly equal strength, whose enmity was to be feared or whose good will had to be courted. What other neighboring states thought, or would be likely to think, of most measures under discussion was generally a consideration of more or less weight. Then, the possibility of emigration on the part of any class or set of men whom legislation might oppress or discriminate against had to be taken into account. The ancient

world along the shores of the Mediterranean was constantly agitated by movements of discontented people in search of new homes. Seneca's explanation of the causes of the foundation of colonies would apply almost exactly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It would apply even to the emigration of this century, — with this difference, however: that the ancient colonists never went very far away, but settled in what might be called Greek or Roman regions, while ours, as a rule, have planted themselves in the wilderness, where the work of civilization had to be begun from the very foundations. The Swiss, from the earliest times, enjoyed this advantage of having powerful neighbors, whose presence exerted a more or less moderating influence on all democratic schemes or enterprises. Even their extraordinary military success in the sixteenth century did not rid them of the fear of foreign critics.

In all ancient democracies, including early Rome under this term, the internal history is generally an account of contests between the poor and the rich; meaning by "poor" persons who are not rich, — not the extremely poor. An oligarchy always consists of rich men; a democracy, of what may be called people of moderate means. For the most part, the rich seem never to be thoroughly content with the rule of the many, and long to rid themselves of it. Nor do they share the democratic or Aristotelian idea of the state as a community of freemen. They think themselves entitled to rule, and think their contentment the chief object of the state. There consequently prevailed between them and the masses a somewhat fierce animosity. When a revolution took place in a Greek state, it was generally either a rising against an oligarchy of rich men, or else an attempt on the part of rich men to overthrow democratic government: hence the attempts of the lawgiver to enforce equality in living, so as to pre-

vent the rich man from making, in his mode of life, any outward display of his wealth. In Sparta Lycurgus went so far as to make all eat at the same table. But the idea of the sacredness of property, as we hold it, can hardly be said to have existed in the ancient communities. Disposessions, confiscations, redistributions, were not uncommon. The power of the lender over the borrower's person was from the earliest times, both in Greece and in Rome, very great, and kept alive the discontent of the poor, making it extremely important for the rich man everywhere to get and keep possession of the government. It was only by getting hold of the administration of the law that he could feel absolutely secure.

To understand this more completely, we have to bear in mind that there is no record of a poor aristocracy having long retained possession of any state. In spite of the definition of the word which makes aristocrats the best men in the community, all attempts to maintain an aristocracy very long in power without wealth have proved failures. A poor nobility, even when it has a court and a standing army to support it, is never well able to justify itself in the popular eye. The people expect a powerful man to live with a certain ostentation. He has to have very commanding talents or to render great services, in order to live simply, without loss of political prestige. Consequently, notwithstanding what long and illustrious descent might do for a man, the Greek definition of oligarchy or aristocracy as rich men was not far wrong. There is something a little ridiculous about the poor nobleman, and he has been in all ages extensively caricatured, and his pretensions to eminence have been mocked at.

When, in the beginning of this century, the result of the French Revolution had discredited democracy as a cure for modern ills, there naturally and speedily arose among the champions of aristo-

cracy a desire to discredit ancient democracy also as an example for the modern world, and modern writers speedily took sides between the Greek rich and the Greek poor. More particularly, a history of Greece written by Mr. Mitford, and published in 1810, seemed to have for its special object to show the failure of Athenian democracy, and to warn the modern advocates of popular government of the danger of their theories. He was apparently producing a good deal of effect, and was having his own way, when George Grote, then a young man, appeared on the scene with an article criticising him (in the *Westminster Review* of April, 1826) that excited a sensation which we in later days find it difficult to understand. He overwhelmed the historian with Greek learning, — with his minute knowledge of all that could be known concerning Greek manners, ideas, history, geography, and literature. The article was not very long, but it was conclusive, and after its appearance Mitford ceased to have authority. But in spite of Thirlwall's more impartial view and of Grote's own vindication of Greek popular government in his history, Athens continued to be, in the eyes of many conservatives, an example of the dangers of a government of the majority, until a comparatively recent period. Democracy had certainly to contend with powerful illustrations of the superiority of the government of the few in the matter of continuity of policy, to be found in the history of states like Venice, Berne, and Geneva, where public affairs were administered with apparent success for centuries by a minority of patricians. All these fell, not directly through their own weakness so much as through the French Revolution, which may be said to have swept them away by force. But in any case they could not have survived the gradual growth of cheap literature. The success of aristocratic policy everywhere is due, in large part, to the possibility of secrecy, and to the possibil-

ity of administering through few counselors and without much discussion. The existence and expression of such a thing as "public opinion" — that is, the opinion of a great number of people, most of them ill informed as to the matter in hand — are fatal to it. The boldness which has always been one of the marks of aristocratic government is, in fact, due largely to the belief that it knows exactly how the few feel whose feeling about any matter is of importance. If the multitude had to be consulted, this boldness would be impossible, owing to uncertainty as to what the final tribunal would think. Consequently, the rise of the newspaper press — furnishing to every man the materials for an opinion of some sort about public affairs, and the opportunity to say something about them, whether well or ill judged — had naturally a paralyzing effect on aristocratic policy, and would have led to the downfall of aristocratic states even if the French Revolution had never occurred. The contentment with material conditions, such as the careful administration of the finances and of justice, and the general security that were characteristics of a government like that of Berne, would have disappeared rapidly before the popular desire to share in the government. This would have been the inevitable result of popular knowledge of what authority was doing which the cheap press brought with it. When every man in the state knew, or thought he knew, what ought to be done, the period of government by small trained minorities had passed away.

But as I have said, independently of this influence of the printing-press, the eighteenth century closed with the revelation of great aristocratic failures all over Europe. The states which Napoleon overthrew were all administered by a few men of aristocratic birth with but indifferent success. The break-down of their régime in France was made notorious by the terrible way in which popular

discontent found expression. But in nearly every country on the Continent, outside Switzerland, privilege reigned supreme, with harsh, even contemptuous treatment of the poor, and with little or no economy in the administration of the finances, except for military purposes. Indeed, in every state on the Continent the government may be said to have failed, even as an instrument for carrying on war with its neighbors. All its political arrangements seem to have been made simply for the purpose of enabling a small class to enjoy themselves, and to indulge in their favorite amusement of commanding armies.

In the discussion which arose out of the great uprising at the end of the century, therefore, there was little or nothing to be said for the old régime. The most was made of the excesses of the Revolution, but no defense was possible of what the Revolution overturned. It was not surprising, then, that the supporters of the old régime should turn to Athens for examples of what the popular movement was likely to lead to if the world chose to abandon its ancient ways. What this abandonment would mean it is difficult for us to conceive now, in an age when birth has lost its prestige, and the distinction between the *manant* and the nobleman has become almost diverting. The only places in which it survives with any power are Austria and Germany, particularly Austria, in which the noble class, or class with a "sixteen quarterings," still lives apart, and monopolizes many of the offices of state and much of the command of the army, as it did in France before the Revolution. There was a time when this state of things seemed natural and proper, and the noble class has not in any country changed its mind about its own importance to the state. The change has come among the people at large.

Nearly everywhere, however, even in as democratic states as ours, aristocracy leaves traditions which are strong enough

to make the rich desire to inherit them. All over the modern world the desire to belong to a class apart, with other needs than those of the masses, and with claims to consideration not possessed by the not-rich, the tendency to consider themselves in some way superior to the rest of the community, is one of the marks of the wealthy. And this claim on the part of the rich to be the heirs of the old aristocracy, and to possess the same social though perhaps not the same political value, constitutes one of the dangers of the time. Everywhere the rich man seeks in some way, generally by marriage, to ally himself with the old aristocracy and be absorbed into it, and he demands whatever social deference used to be accorded to birth. Tocqueville makes some gentle fun of the American's disposition to trace his descent from a noble family of the same name in England; and the tendency of well-to-do Americans to ally themselves, immediately on landing in Europe, with the old order of nobility is described by Laboulaye in the *pleasantries*, "*Un Yankee à Paris se croit né gentilhomme.*"

II.

EQUALITY.

The event, however, which first gave the idea of democracy a recognized place in the modern world was the embodiment of the American Declaration of Independence in political revolution. There has been a great deal of discussion as to the origin of the doctrine of the equality of men which it proclaims, and it is a point of some interest for the political philosopher, as Sir Henry Maine has shown. But its history as a political dogma is not really important, because it must have been in the air all over modern Europe after the spread of Christianity. It was impossible to teach Christianity to any man without leading him to think himself as good as anybody.

The great importance which the Christian religion attaches to the future of the soul, and its bold affirmation of the equality of souls after death, must have led even slaves, in the earlier ages, to put themselves secretly on the same plane, before the Creator, with kings and senators and noblemen. Macaulay's florid description of the Puritan's attitude towards "kings and priests" fairly represented, doubtless, the state of mind of thousands, if not of millions, for centuries. What was wanting was the physical power to procure recognition of the doctrine from the state, so dominating was the influence of prescription, tradition, and custom. So that there is every likelihood that its production by a community in arms, no matter for what reason, was simply the expression of a thought which was already popular in the sense of being widely held.

That it had at that time the significance which we are now so apt to attach to it—not only that all men are born equal, but that for public purposes one man's opinion is as good as that of any other man, and that there is as much reason for consulting him regarding common affairs as any other man—is not probable. The state of the world in the eighteenth century warrants the belief that what men meant by equality at that time was equality of burdens, the abolition of all exemptions from the common liabilities and of all privileges in running the race of life. This was really the kind of equality of which both the American and the French Revolution were the expression in the beginning. I conclude this from the readiness in both, at the outset, to follow and obey the lead of men of mark; the recognition of the wider range of experience which education and property give a man, or may give him, and his generally greater fitness to lead in politics, which prevailed at that time. This was a characteristic, in particular, of the American Revolution. It was conducted largely with loyal support

from the masses, under the direction of men of some social distinction. The class of "notables" seems to have held its place in the community, undisturbed by political events. The English tradition that a prominent social station entitles a man to some sort of political leadership, or at all events to high office, does not seem to have been really broken down, or even to have been strongly assailed, until Andrew Jackson's time, when the doctrine of equality took on a new form, and found for the first time full expression in our politics.

Equality, as every one acknowledges, is the foundation of democracy. It means democracy when it gets itself embodied in law. When all are equal, there is no reason why all should not rule. But the equality of the French in 1792, when the revolutionary government was established, was something different from the equality of 1789. In 1789 the equality which was asked for was, in the main, simply an equality of rights and burdens between the nobility and the *tiers état*. Equality, as Montesquieu uses the term, means simply love, not of one's order, but of one's country, and as such he made it the equivalent of democracy. Democracy, he says, is equality. But the word "equality" for him evidently had no social significance. It meant rather equality of service to the country: that every one was held to the same amount of public duty, according to his means, and that every one was entitled to the same opportunities of taking part in the government. That being born of particular parents made any one essentially of better quality than anybody else, that if one hundred babies of different conditions were brought up in the same manner the sons of noblemen or gentlemen among them would show their superiority to the others in their character, was a doctrine which, after the Middle Ages, was probably never fully accepted even by the most ardent believers in heredity. Every

generation was witness of the breakdown, if I may use the expression, of the principle of heredity. That is to say, a large number of noble or gentle families in every generation lost their position or property, because the founder did not transmit his qualities of mind or character to his descendants. The folly or extravagance or imprudence which led to this social *déchéance* was generally due to marked departures in intellect or morals from the original type. The believers in heredity were misled by the analogy of the breeding of animals. Horses transmitted speed and bottom, birds peculiar appearance, with extraordinary certainty. Therefore, it was concluded, a man was likely to have his father's wisdom or foresight or mental strength. But his descendants rarely inherit from a father more than one or two mental peculiarities, valuable when united with other things, but, standing alone, of little use in the battle of life, — a fact which may be verified anywhere by observing the families of distinguished men. A man eminent in politics, or law, or medicine, or commerce, or finance, or war, is seldom succeeded by a son who recalls the *ensemble* of qualities which have secured the father's success, although he may have one or two of his characteristics. Heredity obtained its stronghold in the popular imagination in the Middle Ages, owing to the fact that the son was in possession of the father's power when he died, and that in a rude age, when things were mainly decided by fighting, it offered the readiest means of settling peaceably questions of succession. But as soon as the question of the right of a class to rule in virtue of heredity became a subject of discussion, heredity broke down. It was a custom which was valuable in the time of its origin, but, like most customs, found it impossible to justify itself by any better argument than that, under some circumstances, it had produced good results.

But in America, from the settlement

of the colonies, the English doctrine that distinction should serve in place of heredity seems to have held its place in the popular imagination. The founding of colonies, the making of conquests, the growth of trade and commerce, and the early practice of admitting able lawyers to the House of Lords had familiarized Englishmen with the idea of a man's making his fortune by some sort of adventure, no matter what his origin. The peers, too, sapped their own power unconsciously by making legislators of young men of promise, no matter of what extraction, and giving them seats in the House of Commons. The result was that the association, in the English mind, of men of mark of some kind with office-holding and the work of government took deep root after the revolution of 1640, and was transferred to America. It was generally leading men of prominence and character who were made governors and judges, and were sent to the legislature and to Washington. The Revolution was carried through, and the Constitution formed and its adoption brought about, by men of this kind. The idea of an obscure man, of a man who was not lifted above the crowd in some way, being fit for the transaction of public affairs was still unfamiliar. All the members of the Constitutional Convention were men of some local note, and so were the earlier administrators of the new government.

This, too, down to that period, had been the strongest tradition of all previous democracies. All democracies, both ancient and modern, had made a practice of electing to office, not always their best men, but their most prominent men. In none of them had a man who was not in some way raised above the mass of his fellow citizens — who had not succeeded in life, in short — much chance of filling a high or an important place. This was eminently true of Greece and Rome and Switzerland. In a small state, where everybody knows everybody well,

and where elections and other public affairs are transacted in the marketplace, within sound of an orator's voice, this is not difficult. Office-seekers are in a measure compelled to be eloquent or distinguished for something. An obscure man, or a man whose character bears serious blemishes of some kind, will hardly dare to ask the confidence of the citizens in his fitness for great duties. The composition of the Roman Senate, which from the beginning consisted of notables who had in some manner rendered the state marked service, and the selection for which the people for centuries committed to a magistrate, showed better than almost anything else the desire of the ancient democracies to avail themselves of their best talent. What they seem to have insisted on above all things, in the management of the state, was, not the right of filling offices with anybody they pleased, but the right of filling them with their most competent men. It may be said that this was not so great a mark of wisdom as appears, because every ancient democracy was in a position of some danger. It was continually exposed to war and subjugation by some stronger neighbor, and the penalty of defeat in those days was tremendous. The vanquished were killed or sold into slavery, and their women were appropriated by the conquerors. So that the cultivation and recognition of ability were conditions of existence. In the case of Rome this necessity was even stronger than elsewhere, for she entered on a career of conquest from the very beginning, and this called for the filling of the Senate, which decided what was to be conquered and selected generals for the work, with the ablest men in the state.

In nothing does modern democracy differ so much from the ancient democracy as in this indifference to distinction, owing in a large degree to the size of the two communities which fully practice it, and to the great preponderance

of the less instructed class in the elections. The Greek democracy, and in a less degree that of Rome, were composed of a selected body the principal occupation of which was politics, and it was brought in almost daily contact with the leading men of the community, and was consulted by them in the forum concerning both war and peace. We can hardly imagine a better education than this, touching the management of affairs and the qualities which it requires. The consequence was that the people were daily engaged in forming judgments as to the capacity of men with whom they were familiar, and the men were daily engaged in giving *viva voce* reasons for their advice, or explaining and defending their conduct, or setting forth their own claims to an office. Our democracies, on the other hand, are composed of vast bodies of men who have but small acquaintance with the machinery of public affairs, or with the capacity of individuals for managing it.

This brings me to what is probably the greatest danger of modern democracy, if, like all previous régimes, it should lose its hold on popular affections and fall into decay. The spread of democracy — that is, the participation of the whole community in the work of government — has been accompanied by a great increase in the complexity of human affairs. The interdependence of nations through the growth of trade, the increase of literature, the incessant conversation with one another kept up by the press, the greatly improved facilities of travel, have grown to a degree undreamt of even a century ago. A debate in a legislative body, the careless speech of a chief magistrate, a slight change in the system of taxation of even one nation, a small discovery by a man of science in any country, in our time produces an almost instantaneous effect over the whole civilized world; and one might say, the whole world, whether civilized or not, for civilization now asserts the dominion

of its ideas everywhere. In truth, the extent to which all news, no matter whence it comes, affects or may affect the lives of most of us, is present to every man every time he opens his newspaper in the morning. And all private business partakes of this public complexity. The size of all undertakings, either of production or exchange or transportation, is tasking the human faculty of administration to the uttermost, and leads a great many people to suppose that individuals are no longer equal to the task, and that it must be hereafter assumed by the state. For success in any business now, an amount of knowledge is necessary which in the last century hardly one man in a million possessed; decisions must now be made on the moment, for which, a hundred years ago, a merchant might take half a year.

The result is that the government of such a world needs an increase in intellectual equipment corresponding to the increase in business. The amount of property, too, which is placed at the disposal of the modern legislator is something beyond calculation. Since the exclusion of the old landed class from the work of government, a process which began soon after the French Revolution, the growth of personal property, which to be enjoyed or increased has in some way to be displayed, and thus comes within the reach of the government, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the modern world. When the old ruler had taxed land, his resources were well-nigh exhausted. To-day the number of movables out of each of which the public treasury can extract tens of millions, in every civilized country, has made taxation one of the nicest of arts. The little armies of fifty thousand or one hundred thousand, of the beginning of the present century, have been succeeded in most countries by armies of millions. Even Napoleonic campaigns would now make but a comparatively small draft on the resources of any of the Great

Powers. The transformation of the navies is still more remarkable. Floating engines of extraordinary complication have taken the place of the huge wooden wind-boats which Nelson commanded. In fact, one has but to read such a book as Mr. Wells's *Recent Economic Changes* to see that within a century we have entered a new material world, a description of which would have been deemed fantastic even in 1800. In every field of human activity we have drawn heavily on the supply of administrative talent. Whether it wishes to command a great army or a great fleet, or to conduct a great business, every state has to search its entire population to get a man fit for the work. In some things in which capacity is not easy to test, such as war, most countries remain, pending the outbreak of hostilities, in great uncertainty as to the capacity of their military men, by sea or by land.

The first visible effect or concomitant of the influence of democracy on modern governments was the multiplication of public offices. Much of this multiplication is made necessary by the growth of population and business. The world, through the increase in its offices and its activity, needs far more regulation than it used to need. Taxation, police, war, transportation, call for a great addition to the number of the agents of authority. This regulation, too, which we will call legislation, needs to have a much greater force of men engaged in producing it. A century ago the American Congress or the British Parliament would have been entirely equal to the management of all the affairs of the communities within its jurisdiction. We now think both Congress and the state legislatures hardly equal to the task imposed on them, and there are growing complaints in England of the inability of Parliament to cope with its business, and many demands for some sort of federal system. Then the steady growth of attempts to widen the province of govern-

ment by insisting on its occupying itself more with the material condition of the masses, and making direct efforts to ameliorate it, has made necessary a large army of inspectors of one sort or another, whose duty it is either to see that laws are faithfully executed, or to find out what additional laws are needed. So that the civil service of all countries has been greatly increased. Government has grown more powerful and more active; and the more powerful and active it is, the more functionaries it must have.

We must remember, too, that this great increase of affairs, this vast growth of trade and commerce, is made possible by the creation of what is called "credit." Without credit, in spite of the improvements in transportation and in the transmission of intelligence, we could not have had this expansion of business. All the gold and silver in the world would not have been sufficient. We have had to call into use men's faith in the fulfillment of one another's pledges, so that modern prosperity has come to rest, in the main, on written promises or letters of private individuals, saying they will pay a certain amount of money, or deliver a certain quantity of goods, on a day named. The result is a great structure of what may be called mutual faith, of extraordinary delicacy, which the slightest suspicion that the world will not continue to go on in the way in which it is going on, that there will be a war or an earthquake or a startling piece of legislation, may overthrow at any moment. In fact, it would perhaps be more accurate to compare it to a network covering the whole earth than to a building. The slightest derangement or break in it anywhere is felt everywhere else, and may involve great depreciation of property, and the postponement or abandonment of enterprises of great importance. The care of it, the avoidance of all measures or movements likely to disturb it, has, therefore, in our day, to be one of the first cares of a

statesman. To be fully aware, however, of the importance of credit, either actual experience of the work of exchange or theoretical knowledge of it from study is necessary. An ignorant man or a small farmer, who knows nothing of any dealings but cash dealings, finds it difficult to understand its importance, and may be frequently tempted to take steps in administration and legislation seriously detrimental to it, without meaning or foreseeing any harm.

As I have already said, the really alarming feature connected with the growth of democracy is that it does not seem to make adequate provision for the government of this new world. Its chief function, like the chief function of the monarch whom it has succeeded, is to fill offices. This is the chief function of the sovereign power everywhere, no matter by what name it is called. To find the right men for the public places is almost the only work which falls, or has ever fallen, to the ruler. It is by the manner in which this is done, more than by the laws which are passed, that the goodness or badness of a government is tested. If the functionaries are honest and faithful, almost any kind of political constitution is endurable. If they are ignorant or tyrannical or corrupt, the best constitution is worthless. If we listen to the conversation of any group of men who are condemning a political system, we shall find that their talk consists mainly of reports of malfeasance in office, of officials having done things which they ought not to have done, and of their having failed to do things which they ought to have done. Government is an impalpable abstraction except as it makes itself felt through functionaries, which is about the same thing as saying that administration is even more important than legislation, that even bad laws well executed hardly work as much unhappiness as good laws badly executed.

The first effect of this great change on democracy was delight at finding

that government places and commissions in the army were no longer the monopoly of the aristocracy, that family or wealth was no longer a necessary qualification for them, and that the influences through which they might be procured were within the reach of the poor or lowly born. The tide of democratic opinion has ever since been in favor of the increase of offices. In France, in Italy, and in the United States, every government has found that this increase was a popular measure, and has given way to the temptation of strengthening itself by the bestowal of them. The passion for them, even where the tenure is brief or insecure, has apparently grown with their number. The tradition of the old régime, that a man who represented the government was in some way superior to the people with whom he came in contact, has apparently, in the popular eye, clung to the places. Then, the certainty of the salary to the great multitude who in every country either fail in life, or shrink from the conflicts which the competitive system makes necessary, is very attractive; it soon converted the civil service into what has been called "spoils;" that is, booty won by victories at the polls.

It is easy to see that the only way to meet this necessary growth of demand for offices was to adhere to the old system of applying to the management of state affairs the principle which reigns in business, that of securing the best talent available; and of giving the chief places, at least, to men who had already made a mark in the world by success in some field of activity. This, as I have said, was the rule of the democracies of the ancient world. To preserve for the democratic government the old respect and authority which used to surround the monarchical government, it was absolutely necessary to compete vigorously, through both money and honors, in the labor market, with private business, the demands of which on the community's

store of talent became very great as soon as steam and electricity were brought into the service of commerce and manufactures. But the tendency has not run in this direction. As regards the lower offices, the duties of which are easily comprehensible by everybody, and are merely matters of routine, in which discretion or judgment plays little part, there has been in this country a decided return to the tests of ordinary business, such as character and competency, and a decided revival of confidence in such motives as security of tenure and the prospect of promotion. But as regards the higher or elective offices, such as those of legislators and governors, the tendency to discredit such qualifications as education and special experience has been marked. In the popular mind there is what may be called a disposition to believe not only that one man is as good as another, but that he knows as much on any matter of general interest. In any particular business the superiority of the man who has long followed it is freely acknowledged, but in public affairs this is not perhaps so much denied as disregarded. One of the most curious characteristics of the silver movement was the general refusal to accept the experience of any country or age as instructive, and this in a matter in which all light comes from experience. Bryan's proclamation that the opinion of all the professors in the United States would not affect his opinions in the least, was an illustration of this great self-confidence of a large democracy. In a small democracy this could hardly have occurred.

All the great modern democracies have to contend almost for existence against the popular disposition to treat elective offices as representative, and to consider it of more importance that they should be filled by persons holding certain opinions or shades of opinion than by persons most competent to perform their duties. The distinction between representing and administering

seems plain enough, and yet, since the French Revolution, the democratic tendency has been everywhere to obscure it. This has not unnaturally led to the idea that the offices are rewards for the persons who have done most to propagate or defend certain views, and ought to be given to them independently of their fitness. To this confusion of two different functions I must ascribe the deterioration which has been remarked so frequently in the legislatures of all democratic countries in modern times. The number of men of experience or special knowledge, as well as of conspicuous men, which they contain, seems to decline steadily, and the number of interests committed to their charge as steadily to increase.

This disregard of special fitness, combined with unwillingness to acknowledge that there can be anything special about any man, which is born of equality, constitutes the great defect of modern democracy. That large communities can be successfully administered by inferior men is a doctrine which runs directly counter not only to the experience of the race, but to the order appointed for the advance of civilization, which has been carried forward almost exclusively by the labor of the fittest, despite the resistance or reluctance of the unfit. This order of nature, too, has been recognized fully in private affairs of every description. In all of them competency

on the part of administrators is the first thing sought for, and the only thing trusted. But in private affairs the penalty of any disregard of this rule comes quickly; in public affairs the operation of all causes is much slower, and their action is obscure. Nations take centuries to fall, and the catastrophe is preceded by a long period of the process called "bad government," in which there is much suffering and alarm, but not enough to make the remedy plain. France furnishes the best modern illustration of this rule. The causes of the Revolution undoubtedly began to operate at the majority of Louis XIV., but for over one hundred years their nature and certain results were not perceived, in spite of the great popular suffering which prevailed during the whole period.

The worst of the slowness of this decadence is that it affects national character to a degree which makes recovery more difficult, even after the origin and nature of the disease have become plain. Men soon get accustomed to the evils of their condition, particularly if there is nobody in particular to blame. The inaction or negligence or shortcomings of great numbers assume the appearance of a law of nature or of repeated failures, of attempts at the impossible. The apparent difficulty of reform, except by catastrophe or revolution, begets either despondency or over-cheerfulness.

E. L. Godkin.

THIRTY YEARS OF THE PEABODY EDUCATION FUND.

On the 7th of February, 1867, George Peabody, then on a visit to Washington, addressed a letter to sixteen of his compatriots, proposing to make a generous gift, to supply, in some degree, "the educational needs of those portions of our beloved country which have suffered from the destructive ravages and the

not less disastrous consequences of civil war." With these simple words he initiated a work which has proved to be of inestimable value to the Southern States, not so much because of the large sums that have annually been expended from the income as because of the stimulus given to local efforts for the pro-

motion of public instruction. Most of the details of the proposed establishment were left to the board of trustees, but there was one provision which was eminently characteristic of Mr. Peabody's foresight and consideration. Was this fund to be perpetual or limited in duration; and if limited, by what conditions should its limitations be determined? His directions were very simple. After the lapse of thirty years, the trustees, by a two-thirds vote, might decide whether the trust should be closed or not. This period has now come, and, after careful deliberation, the trustees, at their last annual meeting (October 7, 1896), resolved that the distribution of the principal of the fund "be deferred for the present." This action insures the continuance of the work of the fund, on its present basis, until a different conclusion shall be reached; and it relieves many individuals, institutions, and communities from anxiety lest the Peabody aid should be withdrawn. The thirtieth anniversary and this noteworthy decision suggest an examination of the results that have attended this unique endowment. It may not be amiss, at the same time, to acquaint the generation that has come into active life since the close of the war with some of the circumstances, already historical, of Mr. Peabody's generosity.

In order to understand the operations of this fund, which is without a parallel in any country, it will be useful to consider for a moment the personality of its administrators; for to them large discretion was given by the founder, and they have acted without any interference from civil or ecclesiastical control.

There is only one survivor of the board that was designated by Mr. Peabody, Hon. W. M. Evarts, and he is now the presiding officer. His predecessor in the chair, through the three decades, was Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who devoted to the office his varied culture, his broad patriotism, and his personal influence, with such fidelity and industry that his

name will always be associated with George Peabody's. He was almost always present at the meetings of the board; he maintained a frequent correspondence with the general agents; he kept up a personal acquaintance with the leaders of opinion in the North and in the South; and he inspired all whom he met with a sense of the dignity and value of the work with which this trust was concerned.

By his selection of trustees, Mr. Peabody made it clear that he wished to place the control of the fund in the hands of men who could, as statesmen, consider the condition of affairs in every part of the country. In the board, as he constituted it, there was not a single college president or professor, not a superintendent of instruction, nor a professional teacher, nor any exponent of science or scholarship. Nor was there any noteworthy religious character given to the board, one clergyman only having been selected. There were no *ex officio* members. Several men of financial ability were included among his nominees, but as a group the trustees were men who had been tried in public life, and who had been accustomed to look at the interests of the country in their broad aspects, not with provincial or sectional jealousy. It must be remembered, too, that the fires of the Civil War were then but just extinguished; the embers were still glowing. "Reconstruction" was beginning, with all the dread that heated tempers on both sides could produce. General Grant and Admiral Farragut were trustees, but "the other side" was not "left out," Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Louisiana having representatives, as well as Maryland and the District of Columbia. Three trustees came from Massachusetts, and that has continued to be the recognition given to Mr. Peabody's native State, in accordance with the wish that he expressed informally to Mr. Winthrop.

Vacancies in the board have been filled

by coöptation. Quite early, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite was elected a member, and after his death his successor in that high judicial station was chosen to fill the vacancy. Three Presidents of the United States have been members of the board. Not long ago Bishop Whipple told the writer the following incident to illustrate two points: first, the respect paid to President Hayes by the South (notwithstanding the animadversions cast upon him at the beginning of his administration); and second, the spirit that animated the trustees in filling a vacancy. The Peabody trustees have an unwritten rule that when a Southern member dies the Southern trustees nominate a Southern man to fill the vacancy; and if a Northern trustee dies, the Northern men nominate. There was a vacancy among the Southern trustees. When the time came to fill it, Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, in behalf of his colleagues from the South, said that they desired to nominate Rutherford B. Hayes, — “for his high Christian character and his even-handed justice to the South.” So President Hayes was chosen, and thus began that period of devotion to the educational and philanthropic affairs of the country which was characteristic of the closing years of his life.

Mr. Peabody's wishes were expressed in many ways. A perusal of his various letters shows that his dominant idea was to benefit the entire country by promoting education in those regions which had been impoverished by the war. These are among his phrases: —

“I hope that all the States included in that part of our country which is suffering from the results of the recent war may, sooner or later, according to their needs, receive more or less of the benefit of the fund.”

“The income thereof is to be used and applied, in your discretion, for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, or industrial education among the young of the more destitute

portions of the Southern and Southwestern States of our Union; my purpose being that the benefits intended shall be distributed among the entire population, without other distinction than their needs and the opportunities of usefulness to them.”

“At the same time, I must not omit to congratulate you, and all who have at heart the best interests of this educational enterprise, upon your obtaining the highly valuable services of Dr. Sears as your general agent, — services valuable not merely in the organization of schools and of a system of public education, but in the good effect which his conciliatory and sympathizing course has had wherever he has met or become associated with the communities of the South in social or business relations.”

“It was most necessary that, at the outset, those States and portions of States which had suffered most from the ravages of war, and were most destitute of educational means and privileges, should be first and specially aided.”

Now, most men, in such a political crisis, would have proceeded in an aggressive spirit, if they were Northerners; in an exclusive spirit, if they were Southerners. But George Peabody avoided the net of philanthropic enthusiasm which would have made his board another missionary association. He treated the subject of education as a concern of the state; as a matter of profound importance to every commonwealth; as an obligation which could not be imposed on any community by outsiders, but which might be encouraged and developed by extraneous financial subsidies. Consequently, for thirty years the work of the Peabody board has been that of statesmen.

One of the most characteristic touches in Mr. Peabody's bounty was his hospitality. He believed that good will was promoted by the breaking of bread, and accordingly he initiated his good work by a good dinner. Conforming to his ex-

pressed wishes, the trustees, at every annual meeting, take dinner together, and they are requested to bring with them the ladies of their households.

The incidental good that has come from this unrestrained and friendly intercourse of influential men, brought together by a common purpose from widely separated parts of the country, cannot be too highly estimated. There are no speeches on these social occasions. Toward the end of the evening the chairman proposes as a sentiment, "The Memory of the Founder," which the company honor, standing in silence. Since Mr. Winthrop's death his name has been associated with that of Mr. Peabody. To which of the two patriots belongs the credit of having suggested the methods employed by the organization is not known to the writer of this paper. It is his belief that the conception of the plan was Mr. Peabody's, and that many of the minor regulations are entirely due to him; and on the other hand, that Mr. Winthrop's most skillful pen gave form to the organization, and that his knowledge of men selected the agents. In all this there was such rare skill that the machinery of a new and complex organization moved smoothly at once, and has continued so to do during thirty years. As time goes on, and the reminiscences and memoirs of the men of the last generation are made public, I have no doubt that the opinion expressed by Dr. Mayo respecting Mr. Winthrop's service will be confirmed and acknowledged. "No man in America," he said, "was better qualified in every way than Robert C. Winthrop for the presidency of this trust. So there was no mistake made when George Peabody took Robert C. Winthrop into his confidence, on the autumn day when he sat in his hall at Brookline, under the portrait of Benjamin Franklin, and unfolded the inspiring record of his own contemplated beneficence, in the way of 'aid and comfort' to education, — a benefaction for thoughtful charity, vari-

ety, and practical utility still unrivaled even by the magnificent bequests of which it was the precursor and often the suggestion."

At the outset, Dr. Barnas Sears was chosen the active manager of the fund. He was then sixty-five years of age, and had acquired high distinction as a scholar and teacher. He entered upon the work with complete devotion, resigned his post in Providence at the head of Brown University (which he had held for twelve years), removed his residence to the South, and by private interviews and public conferences, by letters, reports, and addresses, acquired the confidence and coöperation of the leading men in every Southern State.

When his death occurred, Dr. J. L. M. Curry was at once selected to fill the place. Like Dr. Sears, he had been a college professor and president, but he had two additional qualifications. He was a Southerner, identified by birth, education, and military service with the Southern States. More than that, he had been in public life, as a member of both the Confederate and Federal Congresses. He believed as heartily as Dr. Sears in the importance of public education, and carried on without a break the work entrusted to him. Fortunately, after a while, he became also the agent of the Slater fund, so that the operations of these two endowments have been absolutely harmonious.

The published papers of the fund contain innumerable tributes to its value. The United States Commissioner of Education says that the wisdom displayed in the administration of the fund "could not be surpassed in the history of endowments." The State Superintendent in Virginia writes these words: "Your work is the inspiration of public education in the South. It has no parallel in history." From Louisiana we have this comprehensive tribute: "We can think of no part of our public school system which has not been warmed into life, nursed,

and developed by Peabody counsel and financial aid."

Noteworthy also is the proposal made to erect in Washington a statue commemorative of Peabody, to be paid for by contributions from the States that have received the benefit of this endowment. Correspondence upon this subject is now in progress among the governors, looking toward united legislative appropriations.

More remarkable indications of the good that has been accomplished may be found in the statistics brought together by Dr. Curry, which are easily accessible to those who wish for them. Without introducing upon these pages the extensive columns of figures that he has marshaled, by a few examples we may show what changes have come about in twenty years. In 1870 the white illiterates of twelve Southern States were twenty-five per cent; now they are sixteen. The colored illiterates diminished in the same period from eighty-seven to sixty-two per cent. Virginia in 1870 did not have fifty-one thousand pupils in public schools; now there are three hundred and fifty-six thousand. In 1870 the revenues of public instruction in Georgia were \$432,283; in 1894 they were more than quadrupled. Texas reported in 1871 \$136,097 as the total fund available for public schools; in 1894-95 almost \$2,000,000.

The quality of the schools has improved, and this is due in no small degree to the policy, introduced by Dr. Sears and perpetuated by Dr. Curry, of fostering normal schools and teachers' institutes. The Peabody Normal College, identified with the University of Nashville, stands foremost among these agencies. For several years past more than five hundred scholars have been here enrolled. Last year the maximum figure was reached (575), and the pupils came from eighteen States. Its influence for good has been steady, powerful, and widespread.

In all these operations it has been the

policy of the administrators of the fund to refrain from instituting schools, but to contribute to their maintenance. They have thus quickened the activities of every Southern community. Dr. Curry, in his latest survey (1896), speaks exultingly of the results:—

"Perhaps the most significant fact in connection with the aims and purposes of the trust was that at its origin not a single Southern State within the field of its operations had a system of free public schools. The illiteracy of the inhabitants was appalling, and by no means confined to 'the freedmen,' but embraced a large per cent of the white population. The trustees decided—and most wisely—to make a vigorous and persistent effort to induce these States to include free and universal education among their permanent obligations, and the effort was rewarded by early success. During the thirty years about \$2,400,000 have been spent, as the income of the \$2,000,000 left by Mr. Peabody, in connection with school authorities of cities and States, and the fund has been a constant educator in public policy, and, by the simple rule of helping those who help themselves, has led States and cities and towns to take hold of their own problems of illiteracy and recognize the truth of the highest axiom in educational statesmanship, that the stability of our free institutions rests upon public schools, organized and controlled by civil authority and supported by a levy on property."

There is not the slightest doubt that the success of Mr. Peabody's education fund was a potent influence upon the mind of Mr. John F. Slater, of Connecticut, who gave a fund of one million dollars for the uplifting and education of the freedmen. In his declaration of principles he distinctly refers to Mr. Peabody's gift, and two members of the Peabody board¹ were selected to administer the new trust. Not long after Mr. Slater's

¹ President Hayes and Chief Justice Waite.

gift, another citizen of Connecticut, Daniel Hand, gave the sum of one million dollars to the American Missionary Association for kindred educational purposes.

Nor are these the only instances of Mr. Peabody's influence upon other benefactors. The university and the hospital founded by Johns Hopkins in Baltimore followed quickly after the foundation of the Peabody Institute in that city, and a few years later the treasurer of the Institute established the Enoch Pratt Free Lending Library. It may not be possible to trace with precision the motives which induced these gifts, but there are reasons to believe that the example of George Peabody was in the eye of both these generous donors.

The review that has been made illustrates several points pertaining to public benefactions:—

The value of broad, comprehensive,

far-reaching views, as distinguished from temporary, provincial, or personal preferences.

The services that may be secured for the administration of a great fund, without compensation, from men of the highest character and of great experience in the conduct of affairs.

The wisdom of concentrating authority in the hands of a single strong, sensible executive officer, who is to be held responsible for the application of general principles to particular cases.

The advantage of bestowing gifts in such a way as to encourage, and not supersede, outlays and efforts on the part of the recipients.

The possibility of securing good will among those who have been estranged from one another, by enlisting both sides in the promotion of special measures for the public welfare.

D. C. Gilman.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

VIII.

February 27. I sat for hours in my room, that night, trying to find some solution of the mystery and groping for a future course of action. I thought of a visit to my mother, on the chance that she would give me the key to the puzzle, but could not bring myself to it. Rejecting that idea, I decided to seek out Mr. Blodgett, who, being your friend, might know the reason for what you had done.

Finding on inquiry, the next morning, that Mr. Blodgett was a member of one of the great banking firms of New York, I went to his office. The ante-room was well filled with people anxious to see the great banker, and the door-boy refused to let me see him without giving my name and business. Knowing that "Donald Maitland" would mean nothing

to Mr. Blodgett, and might even fail to secure me an audience, I wrote on a slip of paper, "A seeker of knowledge from the Altai Mountains." Nor was I wrong, for the boy, on his return, gave me immediate entrance, and another moment brought me face to face with my once-disliked countryman.

His hand was extended to greet me, but as he looked at my face his arm dropped in surprise. "Your name, please?" he said, with a businesslike clip to his voice, at the same time picking up and glancing quickly at three or four cards and slips of paper that were on the corner of his desk.

"I am the attorney for ancient peoples," I said, smiling, "come to thank the New World for its kindness to a broken-legged man."

Instantly Mr. Blodgett smiled, too,

and again extended his hand. "Glad to see you," he said. "Sit down." Then looking at me keenly, he added, "You've done a lot of bleaching or scrubbing since we met."

"In the interval my face has been hidden from the sun-god of my fathers."

"Ah!" Then his Americanism cropped out by a question: "Are you European or Asiatic?—for you are too dark to be the one, and too white to be the other."

"My parents were American, and I was born in New York."

"The deuce you were! Then why were you masquerading in Arab dress and with a black face in Tangier, and why did you say you came from some mountains in Asia?"

"I was for the time an Arab, and I was last from the Altai Mountains," I explained, and smilingly added, "Is my explanation satisfactory?"

"Well, I suppose you spoke by the book," he replied. "Wherever you were born, I'm glad to see—Hold on!" he cried, interrupting his own speech. "Why did you call yourself Dr. Rudolph Hartzmann, of Leipzig, if you were an American?"

"I did not," I said, startled by his question, for my identity with the pseudonym was known only to my professors and publishers.

"You were n't living in Tangier under the name of Hartzmann?" he inquired.

"No."

"Then how came it that when my servant was sent to leave some fruit and flowers for you and inquire your name, he was told that you were Dr. Rudolph Hartzmann, of Leipzig?"

"Are you serious?" I asked, as much puzzled as he for the moment.

"Never more so. I remember our astonishment to think that any European should have so black a skin and live in the native quarter."

"Mr. Blodgett," I said, "I did not

know till this moment that a pen name I have used to sign my writings had been given you, but it was a joke of my father's to register me under it, and my only theory is that he had given some one in the hotel that name, and, by mischance, your servant was misinformed."

He was too good a business man to look as skeptical as he probably felt, and merely asked, "What is your real name, then?"

"Donald Maitland, son of William Maitland."

His eyes gave a startled wink and he screwed his lips into position for a whistle, but checking the inclination, he merely turned his revolving-chair so that he looked out of a window. He sat thus for a moment, and then, facing me, he inquired, with a sudden curtness of voice and manner, "What is your business with me?"

"I have taken the liberty of calling on the supposition that you are a friend of Miss Walton."

"I am."

"Miss Walton was once my father's ward, yet last night she refused to see me. Can you tell me why?"

"The reason is rather obvious," he said crisply.

"Will you tell me what it is?"

He looked at me from under his gray eyebrows. "Is that all you want of me?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, then, Miss Walton refused to see you because she despises you."

I felt my cheeks burn, but I gripped the arm of my chair and waited till I could speak coolly; then I asked, "For what?"

"You are ignorant of the fact that your father embezzled a part of Miss Walton's fortune, and that you and he have since lived upon it?" he exclaimed, with no veiling of his contempt.

I sat calmly, for the idea was too new, and I had too many connecting links to recall, to have the full horror of the

disgrace come home to me at once. He did not give me time for thought, saying, "Well?"

Having to speak, I asked, "You are sure of what you say?"

"Sure!" he cried. "Why, it's been known to every one for years, and I was one of the trustees appointed by the court to look out for Miss Walton's interest in what property your father could n't take with him!"

"If you are a trustee of Miss Walton," I said, growing cool in my agony of shame, "can you spare me five minutes and answer some questions?"

That I did not deny knowledge of the wrong seemed to raise me in his opinion, for he nodded his head and looked less stern.

"How much did my father — How much did Miss Walton lose?" I inquired.

"One hundred and thirty thousand was all the property he could negotiate, and we succeeded, by bidding in his house over the mortgage and by taking the library at a valuation, in recovering twenty-six thousand."

"Was that amount net?"

"Yes."

"Then in 1879 the amount due Miss Walton was one hundred and four thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mr. Blodgett," I added, rising. "I am only sorry, after your former kindness, to have given you this further trouble. I am grateful for both." In my shame I did not dare to offer him my hand, but he held out his.

"Mr. Maitland," he rejoined, "I'm a pretty good judge of men, and I don't believe you have done wrong knowingly."

"I never dreamed it," I almost sobbed, shaking his hand.

"It's pretty rough," he said. "I hope you won't show the white feather by doing anything desperate?"

I shook my head, and walked to the door. As I reached it a new thought occurred to me, and, turning, I asked,

"What has the legal rate of interest been since 1879?"

For reply he touched an electric button on his desk, and I heard the lock click in the door by which I stood. He pulled a chair near his own, and said, "Come here and sit down," in such a peremptory tone that I obeyed. "Why did you ask that question?" he inquired.

"That I may find out how much I owe Miss Walton."

"What for?"

"To attempt restitution."

"I hope you know what you're talking about?"

"I'm still rather confused, but so much I can see clearly enough."

"How much property have you?"

"My father left me something over thirty-one thousand dollars."

"Thirty-one from one hundred and four leaves seventy-three."

"And interest," I corrected.

"I thought that was what you were driving at," he said calmly. He pulled out a volume from its repository in his desk, and turned backwards and forwards in the book for a few moments, taking off figures on a sheet of paper. "Eight years at five per cent makes the whole over one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars less thirty-one."

"Thank you."

"Where can you get the balance?"

"I must earn it."

He looked at me with a slightly quizzical expression and asked, "How?"

"That I have yet to think out."

"Any business?"

"I have the offer of a professorship at Leipzig, but that's out of the question now."

"Why?"

"It would give me only two thousand a year at first, and the interest on the debt will be over six thousand annually."

"What do you know?" he questioned.

"Most of the languages and dialects of Europe and Asia, and a good deal of

history and ethnology. I am fairly read in arts, sciences, and religions, and I know something of writing," I answered, smiling at the absurdity of mentioning such knowledge in the face of such a condition.

"Humph! And you'd have sold all that for two thousand a year?"

"I think so."

"Well, that only proves that a man had better cultivate his gumption, and not his brains!"

"If he wishes to make money," I could not help retorting gently.

"You're just like Maizie!" he sniffed, and his going back to your familiar name in my presence was the best compliment he could have paid me. "You two ought to have died young and gone to heaven, where there's nothing to do but cultivate the soul."

"I wish we had."

"Why don't you go to your mother?"

"For what?"

"For the money."

"Has she money?"

"Yes. She had a little money when she married your father, which she kept tight hold of, and her mother's death, two years ago, gave her a good deal more."

"I don't know yet what I shall do," I replied, rising.

"Well," he said kindly, "before you blow your brains out or do anything else that's a waste of good material, come and see me again."

"Thank you," I responded. "And, Mr. Blodgett, as a favor, I ask that all I have told you, and even my presence in New York, shall be confidential between us."

"Nonsense!" he growled. "I shall tell Maizie all about it."

"Miss Walton least of any," I begged.

"Why don't you insist, too, that Mrs. Blodgett, who intends that I shall inform her nightly of everything I know, shan't be told?" he queried.

"It grieves me to be a marplot of connubial confidences," I rejoined, re-

sponding to his smile, "but this must be between us."

"Have your own way," he said, and then laughed. "I'll have a good time over it, for I'll let Mrs. Blodgett see there is a secret, and she'll go crazy trying to worm it out of me."

He shook my hand again, and I felt ashamed to think that his voice and manner had once made me hold him in contempt.

I went back to the hotel, and thought over the past, seeing how blind I had been. Now for the first time everything became clear. I understood the trip to Europe and our remaining there, why my mother had left us, why Mr. Walton had been permitted to take you from us without protest, why we had not mingled with Americans, and my father's motives in making me write under a pen name, in registering me at hotels by it, and in giving that name to your servant. Now I understood his never signing his articles, and his appeal to me to let him aid me to make a reputation: it was his endeavor to atone to me for the wrong he had done.

Good-night, my darling.

IX.

February 28. Many times in the last three years I have begun a letter to you, for the thought that you, like the rest of the world, may rank my father with other embezzlers stings me almost to desperation. Each time it has been to tear the attempted justification—or I should say, extenuation—into fragments, long before it was completed. In all my trials I have come to realize that nothing I can say can stand him in stead; for whatever I urge is open to suspicion, not merely because it is my interest to condone his act, but still more because it inevitably becomes an indirect justification of myself, and therefore, in a sense, a plea for pardon.

At moments, too, when with you, I have had to exercise the greatest self-control not to tell you what I feel. If I were only some one else than Donald Maitland, so that I might say to you:—

“You should know that your guardian was incapable of the lowness the world imputes to him! I am not trying to belittle the sin, but to distinguish the motive. His wrong was no mean attempt to enrich himself at the expense of one he loved, for his nature was wholly unmercenary, and his transgression originated, not through greed, but through lack of it. Like all men of true intellect, he was heedless in money matters, and I am conscious that there was in him, as there is in me, the certain weakness which is almost inevitable with brain cultivation,—an engulfing, as it were, of the big principles of right and wrong in the complexities and the refinements of cultivated thought. His birthright was scholarship, but in place of the life he was fitted for he was forced into Wall Street, and toiled there without sympathy or aptitude for his work. Do you not remember how, aside from our companionship, his books were his one great pleasure? The wealth of mind he gave to us tells the story of how he must have neglected his office in favor of his library. Yet though this preference might have made him a poor man, I cannot think his studies would ever have led him into dishonesty. I have never had the heart to trace the history of his act, but Mr. Blodgett tells me that shortly after his marriage he first began to speculate, and knowing as I do my mother’s extravagance and my father’s love for her, I can understand the motive. The inevitable result came presently, and, as a temporary expedient, a small part of your property was used. Then a desperate attempt was made to recover this by the risking of a larger portion, and after that there was nothing left but confession or flight. I wish he had spoken, but the weakness that produced the first wrong

accounts for the second, and I believe his chief thought was of me, and how I might be saved from the consequences of his guilt. Unless you have put him wholly out of your heart, you must appreciate that it was no sordid scheme to cheat you, but a surrender to the love strong enough to overcome his honesty. You must know that he loved you too well to wrong you willingly, and I think with pain of what I know he must have suffered in his shame at having robbed you. Do you not remember the sadness in his face in those later years, and his tenderness to both of us? Can you not see that his kindness, his patience, and his care of us were his endeavored atonement?”

Oh, Maizie, I ask nothing for myself, but if you could be brought to think of him, to love him, as you once did, my greatest grief would be ended.

Bitter as my misery was after Mr. Blodgett’s revelation, there was still some sweetness to make it bearable. For years I had thought of you as heartless and forgetful, and even in my love had hated and despised you at moments, as only love can hate and despise. The world thinks that animosity is always strongest against enemies, though daily it sees the most intense feuds between those nations and individuals who are most closely related, and never learns that the deepest hatred comes from love. Now I knew that you had cause for slighting my letters and gift, and the knowledge of my injustice and the thought that you were more lovable than ever were the silver lining to my cloud of shame.

My first meeting with you was a pure chance, yet it shaped my life. For three weeks after my call on Mr. Blodgett I pondered and vacillated over what I should do, without reaching any decision. At the end of that time I went to his office again.

“Mr. Blodgett has asked two or three times if you had n’t called,” the boy informed me; adding, as he opened the

door to the private office, "He told me, if you ever came again, sir, to show you right in."

I passed through the doorway, and then faltered, for you were sitting beside the banker, overlooking a paper that he was commenting upon. If I could have escaped, I should have done so, but you both glanced up as I entered.

The moment you saw me you rose, with an exclamation of recognition and surprise, which meant to me that you knew your old friend in spite of the changes. Do you wonder that, not knowing what was to come, I stood there as if turned to stone? My manner evidently made you question your own eyes, for you asked, "Is not this Dr. Hartzmann?"

"Of course it is!" cried Mr. Blodgett, with a quickness and heartiness which proved that your question was almost as great a relief to him as it was to me.

"I did not think, Miss Walton," I replied, steadying my voice as best I could, "that you saw my face clearly enough that evening to recollect it?"

"The moonlight was so strong," you explained, "that I should have known you anywhere."

"Then your eyes are better than mine," said Mr. Blodgett. "I accused the doctor of using blondine, to atone for my not recognizing him, though I must confess he will have to use a good deal more if he wants to be thought anything but Italian."

"Then you have met before?" you asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Blodgett. "I was going to tell you when we got through with that mortgage. I knew you would be interested to hear that the doctor was in New York. Seems like Tangier, does n't it?"

"In reminiscence," I said, merely to gain time.

"No ruins," chuckled Mr. Blodgett.

"But more ruin," you said.

"And more danger," I added, point-

ing out of the window at the passers-by in Wall Street. "Nowhere in my travels, even among races that have to go armed, have I ever seen so many anxious and careworn faces."

"Most of them look worried," suggested Mr. Blodgett, "only because they are afraid they'll take more than three minutes to eat their lunch."

For a moment you spoke with Mr. Blodgett on business, and then offered me your hand in farewell, saying, "I am very glad, Dr. Hartzmann, for this chance reunion. Mr. Blodgett and I have often spoken of the mysterious Oriental who fell in — and out — of our knowledge so strangely."

"I have wished to meet you," I responded warmly, "to thank you for your kindness and help to me when" —

"That was nothing, Dr. Hartzmann," you interrupted, in evident deprecation of my thanks. "Indeed, I have always felt that we were in a measure responsible for your accident, and that we made but a poor return by the little we did. Good-morning."

Mr. Blodgett took you to your carriage, and when he returned he gave a whistle. "Well!" he exclaimed. "I have n't gone through such a ten-second scare since I proposed to my superior moiety."

"I ought" — I began.

But he went on: "There's nothing frightens me so much as a wrought-up woman. Dynamite or volcanoes are n't a circumstance to her, because they have limits; but woman!"

I laughed, and said, "The Hindoos have a paradox to the effect that women fear mice, mice fear men, and men fear women."

"She got so much better and longer look at you in Tangier than I did that I don't wonder she recognized Dr. Hartzmann when I did n't. But why did she stop there in her recollections?"

"It seemed incomprehensible to me for a moment, yet, as a fact, her know-

ing me as Donald Maitland would have been the greater marvel of the two. When she knew me, I was an undersized, pallid, stooping lad of seventeen. In the ten years since, my hair and skin have both darkened greatly, I have grown a mustache, and my voice has undergone the change that comes with manhood, as well as that which comes by speaking foreign tongues. Your very question as to whether I was of Eastern birth tells the whole story, for such a doubt would seem absurd to one who remembered the boy of ten years ago. Then, too, Miss Walton, having recognized me as Dr. Hartzmann, was, as it were, disarmed of all suspicion by having no question-mark in her mind as to my exact identity."

Mr. Blodgett nodded his head in assent. "And you don't know it all," he said. "I'm going to be frank, doctor, and acknowledge that I've expressed a pretty low opinion of you to her more than once. If Maizie were asked what man in this world she'd be least likely to meet in my office on a friendly footing, she would probably think of you. Your presence here was equivalent to saying that you were n't Donald Maitland, let alone the fact that I greeted you as Dr. Hartzmann, and that she could never dream of my having a reason to deceive her in your identity."

"Such a chain of circumstances almost makes one believe in kismet," I sighed. Then I laughed, and added, "How easy it is to show that one need not be scared — after the danger is all over!"

"That is n't the only scare I owe to you," muttered Mr. Blodgett. "I did n't take your address because I told you to come again. Why did n't you?"

"I am here."

"Yes. But for three weeks I've been worrying over what you were doing with yourself, and not knowing that you had n't cut your throat."

"I am sorry if I have troubled you. I stayed away to save troubling you."

"You're as considerate as the Fiji islander was of the missionary, when he asked him if he had rather be cooked *à la maître d'hôtel* or *en papillote*. What have you been doing?"

"Very little to any purpose. I have written to my publisher, offering to sell my rights in my textbooks; to a friend, asking him to learn for what price he can sell my library; and to my bankers, directing them to send me the bonds and a draft for my balance. I received the securities and a bill of exchange yesterday, and am so ignorant of business methods that I came to you this morning to learn how to turn them into cash."

"I'll do better than that," said Mr. Blodgett, touching a button. "Give them to me, and I'll have it done." Then, after he had turned the matter over to a clerk, he asked, "What does your publisher offer?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"And what are your royalties?"

"Last year they were over six hundred dollars."

"Humph! That's equivalent to investing money at eighteen per cent. You ought to get more than that."

"A little more or less is nothing compared with paying so much on my debt."

"What will your library bring?"

"Perhaps four thousand, if I can find some one who wants so technical a collection."

"And you can get along without it?"

"I must," I declared, though wincing.

"Rather goes against the grain, eh?" he rejoined kindly.

I tried to laugh, and said, "My books have been such good comrades that I have n't quite accustomed myself yet to thinking of them as merchandise. I feel a little as the bankrupt planter must have felt when he saw his slave children offered for sale."

"And what do you plan to do with yourself?"

"I have n't been able to make up my mind."

We were interrupted at this point by some business matter, and I took my leave. The next morning Mr. Blodgett called at my boarding-place on his way down town.

"I have n't come to talk business," he said. "I told my wife and daughter, last night, about the fellow from the backwoods of Asia, and made them so curious that Mrs. Blodgett has given me permission to furnish him board and lodgings for a week. I'll promise you a better room than this," he added, glancing at the box I had moved into as soon as I realized how much worse than a pauper I was.

I could hardly speak in my gratitude as I tried to thank him, but he pretended not to perceive my emotion, and said briskly, "That's settled, then. Send your stuff round any time to-day, and be on deck for a seven-o'clock dinner."

You, who know Mrs. Blodgett so much better than I, can understand my bewilderment during the first day or two of my visit. Her husband had jokingly pictured me as of an Eastern race, which made the meeting rather embarrassing; but the moment she comprehended that I did not habitually sit on the floor, did not carry a scimiter or kris, and was not swart and ferine, but only a silent German scholar, she took possession of me as I have seen her do of others. She preceded me to my room, ringing for a servant on the way, made me open my trunk, and directed the maid where to put each article it contained. She told me what time to be ready for dinner, what to wear for it, and at that meal she had me helped twice to such dishes as she chose, while refusing to let me have more than one cup of coffee. To a man who had never had any one to look after him in small things it was a novel and rather pleasant if surprising experience, and when I grew accustomed to it I easily understood Mr. Blodgett's chuckles of enjoyment when she told him he should n't have a third cigar, when she

decided how close he was to sit to the fire, and finally when she made all of us — Agnes, Mr. Blodgett, and myself — go to bed at her own hour for retiring. Best of all I understood Mr. Blodgett's familiar name for her, "the boss." That visit was a perfect revelation to me of affectionate, thoughtful, and persistently minute domineering. I do not believe that the man lives, though he be the veriest woman-hater, who could help loving her after a fortnight of her tyranny. Certainly I could not.

By Mr. Blodgett's aid I secured a "paper" cable transfer of the money realized from the bonds and draft, in order that it might seem to come from Europe, and sent it to you, writing at his suggestion, "The inclosed draft on Foster G. Blodgett & Co. for the sum of thirty-three thousand dollars is part payment of principal and interest due you from estate of William G. Maitland." I wonder what your thoughts were as you read the unsigned and typewritten note?

It was your greeting of me by my alias that led me to accept the incognito. Perhaps it was cowardly to shirk my shame by such a means, but it was not done from cowardice; the thought did not even occur to me until it opened a way to knowing you. And in that hope my very misery became almost happiness, for its possibilities seemed those of the Oriental poet who wrote: —

"My love once offered me a bitter draught
From which in cowardice I flinched.
But still she tendered it to me;
And bowing to her wish, I then no longer
shrank,
But took the cup and put it to my lips.
Oh, marvel! looking still at her,
The potion turned to sweetness as I drank."

If your old friend, Donald Maitland, were dead to you, your new lover, Rudolph Hartzmann, might fill his place. I never stopped to think if such trickery were right, or rather my love was stronger than my conscience.

Good-night, my dearest.

X.

March 1. During my visit I heard much about you from Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes, for your name was constantly on their lips. From them I learned that your birth, wealth, and the influence of your uncle had involved you in a fashionable society for which you cared nothing, and that, aside from the gayety which that circle forced upon you, your time was spent in travel, and in reading, music, and charitable work. Except for themselves, they said, you had no intimate friends, and their explanation of this fact proved to me that you had taken our separation as seriously as had I.

"After Mr. Walton brought her to America she spent the first few months with us," Mrs. Blodgett told me, "and was the loneliest child I ever saw. Her big eyes used to look so wistfully at times that I could hardly bear it, yet not a word did she ever speak of her sorrow. And all on account of that wretch and his son! I think the worse men are, the more a good woman loves them! When Maizie was old enough to understand, and Mr. Walton told her how she had been robbed, she would n't believe him till Mr. Blodgett confirmed the story. She used to be always talking of the two, but she has never spoken of them since that night."

Even more cruel to me was something Agnes said. She worshiped you with the love and admiration a girl of eighteen sometimes feels for a girl of twenty-three, and in singing your praises, — to a most willing listener, — one day, she exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I were a man, so that I could be her lover! I'd make her believe in love." Then seeing my questioning look, Agnes continued: "What with her selfish old uncle, and the men who want to marry her for her money, and those hateful Maitlands, she has been made to distrust all love and

friendship. She has the idea that she is n't lovable, — that people don't like her for herself; and I really think she will never marry, just because of it."

Better far than this knowledge of you at second-hand was Mr. Blodgett's telling me that you were to dine with them during my visit. It may seem absurd, but not the least part of my eagerness that night was to see you in evening dress. If I had not loved you already, I should have done so from that meeting; and although you are dear to me for many things besides your beauty, I understand why men love you so deeply who know nothing of your nature. That all men should not love you is my only marvel whenever I recall that first glimpse of you as you entered the Blodgetts' drawing-room.

Before we had finished our greetings Mr. Whitely entered, and though I little realized how vital a part he was to be of my life, I yet regarded him with instant interest, for something in his manner towards you suggested to me that he coveted the hand you offered him.

A lover does not view a rival kindly, but I am compelled to own that he is handsome. If I had the right to cavil, I could criticise only his mouth, which it seems to me has slyness with a certain cruel firmness; but I did not notice this until I knew him better, and perhaps it is only my imagination, born of later knowledge. I am not so blinded by my jealousy as to deny his perfect manner, for one feels the polished surface, touch the outside where one will.

Your demeanor towards him was friendly, yet with all its graciousness it seemed to me to have a quality not so much of aloofness as of limit; conveying in an indefinable way the fact that such relations as then existed between you were the only possible ones. It was a shading so imperceptible that I do not think the Blodgetts realized it, and I should have questioned if Mr. Whitely himself were conscious of it, but for one

or two things he said in the course of the evening, which had to me, under the veil of a general topic, individual suggestion.

We were discussing that well-worn question of woman's education, Mrs. Blodgett having introduced the apple of discord by a sweeping disapproval of college education for women, on the ground that it prevented their marrying.

"They get to know too much, eh?" laughed Mr. Blodgett.

"No," cried Mrs. Blodgett, "they get to know too little! While they ought to be studying life and men, so as to choose wisely, they're filling their brains with Greek and mathematics."

"You would limit a woman's arithmetic to the solution of how to make one and one, one?" I asked, smiling.

"Surely, Mrs. Blodgett, you do not mean that an uncultivated woman makes the best wife?" inquired Mr. Whitely.

"I mean," rejoined Mrs. Blodgett, "that women who know much of books know little of men. That's why really clever women always marry fools."

"How many clever wives there must be!" you said.

"I should n't mind if they only married fools," continued Mrs. Blodgett, "but half the time they don't marry at all."

"Does that prove or disprove their cleverness?" you asked.

"It means," replied Mrs. Blodgett, "that they are so puffed up with their imaginary knowledge that they think no man good enough for them."

"I've known one or two college boys graduate with the same large ideas," remarked Mr. Blodgett.

"But a man gets over it after a few years," urged Mrs. Blodgett, "and is none the worse off; but by the time a girl overcomes the idea, she's so old that no man worth having will look at her."

"I rather think, Mrs. Blodgett," said Mr. Whitely, in that charmingly deferential manner he has with women, "that

some men do not try to win highly educated women because they are abashed by a sense of their own inferiority."

"Where do those men hide themselves, Whitely?" interrogated Mr. Blodgett.

"I'll not question the reason," retorted Mrs. Blodgett. "The fact that over-educated girls think themselves above men is all I claim."

"I don't think, Mrs. Blodgett," you said, "it is so much a feeling of superiority as it is a change in the aims of marriage. Formerly, woman married to gain a protector, and man to gain a housewife. Now, matrimony is sought far less for service, and far more for companionship."

"But, Miss Walton," said Mr. Whitely, "does not the woman ask too much nowadays? She has the leisure to read and study, but a business man cannot spare the time. Is it fair, then, to expect that he shall be as cultivated as she can make herself?"

"That is, I think, the real cause for complaint," you answered. "The business man is so absorbed in money-making that he sacrifices his whole time to it. I can understand a woman falling in love with a lance or a sword, dull companions though they must have been, but it seems to me impossible for any woman to love a minting-machine, even though she might be driven to marry it for its product."

"That's rough on us, Whitely," laughed Mr. Blodgett good-naturedly; but Mr. Whitely reddened, and you, as if to divert the subject from this personal tendency, turned and said to me:

"I suppose that as a German, Dr. Hartzmann, you think a woman should be nothing more than a housekeeper?"

"Why not suggest, Miss Walton," I replied, "that as an Orientalist I must think the seraglio woman's proper sphere?"

"But, Miss Walton," persisted Mr. Whitely, not accepting your diversion,

"a man, to be successful nowadays, must give all his attention to his business."

"I presume that is so," you answered; "but could he not be content with a little less success in money-making, and strive to acquire a few more amenities?"

"Maizie wants us all to be painters and poets and musicians," asserted Mr. Blodgett.

"Not at all," you denied.

"Oh, Maizie!" cried Agnes. "You know you said the other day that you hoped I would n't marry a business man."

"I said 'only a business man,' Agnes," you replied, without a trace of the embarrassment so many women would have shown. "Because men cannot all be clergymen is no reason for their knowing nothing of religion. There would be no painters, poets, or musicians, if there were no dilettanti."

"Yet I think," said Mr. Whitely, still as if he were trying to convince you of something, "that the successful business man has as much brain as most writers or artists."

"I have no doubt that is true," you assented. "So, too, a day laborer may have a good mind. But of what avail is a brain if it has never been trained, or has been trained to know only one thing?"

"But authors and painters are only specialists," argued Mr. Whitely.

"They are specialists of a very different type," you responded, "from the man whose daily thoughts are engrossed with the prices of pig-iron or cotton sheetings. I think one reason why American girls frequently marry Europeans is that the foreign man is so apt to be more broadly cultivated."

"That's what I mean by saying that books unfit women to marry wisely," interjected Mrs. Blodgett. "They marry foreigners because they are more cul-

tivated, without a thought of character."

"Indeed, Mrs. Blodgett," you said, "has not the day gone by for thinking dullness a sign of honesty? And certainly a business career is far more likely to corrupt and harden men's natures than the higher professions, for its temptations and strifes are so much greater."

Your opinion was so in accord with what my father had often said that I could not but wonder if his teachings still colored your thoughts. To test this idea as well as to learn your present view, I recurred to another idea of his by saying, "Does not the broader and more sensitive nature of the scholar or artist involve defects fully as serious as the hardness and narrowness of the business man? Some one has said that 'to marry a literary man is to domesticate a bundle of nerves.'"

"A nervous irritability," you replied, "which came from fine mental exertion, would be as nothing compared to my own fretting over enforced companionship with an unsympathetic or sordid nature." Then you laughed, and added, "I must have a very bad temper, for it is the only one which ever really annoys me."

That last speech told me how thoroughly the woman of twenty-three was a development of the child of fourteen, for I remembered how little my mother's anger used to disturb you, but how deeply and strongly your emotions affected you. I suppose it was absurd, but I felt happy to think that you had changed so little in character from the time when I knew you so well. And from that evening I never for an instant believed that you would marry Mr. Whitely, for I thought that you could never love him. How could I dream that you, with beauty, social position, and wealth, would make a loveless marriage?

Good-night, my love.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A STUDY OF AMERICAN LIQUOR LAWS.

IN 1889, a group of about eighteen gentlemen began to contribute to the *Century Magazine* a series of articles on social questions of immediate interest. These articles were written by single members of the group, but were criticised before their publication by the other members. Among the subjects dealt with were Labor Reform and the Government of Cities.

Meetings of the group were held from time to time in New York city, at which there was a useful interchange of opinion on various social topics. In 1893, these gentlemen decided to enlarge the number of the group to fifty, and concentrate their attention on the drink problem in the United States. The selection of the new members was made chiefly from Eastern cities, in order that it might be possible to procure large meetings of the committee in New York city twice a year; but there were, nevertheless, a few members from distant places, like Milwaukee and St. Louis. The members of the committee bore their own traveling expenses, but a few thousand dollars were raised by private subscription, mostly in New York and Boston, to defray the expenses of their investigations.

This committee, meeting in New York city on May 1, 1893, appointed four sub-committees on different aspects of the drink problem: one on the physiological aspects, one on the legislative aspects, one on the economic aspects, and one on the ethical aspects. The sub-committee on the physiological aspects of the problem began work almost at once by setting on foot several series of investigations concerning the effects of alcohol on the animal economy. Some preliminary reports on these investigations have been published already in scientific journals. The sub-committee

on the ethical aspects of the problem thought it expedient to delay their work till the other sub-committees had made some progress in their respective fields. The sub-committee on the economic aspects waited until it should be determined what parts of numerous desirable investigations should be undertaken by the National Bureau of Labor at Washington. The fields to be occupied by the National Bureau having been determined toward the close of the year 1895, the sub-committee on the economic aspects of the drink problem then began the prosecution of several interesting inquiries.

The sub-committee on the legislative aspects of the drink problem, which consisted of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter, received from the Committee of Fifty appropriations of sixty-five hundred dollars. In April, 1894, the sub-committee engaged Dr. Frederic H. Wines, of Springfield, Illinois, and Mr. John Koren, of Boston, Massachusetts, to investigate the working of the liquor legislation in several States of the Union, in which that legislation, or its history, has been characteristic or especially instructive.

Mr. Koren began work on the first day of May following, in the State of Maine, where prohibitory legislation has existed since 1851. He spent three months in Maine, and then studied for three months the working of the local option law in Massachusetts, — chiefly in Boston and North Adams, the latter place being a large town with a considerable proportion of operatives in its population. From Massachusetts he proceeded to Pennsylvania, and gave three months to a study of the working of the Pennsylvania license law, — chiefly in Philadelphia. Next, he studied the working of the dispensary law in South Caro-

lina, during February, March, and April, 1895. He then gave three months to a careful revision of his four reports. Mr. Koren, therefore, worked continuously for the sub-committee from May 1, 1894, to August 1, 1895. Lastly, he devoted six weeks in September and October, 1895, to an extension of his field work in Pennsylvania, particularly in Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, and Reading.

Dr. Wines began his studies for the sub-committee about the first of August, 1894; and his first task was an elaborate investigation of the working of the Missouri law in the city of St. Louis. He then studied the history and operation of the Iowa legislation, and in April, 1895, presented to the sub-committee a careful report on that remarkable legislation. He next went to Ohio, and investigated the working of the so-called mullet law, under which no licenses are issued, but a tax is levied on every liquor-seller. Finally, in the summer of 1895, he prepared a report on the working of the liquor legislation in Indiana. He gave to the investigations above mentioned nine months of his time between August 1, 1894, and September 1, 1895.

These investigations cover eight different kinds of liquor legislation. They are not complete statistical inquiries, for the reason that it is impossible, with any resources at command of the Committee of Fifty, to obtain satisfactory statistics on this subject for any State of the Union. It would require the authority of the general government and an immense expenditure to make an exhaustive statistical inquiry on the subject of the consumption of alcoholic drinks; and it is very doubtful if even the national government could obtain all the important facts on this most difficult topic. The considerable consumption of alcohol for medicinal and industrial purposes masks the consumption for drinking purposes. The amount of alcohol produced in the country gives, of course, no clue to the amount consumed as drink

in any single State. The internal revenue laws of the United States and the freedom of interstate commerce complicate the whole situation. Neither have the researches of Dr. Wines and Mr. Koren resulted in complete statistical statements of the number of arrests for drunkenness, or for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, or of the number of crimes attributable to alcohol. Indeed, one of the results of their investigations is that no secure conclusions can be based on any such statistics now in existence, so much are the accessible statistics affected by temporary, local, and shifting conditions. Nevertheless, these reports give a trustworthy account of the legislation in each State dealt with, and of the efforts made in the several States to enforce the laws enacted; and they give some indications of the success or non-success in promoting temperance of the various kinds of legislation described. They inevitably deal also with the social and political effects of the various sorts of liquor legislation. Within these limits, they are believed by the sub-committee to be accurate and impartial. It should be noticed that no legislation since 1895 is included in their survey.

The reports relate to communities which differ widely in character. Some relate to compact, and some to scattered populations; some to people mostly native-born, and some to communities in which there is a large admixture of foreign-born persons. The principal occupations in the States examined differ widely. Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis contain chiefly a manufacturing and trading population, while the population of South Carolina and Iowa is principally agricultural.

The difficulties in the way of researches of this kind are enormous. In matters which affect private character, truthful reports are proverbially hard to obtain. The accessible statistics are incomplete or inaccurate, or both. The effects of intemperance in promoting vice

and crime are often mixed with the effects of many other causes, such as unhealthy occupations, bad lodgings, poor food, and inherited disabilities; and it is very difficult to disentangle intemperance as a cause from other causes of vice, crime, and pauperism. At every point connected with these investigations the studious observer encounters an intense partisanship, which blinds the eyes of witnesses and obscures the judgment of writers and speakers on the subject.

The reports deal with some communities in which the local sentiment has been in favor of the enforcement of restrictive laws, and with others in which the sentiment has been adverse to such enforcement. On the whole, the reports embrace a sufficient variety of legislative enactments, and a sufficient variety of experience with these enactments, in communities of various quality, to make the conclusions to be drawn from them widely interesting and instructive. Taken together, they certainly present a vivid picture of the perplexities of such inquiries, and give effective warning against the easy acceptance of partial or partisan statements on the subject.

From the eight reports thus obtained the sub-committee derived a statement of results and inferences, which omitted all reference to similar legislation and experience in other States, and made no pretension to any exhaustive or universal character. It is evident that methods which succeed in one place do not necessarily succeed in another. Moreover, none of the eight reports deal with the question under European or cosmopolitan conditions.

The results of the investigation and the inferences from it which the sub-committee laid before the Committee of Fifty include a consideration of prohibition, its successes, failures, concomitant evils, and disputed effects; local option; the systems of licenses; licensing authorities; restrictions on the sale of liquors;

druggists' licenses; and the effect of liquor legislation on politics.

Prohibitory legislation has succeeded in abolishing and preventing the manufacture on a large scale of distilled and malt liquors within the areas covered by it. In districts where public sentiment has been strongly in its favor it has made it hard to obtain intoxicants, thereby removing temptation from the young and from persons disposed to alcoholic excesses. In pursuing its main object, — which is to make the manufacture and sale of intoxicants impossible, or disreputable if possible, — it has incidentally promoted the invention and adoption of many useful restrictions on the liquor traffic.

But prohibitory legislation has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. In districts where public sentiment has been adverse or strongly divided, the traffic in alcoholic beverages has been sometimes repressed or harassed, but never exterminated or rendered unprofitable. In Maine and Iowa, there have always been counties and municipalities in complete and successful rebellion against the law. The incidental difficulties created by the United States revenue laws, the industrial and medicinal demand for alcohol, and the freedom of interstate commerce have never been overcome. Prohibition has, of course, failed to subdue the drinking passion, which will forever prompt resistance to all restrictive legislation.

There have been concomitant evils of prohibitory legislation. The efforts to enforce it during forty years past have had some unlooked-for effects on public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths, and law in general, and for officers of the law, legislators, and public servants. The public have seen law defied, a whole generation of habitual law-breakers schooled in evasion and shamelessness, courts ineffective through

fluctuations of policy, delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates for office hypocritical and truckling, and office-holders unfaithful to pledges and to reasonable public expectation. Through an agitation which has always had a moral end, these immoralities have been developed and made conspicuous. The liquor traffic, being very profitable, has been able, when attacked by prohibitory legislation, to pay fines, bribes, hush-money, and assessments for political purposes to large amounts. This money has tended to corrupt the lower courts, the police administration, political organizations, and even the electorate itself. Wherever the voting force of the liquor traffic and its allies is considerable, candidates for office and office-holders are tempted to serve a dangerous trade interest, which is often in antagonism to the public interest. Frequent yielding to this temptation causes general degeneration in public life, breeds contempt for the public service, and therefore makes the service less desirable for upright men. Again, the sight of justices, constables, and informers enforcing a prohibitory law enough to get from it the fines and fees which profit them, but not enough to extinguish the traffic and so cut off the source of their profits, is demoralizing to society at large. All legislation intended to put restrictions on the liquor traffic, except perhaps the simple tax, is more or less liable to these objections; but the prohibitory legislation is the worst of all in these respects, because it stimulates to the utmost the resistance of the liquor-dealers and their supporters.

Of course there are disputed effects of efforts at prohibition. Whether it has or has not reduced the consumption of intoxicants and diminished drunkenness is a matter of opinion, and opinions differ widely. No demonstration on either of these points has been reached or is

now attainable after more than forty years of observation and experience.

Experience with prohibitory legislation has brought into clear relief the fact that sumptuary legislation which is not supported by local public sentiment is apt to prove locally impotent, or worse. On this fact are based the numerous kinds of liquor legislation which may be grouped under the name of "local option."

In the legislation of the eight States studied, five forms of local option occur: In Massachusetts, a vote is taken every year at the regular election in every city and town on the question, Shall licenses be granted? and the determination by the majority of voters lasts one year. In Missouri, a vote may be taken at any time (but not within sixty days of any state or municipal election) on demand of one tenth of the qualified electors, town or city voters having no county vote, and *vice versa*, and the vote being taken not oftener than once in four years; but in counties or municipalities which have voted for license, no saloon can be licensed unless the majority of the property-holders in the block or square in which the saloon is to be situated sign a petition that the license be issued. In South Carolina, every application for the position of county dispenser must be accompanied by a petition in favor of the applicant, signed by a majority of the freeholders of the incorporated place in which the dispensary is to be situated; and more than one dispensary may be established for each county, but not against a majority vote (operative for two years) in the township in which the dispensary is to be placed. In Ohio, local prohibition is permitted, the vote being taken at a special election on the demand of one fourth of the qualified electors in any township. In Indiana (law of 1895), a majority of the legal voters in any township or ward of a city may remonstrate

against licensing a specified applicant, and the remonstrance voids any license which may be issued to him within ten years.

The main advantage of local option is that the same public opinion which determines the question of license or no license is at the back of all the local officials who administer the system decided on. The Missouri provisions seem to be the completest and justest of all. One year being too short a period for a fair trial of either license or no license, Massachusetts towns and cities have to guard themselves against a fickleness from which the law might protect them. Under local option, many persons who are not prohibitionists habitually vote for no license in the place where they live, or where their business is carried on. Persons who object to public bars, although they use alcoholic drinks themselves, may also support a local no license system. By forethought, such persons can get their own supplies from neighboring places where license prevails. If their supplies should be cut off, they might vote differently. There has been no spread of the no license policy in Massachusetts cities and towns since 1881, except by the votes of towns and cities in the immediate vicinity of license towns and cities.

The facts about licenses and the methods of granting them are among the most important parts of the results of this study. There is general agreement that licenses should not be granted for more than one year. The Massachusetts limitation of the number of licenses by the population (1 license to 1000 inhabitants, except in Boston, where 1 license may be issued for every 500 inhabitants) has worked well, by reducing the number of saloons and making the keepers more law-abiding; but the evidence does not justify the statement that it would work well everywhere. The Missouri restriction (no license within 500 feet of

a public park) and the Massachusetts restriction (no license within 400 feet of a schoolhouse) are both commendable. Another Massachusetts provision, to the effect that the holder of a license to sell liquors to be drunk on the premises must also hold a license as an innholder or a victualer, is well conceived; but the means of executing it have not been thoroughly worked out. In New York, a similar provision led to great scandals, and had to be repealed. Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia, licenses only taverns and restaurants to sell intoxicants for consumption on the premises.

County courts have been, and still are, common licensing authorities in the States reported on. Officials elected for short terms, like the mayor and aldermen of cities, make bad licensing authorities, for the reason that the liquor question thereby becomes a frequently recurring issue in municipal politics. A Massachusetts law of recent date provides for the appointment by the mayor of any city of three license commissioners, each to serve six years, one commissioner retiring every second year. This arrangement provides a tolerably stable and independent board, without violating the principle of local self-government.

Every licensing authority should have power to revoke a license promptly, and should always have discretion to withhold a license, no matter how complete may be the compliance of the applicant with all preliminary conditions.

The objections to using courts as licensing authorities are grave. In cities licenses are large money prizes, and whoever awards many of them year after year is more liable to the suspicion of yielding to improper influences than judges ordinarily are in the discharge of strictly judicial duties. Wherever the judgeships are elective offices, it is difficult for candidates to avoid the suspicion that they have given pledges to the liquor interest. Since judicial purity and reputation for purity are much more

important than discreet and fair licensing, it would be wiser not to use courts as licensing authorities.

There are also grave inherent objections to the whole license system, when resting on the discretion of commissioners, which the experience of these eight States cannot be said to remove. No other element connected with a license does so much to throw the liquor traffic into politics. It compels the traffic to be in politics for self-protection. It makes of every licensing board a powerful political engine. A tax law avoids this result, and is so far an improvement. The Ohio law is a case in point.

Bonds are generally required of licensees. Experience has proved that wholesale dealers get control of the retailers by signing numerous bonds for them. This practice can be, and has been, prevented by legislation of various sorts, — as, for example, by enacting (Iowa, 1894) that no person shall sign more than one bond, or (Pennsylvania) that bondsmen shall not be engaged in the manufacture of spirituous or malt liquors. The appearance of office-holders and politicians on numerous bonds, as in Philadelphia, might be prevented by a law declaring that holders of elective offices shall not be accepted as bondsmen for licensees.

Before a license for a saloon can be issued, Massachusetts requires the consent of the owner of the building in which the saloon is to be, and the consent of the owners of property within twenty-five feet of the premises to be occupied by the saloon. Iowa requires the consent of all property-holders within fifty feet of saloon premises. The Missouri provision is a thorough one, and can be evaded only at considerable cost and risk. Known methods of evasion are building and selling tenements so as to increase the number of voters in the block, and dividing ordinary lots into many small lots held by different persons.

It has been a common practice to require every applicant for a license to file a certificate, signed by twelve or more respectable citizens, testifying to the applicant's citizenship and good character. This certificate is of some value to a careful licensing authority; but it may conceal the carelessness of an unconscientious authority. In connection with a tax law it might work well. In 1872-73, at a time when the Supreme Court of Iowa had declared local option unconstitutional, Iowa demanded that this certificate should be signed by the majority of the voters in the township, city, or ward for which the license was asked, — thus securing a kind of local option.

As a rule, the upper limit of license fees in cities and large towns has by no means been reached. The examples of Missouri and St. Louis (combined fee), North Adams in Massachusetts, and Boston prove that the traffic can be made to yield much more revenue than has been supposed. In 1883 the principal fees were doubled in Boston without diminishing the number of applications. They were raised again in 1888. In St. Louis, the traffic pays a state tax, a county tax, an *ad valorem* tax on all liquors received, and a municipal tax which sometimes reaches \$300 a month. When a license attaches to a place, and not to a person, the owner of the shop fixes the rent, not by the value of the building for any business, but by the special value of the license. That is a profit which the municipality might absorb in the license fee.

The most important question with regard to any form of liquor legislation is this: Is it adapted to secure the enforcement of the restrictions on the sale of intoxicants which experience has shown to be desirable? — assuming that only those restrictions can be enforced which commend themselves to an enlightened and effective public sentiment.

The restrictions which the experience of many years and many places has proved to be desirable are chiefly these:—

There should be no selling to minors, intoxicated persons, or habitual drunkards.

There should be no selling on Sundays, election days, or legal holidays in general, such as Christmas Day, Memorial Day, and the Fourth of July. Where, however, such a restriction is openly disregarded, as in St. Louis, it is injurious to have it in the law.

Saloons should not be allowed to become places of entertainment, and to this end they should not be allowed to provide musical instruments, billiard or pool tables, bowling-alleys, cards, or dice.

Saloons should not be licensed in theatres or concert-halls; and no boxing, wrestling, cock-fighting, or other exhibition should be allowed in saloons.

Every saloon should be wide open to public inspection from the highway, no screens or partitions being permitted.

There should be a limit to the hours of selling, and the shorter the hours, the better. In the different States saloons close at various hours. Thus, in Maine cities in which saloons are openly maintained, the hour for closing is ten P. M., and in Massachusetts it is eleven P. M.; but the county dispensaries of South Carolina close at six P. M.

It has been found necessary to prevent by police regulation the display of obscene pictures in saloons, and the employment of women as bar-tenders, waitresses, singers, or actresses.

Most of the above restrictions can be executed in any place where there is a reasonably good police force, provided that public opinion accepts such restrictions as desirable. If public sentiment does not support them, they will be disregarded or evaded, as they are in St. Louis, although the Missouri law is a good one in respect to restrictions on licensees. The prohibition of Sunday selling is an old restriction in the United

States (Indiana, 1816), and the more Sunday is converted into a public holiday, the more important this restriction becomes, if public sentiment will sustain it.

All restrictions on the licensed saloons have a tendency to develop illicit selling; but much experience has proved that illicit selling cannot get a large development by the side of licensed selling, if the police administration be at all effective. It is only in regions where prohibition prevails that illicit selling assumes large proportions. In license cities, where the regulations forbid sales after ten or eleven o'clock on Saturday evening and sales on Sundays, the illicit traffic is most developed after hours on Saturday and on Sunday.

The selling of intoxicants by druggists has been a serious obstacle in the way of enforcing prohibitory laws. In Iowa, when the law of 1886 closed large numbers of saloons, the druggists were almost compelled to sell liquors,—at least to their own acquaintances and regular customers. In Maine, the sale by druggists has always been a favorite mode of evading the law. States which have insisted on the proper education of pharmacists, and maintained a state registry for pharmacists, have had an advantage when the closing of saloons has brought a pressure on drug-shops to supply intoxicants; for the supervision of the State secures a higher class of men in the pharmacy business.

The checks on the selling of liquor by druggists are chiefly these: first, none but a registered pharmacist shall be entrusted with a license; secondly, no druggist shall sell in small quantities without a written prescription by a physician, and this physician must not be the druggist himself or one interested in the drug-store. The sale of liquor by druggists cannot be perfectly controlled, however, by either or both of these regulations.

Under all sorts of liquor laws, great difficulty has been found in getting the courts to deal effectively and promptly with liquor cases. Alike under the license law in Massachusetts and under the prohibition law in Maine, this trouble has presented itself. In Maine, after more than forty years' experience, and after frequent amendment of the law of 1851 with the object of preventing delay in dealing with liquor cases, it is still easy to obtain a year's delay between the commission of a liquor offense and sentence therefor. In Massachusetts, so many cases were placed on file and nol-prossed that, in 1885, a law was passed against the improper canceling of cases. This law checked the evil. In 1884 seventy-eight per cent of all the liquor cases were placed on file or nol-prossed, in 1885 thirty-four per cent, and in 1893 only three and forty-one hundredths per cent. Wherever district attorneys and judges are elected by the people, this difficulty is likely to be all the more serious. One consequence of the delays and miscarriages in liquor cases is that the legal proceedings in enforcing a liquor law become very costly in proportion to the number of sentences imposed.

Experience in various States has shown that the penalty of imprisonment prevents obtaining convictions in liquor cases. This penalty has been tried over and over again by ardent legislators, but in practice has never succeeded, — at least for first offenses. Fines have seemed to ordinary judges and juries sufficient penalties for liquor offenses. Laws with severe penalties have often been passed, and courts have often been deprived of all choice between fine and imprisonment; but after trial such enactments have proved less effective than milder ones.

A wise discrimination is made in some States between the fines for selling liquor in counties or municipalities which have voted for no license, and the fines for selling without a license in counties or mu-

nicipalities which have voted for license. The first offense requires the heavier fine. In Missouri, for an offense of the first sort the fine is from \$300 to \$1000; for an offense of the second sort, from \$40 to \$200. In States where a license system prevails throughout, the fine for selling without a license needs to be high. Thus, in Pennsylvania, the fine for this offense is from \$500 to \$5000. It is, of course, important that the fine for selling without a license should be decidedly higher than the annual cost of a license.

It has been thought necessary to stimulate the enforcement of liquor laws by offering large rewards to informers. Thus, in Ohio, half the fine imposed goes to the informer, whenever a house of ill fame is convicted of selling liquor. In South Carolina, twenty cents on every gallon of confiscated liquor is paid to the informer, and any sheriff or trial justice who seizes contraband liquor is paid half its value. Laws like these excite intense animosities, and necessitate other laws for the protection of informers. They have been effective, however, in some instances.

The subject of the transportation of liquor into or within a State has been a very embarrassing one for legislators in every State which has tried the policy of prohibition, or of local no license, or of state monopoly. Maine has struggled for more than forty years with the problem of preventing the transportation of liquor intended for sale, but with very limited success. That State, however, presents peculiar difficulties; for it has a much-indented coast and numerous navigable rivers, so that many of its principal towns and cities are accessible by water as well as by rail. The most minute and painstaking legislation has failed to attain the object of the prohibitionists. In South Carolina, the legislature has been more successful in defending the state monopoly. The lines of transportation are comparatively few. Severe

penalties have been enacted against the transportation of contraband liquor; arbitrary and vexatious powers have been given to sheriffs, constables, and policemen; and the activity of the local police has been stimulated by a provision that negligent municipalities may be deprived of their share of the profits of the state dispensary. Legislation of this sort intensifies political dissensions, incites to social strife, and abridges the public sense of self-respecting liberty. In States where local option prevails, transportation by express between license communities and no license communities is practically unimpeded.

Dr. Wines and Mr. Koren both dwell at various points on the great difficulty of drawing useful inferences from tables of arrests for drunkenness during a series of years. The statistics are often imperfect; or the tables have been constructed on different principles in different years; or the police administration in the same city has changed its methods during the period of tabulation; or the drunk law has been altered; or the policy of liquor-sellers in regard to protecting intoxicated persons from arrest has been different at different periods. In spite of these impediments, the tables of arrests for drunkenness may sometimes afford satisfactory evidence concerning the working of the prevailing liquor legislation, although the precise cause of the increase or decrease of arrests may remain in doubt. Thus, in South Carolina, diminution of the number of arrests was an indubitable effect of the dispensary law; but it is not sure whether the diminution of public drunkenness was due to the early hour of closing (six P. M.), or to the fact that no drinking on the premises was allowed in the state dispensaries, or to the great reduction in the total number of liquor-shops in the State. In Massachusetts, an important change in the drunk law, made in 1891, caused an increase of ar-

rests, but a decrease of the number held for trial. In Philadelphia, the proportion of arrests for intoxication and vagrancy to all arrests declined after the enactment of the so-called high-license law; but the probable explanation was that the keepers both of licensed saloons and of illicit shops protected drunken people. Another possible explanation was the inadequacy of the police force of Philadelphia. In St. Louis, where the saloons are numerous and unrestrained, public order is excellent, and arrests for drunkenness are relatively few; but this good condition is perhaps due as much to the quality of the population as to the wisdom of the liquor legislation. The fact suggests the doubt whether the amount of drunkenness is anywhere proportionate to the number of saloons.

Iowa endeavored to carry out the philanthropic idea of removing from the liquor traffic the motive of private profit, so long ago as 1854, by legislation which appointed salaried county agents for the sale of liquor; the specific reason given for this legislation being that no private person might be pecuniarily interested in the sale of liquor. No State has thus far succeeded in carrying out this idea. The dispensary law of South Carolina proposed to create a complete state monopoly, with no private licensed traffic and no illicit traffic, and with all the profits of the business going to the public treasury. This law, if successfully carried into execution, would, it should seem, remove from the traffic the motive of private gain. The law has not been entirely successful in this respect, because the salaries of dispensers are made to depend upon the amount of business done in their respective dispensaries; and it therefore becomes the private interest of the dispenser to enlarge his business as much as possible. There is at present no American legislation effective to this desirable end.

The South Carolina dispensary law well illustrates the theoretical difficulties which beset liquor legislation. It proposes to maintain a highly profitable state monopoly of the sale of intoxicants. The revenue purpose is extremely offensive to prohibitionists; yet this motive appears plainly in the practical administration of the law, as well as in its theoretical purpose. Thus, for example, the state dispensers sell the cheapest kinds of distilled liquor, because it is more profitable to sell that liquor than any other, the tastes and capacities of their customers being considered. Again, the law does not prohibit the manufacture of distilled, malt, or vinous liquors, but, on the contrary, in some respects encourages those manufactures within the State. The fundamental conception of the law is distinctly antagonistic to the theory that liquor-selling is sinful or unholy; for the State itself assumes the whole of that business and takes its profits. Although supported by prohibitionists at the time of its enactment, it flies in the face of all logical prohibitory theory. It has been enforced with a remarkable degree of success, but at great cost of political and social antagonisms.

The theory of the Ohio legislation is interesting in itself, and also because it suggested the present Iowa legislation. In Ohio, licensing is prohibited by the constitution; but when a person is found selling liquor, he is required to pay a tax of \$250, and to give a bond to observe certain restrictions on selling. The tax is far too low, particularly for city saloons; and the restrictions are not sufficiently numerous, and in many places are not enforced. Under the law as practically administered, saloons are much too numerous. On the other hand, this law prevents in some measure the evil effects of liquor legislation on politics. There are no licensing authorities, no political offices for conducting or supervising the liquor business, and only a moderate amount of liquor litigation.

These are weighty recommendations of the law.

Although the Iowa legislation was originally suggested by the Ohio law, it has a very different theoretical basis. In Iowa, prohibition is the rule; but by paying a fee or tax, and submitting to numerous well-devised restrictions, a liquor-seller may procure exemption from the operation of the prohibitory law. Neither the Ohio theory nor the Iowa theory is satisfactory from the point of view of the prohibitionists, any more than the theory of the South Carolina dispensary law. In the present state of legislation, different laws must be judged by their practical effects, and not by the ethical theory on which they rest.

It cannot be positively affirmed that any one kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than another in promoting real temperance. Legislation as a cause of improvement can rarely be separated from other possible causes. The influences of race or nationality are apparently more important than legislation. That law is best which is best administered. Even when external improvements have unquestionably been effected by new legislation, it often remains doubtful, or at least not demonstrable, whether or not the visible improvements have been accompanied by a diminution in the amount of drinking. Thus, a reduction in the number of saloons in proportion to the population undoubtedly promotes order, quiet, and outward decency; but it is not certain that the surviving saloons sell less liquor in total than the previous more numerous saloons. Again, it is often said that restrictions on drinking at public bars tend to increase drinking at home or in private, and there is probably truth in this allegation; but comparative statistics of public and private consumption are not attainable, so that it is impossible to hold a well-grounded opinion on this point. The wise course for the community at

large is to strive after all external, visible improvements, even if it be impossible to prove that internal, fundamental improvement accompanies them.

Almost every sort of liquor legislation creates some specific evil in politics. The evils which result from prohibitory legislation have been already mentioned. Under a license system, there is great liability that the process of issuing licenses will breed some sort of political corruption. Whenever high-paid offices are created by liquor legislation, those offices become the objects of political contention. When a multitude of offices are created in the execution of liquor laws, they furnish the means of putting together a strong political machine. Just this has happened under the dispensary system in South Carolina, where a machine of great capacity for political purposes has been created in a short time, with the governor of the State as its engineer. The creation of this machine has intensified the bitter political divisions which caused the adoption of the dispensary law and made possible its enforcement. The activity of liquor-dealers' associations in municipal politics all over the United States is in one sense an effect of the numerous experiments in liquor legislation which have been in progress during the last thirty years. The traffic, being attacked by legislation, tries to protect itself by controlling municipal and state legislators.

The commonest issue over which contentions about local self-government have arisen has been the liquor issue. The prohibitionists early discovered that local police will not enforce a prohibitory law in places where public sentiment is opposed to the law. They therefore demanded that a state constabulary should be charged with the execution of that law. This issue has arisen in States whose legislation stops far short of prohibition. Thus, in Missouri, the gov-

ernor appoints the excise commissioner who is the licensing authority in St. Louis; and in Massachusetts, where local option and high license prevail, the police commissioners of Boston are appointed by the governor. So far as enforcement of the laws goes, state-appointed officers or commissions have often brought about great improvements. In South Carolina, the dispensary act could not have been enforced had it not been that the governor was empowered to appoint an unlimited number of constables to execute that one law. He was also empowered to organize at any moment a metropolitan police for any city in which the local officers neglected their duties in regard to the enforcement of the dispensary act. Nevertheless, violations of the principle of local self-government are always to be deplored, unless a municipality has exhibited an absolute incapacity to govern itself, or unless the violations are plainly based on another valuable principle, namely, that of voluntary coöperation for common ends whose scope transcends the limits of single municipalities.

There are, of course, other promising directions for efforts to promote temperance, such as the removal of the motive of private gain in stimulating the liquor traffic, the substitution of non-alcoholic drinks for intoxicants as refreshments or means of ready hospitality, and the giving of a preference in certain employments to total abstainers or to persons who never drink while on duty, particularly in those employments which have to do with the care or supervision of human beings, animals, and machines, or with transportation by land or sea; but since these interesting topics do not strictly belong to the present legislative aspects of the drink problem, the sub-committee did not dwell on them.

A volume will shortly be published which will contain the evidence on which the conclusions of the sub-committee are based.

Charles W. Eliot.

THE JUGGLER.

V.

THE juggler was hardly disposed to felicitate himself upon this feat of simulation which had served to deceive the whole of his native city, and to bury a stranger, as it were, in his own grave. He began to pity the plight of the dead if they could so yearningly remember the life they had left. Return for him was impossible. Glimpses of the moon might shadow forth spirits revenant, but for him memory only must serve. He began to wonder that he could not accept conclusions so evidently final, for over and again, in the deep watches of the night, he would argue anew within himself the chances *pro* and *con* of transforming these immutable fictions into fact, of overcoming the appearance of crime by his previous high character, of relying on the good feeling of the firm, and the futility of the proceeding, to save him from prosecution. Then always, when he would reach this point, and his heart would hopefully beat fast with the idea of restoration to life, it would stand still with a sudden paralysis and sink like lead; for there were interests other than those of revenge or justice, or preserving the public morals by enforcing penalties for infringement, to be served by his incarceration in a good strong safe prison. There existed a certain corporation, the Gerault Bonley Marble Company, who he knew would give much money to be able to lay hands upon him now, and who had doubtless grieved for his demise like unto Rachel mourning for her children. The Gerault Bonley Marble Company had, in the past few years, been greatly enriched by the discovery of quarries of a fine marble upon a large body of Tennessee land, in which, however, they merely owned a life interest, limited to the duration of his natural

existence. In this unique position of a *cestui que vie* he had at first felt a certain glow of pride. It was characteristic of his knack of achieving importance and prominence with so slight effort that he seemed, as it were, born to a certain preëminence. He recollected the prestige it added to his personality at the time when it was discovered that there were great beds of marble in the almost worthless tract, and the sensation of pleased notoriety he had experienced when Mr. Gerault Bonley, the president of the company, a well-known broker, had dropped in at the office to look at him—he had never taken the trouble before—and have a word with him. “Remember your business is to *live*, young man,” he had said in leaving, flushed and elated with success. “That’s all you have to do. And if you ever find any hitch about doing it pleasantly, come to us, and we will help you eke it out. You are the one who lives, you understand.” And he walked out, portly and rubicund, his eye kindling as he went.

Lucien Royce had ridden up town on the cable car one evening, a day or two afterward, and he had noticed with new interest a man, forlorn, shabby, chewing the end of a five-cent cigar so hard between his teeth as he talked that he was unaware that its light had died out, who railed at life and his luck in unmeasured terms that astonished the passengers precariously hanging on the platform of the rear car. This was the unsuccessful speculator who, some years earlier, had sought to mortgage the land in question to Mr. Gerault Bonley, the broker, who had bought up his paper and was disposed toward thumbscrews. It was not a good day for mortgages, somehow, but, with the desperation of a man already pressed to the wall, about as badly bro-

ken as he was likely to be, the debtor would not consent to an absolute transfer of the title.

"The land will be sold under execution, then," he of the thumbscrews had said.

"The law allows two years for redemption, in Tennessee," the speculator had retorted, with the expectation of better times in his face.

Perhaps because of the resistance, — the broker always said he did not know why he had wanted the land, for although he was aware that a little marble quarry had been worked there, it had been abandoned as not worth the labor, — still protesting that he could not avail himself of the property, he could do nothing with it unless for a term of years, at least, he finally offered the bait of enough ready money to extricate the speculator, and give him another show amongst the bulls and bears, and the conveyance was made for the uncertain term of the life of another. Lucien Royce had chanced to drop in on some business for Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, the cotton commission firm, a lithe, muscular young fellow, the ideal of an athlete, and the thought suggested itself to the broker that the estate should be limited to the duration of his life. The proposition was carelessly acceded to by the young man, attracted for the moment by the novelty of the proceeding, apprehending in the matter the merest formality. This was the conclusion.

"And now you'll live forever!" cried the disappointed speculator, suddenly recognizing, in the uncertain light on the platform of the car, the features of the stalwart *cestui que vie*. Once more he was chewing hard on his cigar, once more inveighing against his accursed luck, as he stretched the newspaper toward the dull lamp of the car, indicating with a trembling hand the big head-lines chronicling the discovery, while the cumbrous vehicle went gliding along through the blue haze of the dusk and the smoke and the dust, — the medium through

which the looming blocks of buildings and the long double file of electric lights were visible down the avenue. "You'll live forever, while those men make millions on the tract they eubred me out of at ten dollars an acre! It would be a charity for you to fall off the car and break your backbone. They tell me concussion of the brain is painless. I'll swear I'd feel justified if I should hide in a dark alley, some night, and garrote you as you go by to the club."

"There's another case of garroting in the paper," observed a mutual acquaintance by way of diversion.

"I noticed it. That's what reminded me of it. It's like lassoing. I lived a long time in Texas," he said, as he swung himself off at a side-street, and disappeared in the closing haze that baffled the incandescent lights showing upon its density in yellow blurs without illuminating it.

"You'd better look out for that man, sure enough," the literal-minded mutual acquaintance warned Lucien Royce. "He feels mighty sore. This company is going to make 'big money' off his land."

But Royce laughed it off. "I am the one who lives," he boasted.

He found it not altogether so careless an existence since it was worth so much financially. His acute sensibilities realized a sort of espionage before he was definitely aware of it. He came to know that he was reckoned up. What he did, where he went, how he felt, were matters in which other people were concerning themselves. He resented the irksome experience as an attack on his liberty. He felt no longer a free man. And this impression grew as the yield from the property promised more and more. The Bonley Company had gone to heavy expenses. They had put in costly machinery. They had hired gangs and gangs of men. They had built miles of narrow-gauge railroad, to convey the stone by land as well as by water. It had

become a gigantic venture. The jocose "Take care!" "Live for *my* sake!" "Be good to yourself!" which had at first formed the staple of the injunctions to him when he chanced to encounter any member of the company, had changed to serious solicitous inquiry which affronted him. More than once Mr. Bonley called upon him to remonstrate about late hours, heavy suppers, and the disastrous effects upon the constitution of drinking wine and strong waters. Thus the rubicund Mr. Gerault Bonley, whose countenance was brilliant with the glow of old Rye. In one instance, when Royce's somewhat cavalier and scornful reception of these kind attentions served to rouse Mr. Bonley to the realization that the *cestui que vie* claimed the right to have other objects in existence than merely to live for the corporation's sake, the president of the company apologized, but urged him to consider, for the justification of this anxiety, what large financial interests and liabilities hung upon the thread of his life. There was a panic among the company whenever he went to the seashore for a short vacation, and he allowed himself to be persuaded out of a trip to Europe, of which acquiescence he was afterward ashamed, — so much so that when a place in the office of the Bonley Company was offered him, with a large increase of salary, but with the unavowed purpose of keeping him under surveillance, that he might always be at hand and easily reckoned up, he declined it with such peremptoriness as to cause the company to relax its unwise exhibition of solicitude for the time, and greatly to please his own firm, Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, who had not relished the effort to decoy a confidential clerk from their employ. On one occasion when, in training for a boat-race, he had been suddenly prostrated by the heat, the anxiety of the Gerault Bonley Marble Company had known no bounds, and its manifestation more than verged upon the ridiculous; it was the joke of the

whole town. The claims of his own personal friends — he had no near relatives — were set at naught. The company took possession of him. He came to himself in one of the well-appointed guest-chambers of Mr. Bonley's own house; and when he rallied, which he did almost immediately, with the recuperative powers of youth and his great strength, he was detained there several days longer than was necessary by his host's insistence, until indeed the physician in charge laughed in the face of Mr. Gerault Bonley, the broker.

"Take care you don't do anything eccentric," the doctor said in parting at last from his patient. "That company might shut you up in a lunatic asylum or a sanitarium, where you would be ready for inspection at all hours, — just to make sure you are alive, you see."

It was meant for a joke, but it grated on the nerves of the *cestui que vie*. And now it came back as he lay under the dark roof of Tubal Cain Sims's house, staring into the unresponsive night, with the thought that a good strong state prison would serve the purpose of the Marble Company, looking toward his safekeeping, more effectually still. He could well understand their despair upon the supposed determination of the life estate, for since they had secured the land at slight cost, the vast profits of the industry were to the ordinary business mind all the dearer, being the favor, as it were, of chance, or the uncovenanted mercy of Providence, — "clean make." How could they survive the reversion of the property, with all its present wealth and its future prospects, to the original grantor? His imagination, alert as it was, failed to respond to so heavy a demand upon its resources. Should they find that the death of the *cestui que vie* was spurious, their tenancy not yet expired, should they be restored to their former status, what a warning this untoward alarm would seem, what restraints upon his liberty might not be attempted!

The idea bereft him of his last hope. Could he reasonably expect to escape prosecution when his custody in the clutches of the law was so obviously to the interests of a powerful corporation like this? Even if his own firm of Greenhalge, Gould & Fife should be averse to it to avenge their losses, what powerful influence would be brought to bear upon them by the Gerault Bonley Marble Company; what substantial values were to be dangled before the eyes of a broken firm in the friendship and backing of a strong financial association like this! And — cheaper course still — there was the public prosecutor, for the public morals should be conserved. The Marble Company would move heaven and earth to place him behind the bars. There could Mr. Bonley come and look at him any fine day he liked, as he sat making shoes and saddles, — he had heard that at the penitentiary they put their swell guests to such occupations, and his deft fingers might commend their utility in this service to the commonwealth, — or perhaps busied in some clerical capacity to which his long experience in counting-rooms rendered him apt. Mr. Bonley's scarlet countenance and bristly white mustache were of a calmer aspect as they appeared in this vision than they had worn in reality for many a long day! The menu would contain naught to destroy the digestion of the *cestui que vie* or affright the Marble Company in the way of midnight suppers and unlimited champagne. There would be no wild uproarious companions, no gambling escapades, no perilous activities on the horizontal bar, — what war had Mr. Bonley waged against his attachment to the gymnasium! — no swimming-matches, no boat-races, no encounters with gloves or foils. Truly Mr. Bonley's estate would be gracious indeed!

No; Lucien Royce felt that his escape was a crowning mercy vouchsafed. His most imperative care should be to make it good, or he might well spend a decade

of the best years of his life behind the bars for a crime he had not committed. His incarceration would easily be compassed, were his defense far more complete than perverse circumstance rendered possible, by the craft and persistence of men who had such large interests at stake on the life and well-being of a wild, adventurous, harebrained boy. His supposititious death had saved his name, his commercial honor, which he held dear. More, it had saved the name of his quondam friend, toward whom, now and again, despite his bitter plight, he felt that certain softening sentiment, a sort of pity, which the living must needs feel for the faulty dead. John Grayson, with his theft of the belt and its treasure, had, it is true, taken his life — for he had no life left! But since John Grayson, too, was dead, of what avail was it in reprisal to destroy his name? Here, in this new world, such poor existence as it might afford was to be breathed through, — and thank Heaven it was no worse. He was dead! He was very dead! And let the Gerault Bonley Marble Company mourn him. With a laughing sneer on his face, he cursed again, as he had cursed a thousand times, the plastic folly, or the vagary of chance, or whatever fate it was that induced him to lend himself to the broker's scheme; for although he had thought it a mere formality, it had in effect sold him into a species of slavery for the rest of his natural life. "But is not my advice good advice?" Mr. Bonley had more than once urged upon his recalcitrant mood. "Is it not in your *own* interests as well as in ours? Is it not exactly the advice I would give to my own son?"

"He needs it. Give it to *him*," the *cestui que vie* would reply in flippant despair. But Mr. Bonley's son was not worth so much money to the company, and he went his own ways with some celerity, all unchecked.

The continual administered cautions, the sense of sustaining anxiety, espionage, criticism, of thus sharing his life,

had made it in some sort a burden to the merry *cestui que vie*; and therefore, in the first days of his escape, the realization of the petty persecutions, the irksome advice of the ill-advised Mr. Bonley, shaken off and forever thwarted, seemed to the young man only matters for self-gratulation. In the accumulation of these trifles in his thoughts, he had lost sight of the far-reaching significance of the event until he had reached the haven of Etowah Cove, and his bodily fatigue and distress of mind were somewhat allayed. Then he began to perceive that in this fictitious death a great property had changed hands, a definite right was subverted; a terrible fraud had been practiced on the tenants *per autre vie*, in that the life estate was not yet terminated. Mr. Gerault Bonley was mulcted of his prominence as a ludicrous, pertinacious, troublous bore, and the personality of the company was asserted as possessors of certain rights and large interests of which they were to be bereft through his agency. He was offered his choice, — to stay dead, or to go back and serve a term in the penitentiary for a crime he had never committed, to benefit the financial interests of Mr. Gerault Bonley and his associates. He sought now and again some solace in reflecting upon the hard bargain that Mr. Bonley had driven with the original owner, the poetic justice that his lands should revert to him in his lifetime, their value enhanced a thousandfold by their own inherent natural wealth, which had been merely developed, not bestowed, by the Marble Company. "I have made one poor soul happy, anyhow! It's just as well that he should get the land before they have sold and shipped all the rock in it. He would have nothing left except a hole in the ground but for this," he muttered to his pillow. For the Marble Company had been exempted by the terms of the grant from "any impeachment of waste," and had successfully defended a suit brought by the reversioner, who sought to restrain

their operations by showing that not even the surface of his tract would be left to him upon the determination of the estate. "He never seemed to have any grudge against me, and I can't say I blame him for being glad I am dead," said Royce, seeking to gauge the sentiments of the joyful reversioner.

Nevertheless, all his commercial instincts revolted. They would not support this arbitrary dispensing of justice. The Gerault Bonley Marble Company's right was created by law, and unlawfully he had divested them of it. The idea was abhorrent to his commercial conscience. All the depth of character which he possessed lay in this endowment. He had no religious convictions, no spiritual estimate of the abstractions of right and wrong. To him the thought of religion was like a capitulation. It had never occurred to him as a thing to live by. It was of the nature of mortuaries, akin to last wills and testaments, of the very essence of finality. His moral structure was the creation of correct commercial principles, — sound enough, but limited. It was an impenetrable external shell, at once an asset, a protection, and a virtue, but it had no intimate inner tissues. His soul languished inert within it. As far as his financial integrity was concerned, there had been no leanings to the wrong, no struggles against temptation, not even temptation; he was proof against it. His integrity diminished even his capacity for repentance. He had never felt himself a sinner. On the contrary, he thought he had done mighty well. He had been for years in touch with the markets at home and abroad, but he could quote no spiritual values. For the first time in his life, he groped for a knowledge of the right, he strove with the definite sense of wrong-doing. His supposed death had all the taint of dishonor; it affected him as a false entry might have done. The indirect good that it wrought, the natural justice that it meted out, appealed to him no more than the success of specu-

lating with the funds of the firm that employed him might serve to commend this speculation to his incorruptible commercial honor. He had no sympathy with the rights of man as man, the theories of the socialist, the doctrine of equality, fraternity, and liberty, the subversive communistic spirit. He interpreted them only as the tools for the time of some gross schemer who sought a fat "take-out" from the funds of his dupes; some Judas bearing the money-bag, who was still and always a thief.

He fared better when he sought to protest an irresponsibility. It was the Marble Company's affair to disprove his death if they could, to maintain themselves in continual assurance of his life. "I've seen old Bonley perform so long like a hen with one chicken that I imitate him instinctively. I assume a sort of guardianship of the Gerault Bonley Marble Company as they assumed it of me, and one is as absurd as the other. The company's counsel ought to be equal to the situation. I have nothing to do with them. Their property is held for a term of years, which happens to be the duration of my life. I take on as if a *cestui que vie* was a salaried officer of the Bonley Company, — as if I were paid for drawing the breath of life. It is no part of my duty to report continually for observation. I forfeit no pledge. I violate no trust. And self-preservation is the first law of nature."

With these vacillations he had struggled in throes of mental agony as he lay on the ledges of the rocks above the river and affected to angle; or as he wandered alone through the woods; or when he sat, unheeding the drawling talk of his host, in the open passage where they lighted their pipes together, his evident preoccupation shrewdly noted by the suspicious mountaineer; or, more than all, now in the silent watches of the night, before physical fatigue could coerce sleep to his aid, — always arguing the wrong that his silence and absence

wrought to others, yet the false suspicion on the part of Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, and the consequent terrible fate that his return would bring upon himself; the intrinsic justice in the restoration to the reversioner of his plundered estates, and yet the positive legal rights which the Gerault Bonley Marble Company held in their unexpired tenancy *per autre vie*; the lies that thus conspired in their masquerade as truth, yet the fact that the truth unmasked would prove the falsest of them all. He had never in all the exertions of his various problems seemed so near a definite and final decision as now. Never had he reverted so often to one basis of action. He would not return to the certainty of an ignominious imprisonment on a false suspicion for the sole benefit of a strong corporation of financial sharks, who, on the pretext of a tenancy *per autre vie*, were tearing the estate of their grantor from off the face of the earth; the reversioner would have nothing left but literally a hole in the ground! This awful sacrificial surrender would serve no moral right, but one of those legalized robberies which arise from a fault of the law through its constitutional deficiencies, being at last only of human device. And if, he argued, it was not his function to remodel the laws, and administer them according to the moral basis of evident right, it was in this instance his privilege to dispense even-handed justice.

But when he fell asleep, and his will lay dormant, and his reasoning faculties were blunted, and only his conscience vaguely throbbed with an unassuaged wound, the sense of the commercial wrong that he did, the realization of the definite creation of law that he defeated, the weight of responsibility with which his mere breathing the breath of life had burdened him, all were reasserted without the connivance of volition, and over and over again that poignant cry, "But the one who lives — the one for whose

life — his life — his life — his life !” rang through the house with all the pent-up agony of his days of doubt and strivings and distress in its tone.

It was a silent house. No wind stirred. Not a leaf rustled. One might hear the ash crumble covering the embers on the hearth. A vague monotone came from the river. Outside, the still radiance of a late-risen moon lay pallid and lonely on the newly ploughed fields. Here and there crevices in the chinking between the logs of the walls made shift to admit a ray, sending its slight shaft through the brown gloom of the interior, visible itself and luminous in its slender tenuity, yet dispensing no light. One of these rays glimmered through the clapboards of the roof on the face of the sleeper, which showed in the dusk, with all its wan trouble on it, with the distinctness of some sharply cut cameo, to Tubal Cain Sims, who, half dressed and with shock head and bare feet, had climbed the stair, and lurked there listening, if perchance he might hear more to convey to the sharp-set curiosity of the magisterial lime-burner.

This involuntary lapse of his resolution left no trace on the juggler's consciousness when he awoke the next morning. He was not aware that he had dreamed, that in sleeping he had swerved from his intention, far less that he had cried out in his unrealized mental anguish. He took comfort from his stanch mental poise. The fact that he held fast to his conclusion seemed to confirm the validity of his judgment. Here he was to begin life anew, and it behooved him to make the most and the best of it. For one moment the recollection of the world he had left almost overcame him, — the contrast it bore to his sorry future ! Even its workaday aspect, — the office, his high desk by the window, the thunder of the cotton-laden wagons in the streets and the clamor of voices impinging so slightly on his absorption in his work as to be ignored, — even this wrung

a pang from him now. How much more the thought of the club, with its brilliant lights, and its luxury of furnishing, and its delectable *cuisine*, and the pretensions of its elder members, and the countenance they were pleased to show him ; of the fraternity halls where he was so prime a favorite ; of the gymnasium he affected, and the boating and swimming clubs ; of his choice social circle, with its germans and musicales, its little dinners and tally-ho drives, its private theatricals and much harmless flirtation, its decorous parlors of refined and elegant appearance, of which he valued the *entrée* in proportion as he had once felt it jeopardized by the bruited abroad of that wild gambling escapade, which he feared, in the estimation of the severe and straight-laced matrons and delicate-minded young girls, ill became the *habitué* of so elevated a coterie. They all seemed, in his recollection, of an embellished beauty and aloof majesty infinitely removed from his sordid plight and maimed estate. He faltered as he thought of his hopeless alienation from it all, his dreary exile.

And then, with a sudden bracing of the nerves, he reflected on the view which this *recherché* society would entertain of the alternative that fate presented ; the disgrace which he would sustain in his return was hardly to be mentioned to ears so polite ! Was he farther from them here than he would be there ? Was he more definitely banished from his wonted sphere ? He was dead to them, — forever dead, — and the sooner forgotten the better !

In pursuance of his determination, he went downstairs arrayed in the blue-checked homespun shirt and gray jeans trousers which Mrs. Sims with so great and dilatory labor had contrived. He thought he looked the typical mountaineer in this attire, with a pair of long cowhide boots, purchased at the cross-roads store, drawn up to his knees over the legs of the trousers, and a white wool

hat of broad brim set far back on his dark red-brown hair. He could hardly have deceived even an unpracticed eye. The texture of his skin, shielded by his vocation from wind and weather; the careful grooming which was the habit of years; the trained step and pose and manner, unconscious though they were; the hand, delicate, however muscular, and white, and with well-tended nails; the silken quality of his smooth hair and mustache; the expression of the eye, — he looked like a young “society swell” dressed for a rural rôle in private theatricals.

Mrs. Sims, who was languidly setting the table in the passage, while Euphemia, clashing the pots and pans and kettles in the room to the left, was “dishin’ up” breakfast, paused in her wheezing hymn, catching sight of him, to survey her handiwork.

“Waal!” she exclaimed in delighted pride, appropriating to her own skill the credit of the effect of his symmetry. “Now don’t them clothes jes’ set! I’ll be boun’ nobody kin say ez I ain’t a plumb special hand fur the needle an’ shears! I jes’ want Tubal Cain Sims ter view them ‘vain trappin’s,’ ez the hyme calls ‘em, — though ez we ain’t endowed by Providence with feathers, thar ain’t no use in makin’ a sin out’n hevin’ the bes’ clothes what we kin git.”

The juggler was as vain as a young man can well be. But he had seldom encountered such outspoken admiration, and was a trifle out of countenance; for what Mrs. Sims conceived to be the excellence of her own proficiency as a tailor he apprehended was due to the graces of his personal endowment. He made her a flourishing bow of mock courtesy, and then restoring his hat to his head stood leaning against the door-jamb, one hand in the pocket of the gray trousers, the other readjusting the wide low shirt-collar about his throat.

“I’d like ter know what Tubal Cain Sims *will* say now!” exclaimed Mrs.

Sims, pursuing corollaries of the main proposition of triumph. “He ‘lows, whenst I make him ennythin’ ter wear, ez he kin sca’cely find his way inter sech shapen gear. An’ whenst in ‘em, he ‘lows he’ll never git out no mo’, an’ air clad in his grave-clothes — goin’ ‘bout workin’ an’ sech — in his grave-clothes! It’s a plumb sin, the way he talks!”

Her face clouded for an instant, remembering the ungrateful flouts; then her gaze, resting on her guest, dimpled anew.

“But laws-a-massy!” she cried, “how peart ye do ‘pear in them clothes, to be sure! A heap more like sure enough folks than in them comical little pantees ye hev been a-wearin’.”

He could not forbear a laugh at her criticism of the spruce knickerbockers; but with the thought of the varying standards of a different status of life the realization of his exile came to him anew, and imbittered the decoction called coffee which Mrs. Sims handed to him, and although his eyes were dry, as he gulped it down, he tasted tears.

It was difficult for him to resent any admiration of himself as too redundant, but she could not quit the subject, and pointed out to Tubal Cain Sims, when he entered, the excellence of the fit of the shirt about the shoulders and its flatness in the back; apparently arguing that if this shirt fitted the juggler, it was only Tubal Cain Sims’s rugged temper and finical fancy that *his* shirt did not fit. His prominent shoulder-blades were not long destined to be concealed by the worn cloth drawn taut across their re-curved arches as he leaned slouchingly forward, and the loose amplitudes over his narrow bent chest might well have been economized for a supplement across the shoulders. It never seemed to occur to either of them that the cloth should be cut to suit the figure, or at all events the bearing, of the wearer. She only tortured her helpless partner with her adherence to a pattern at least fifty years

old, and which had fitted him well enough twenty-five years ago; but as seam, gusset, and band burst under the stress of his crookedness and increasing slouch, he considered that Jane Ann Sims had utterly forgotten her cunning, and talked as if his clothes were a trap requiring a certain diligence of investigation to get into, and from which there was no escape.

The juggler grew restive lest Euphemia should enter while he was a bone of contention between the two, for Mrs. Sims was still disposed to call on all who might behold to note the beauty of the "set" of his shirt, and Tubal Cain Sims as resolutely refused to admire. Royce was ready to laugh at himself that he should thus desire to shirk these personalities in Euphemia's presence, and that he should assume for her a delicacy in the discussion which he was very sure Mrs. Sims would not appreciate. Yet he was not so coxcombical as to preëempt for her Mrs. Sims's standpoint; he realized that she might be as stolidly unadmiring as Tubal Cain himself. He finished his breakfast with a hasty swallow or two, and was about to take himself off up the road, hearing Mrs. Sims remarking after him, "Ye oughter thank the Lord on your bended knees, young man, fur the fit o' them clothes," and Tubal Cain Sims's growl of objurgation that "folks oughter have better manners an' sense 'n ter be thankin' the Lord for the set o' thar clothes on the blessed Sabbath day."

"Is this Sunday?" asked the juggler, and stood stock-still.

"It air the blessed Sabbath," said Tubal Cain, his eyes still full of the misfit rancor and his mouth full of corn dodger.

Ah, how Lucien Royce heard across the silent Cove the bells ringing from the church towers of St. Louis, a thousand miles away! He distinguished even the very melody that the chimes were rippling out, — he would have sworn to

it amongst a thousand, — and the booming of heavier metal sounding from neighboring steeples. He knew just how a certain dissonance impinged upon the melodious tumult, — the bell of an old church below Seventeenth Street that had a crack in it and rang false. The raucous voices of newsboys were calling the Sunday papers, much further up town than on week-days. The clanging of the cable cars sounded here, there, everywhere; the sunlit streets were full of people. And then, as his heart was throbbing near to breaking for this his world, his home, of which he was bereft, he realized how his imagination had cheated him. Across the Cove the slanting sun-rays had not yet reached the levels of the basin; the red hue of the dawning still tinged them. The mists of the night clung yet in purple shadowy ravines. The dew was in the air. Away — away — the far city of the mirage lay sluggard and asleep. No bell rang there save the Angelus. Now and again a figure slipped along to early mass. The rumbling wheels of a baker's wagon or the tinkle of a milkman's bell might sound, — a phase of the town, an hour of the day he did not know and for which he did not care. And so he was admonished to beware of fancies. This — *this* was his home, and here he was to spend his life.

He hardly knew how he might make shift to spend the day, he said, as he flung himself down on a ledge of the rock overlooking the river. He appreciated how he would value the rest, had a week of hard work preceded it. He was no Sabbatarian on religious principles, but adhered to the theory as physically economical. As he lay smoking, he argued that much of his tendency to revert to the troubles that had whelmed him, to repine for even the minutiae of his old life, — aught that suggested it was dear! — to forget that it had gone forever and could never be conjured back, and that a far different fate awaited

him in his familiar world, was only an indication of the morbid influence of idleness and mental solitude. The persistence of the activities of the human mind is but scantily realized. Given adequate subjects to work upon, to engross it, — a stent, so to speak, — and its powers seem rarely greater than its task; but remove the objective point of occupation, and the complications of the engine, its normal strength yet its perilous fragility, its inherent tendencies to dislocation, its perpetual uncontrollable subjection to any idea, evolved at hazard, clutched with a tenacity as of the muscles of a galvanized grasp, furnish a reflection wonderfully conducive to energy and the embellishment of toil. “Blessed are the hard workers, for their minds and their hearts shall be sound,” is not among the list of beatitudes, but perhaps it was the truth most deeply felt by the young exile from the business world as well as the world of pleasure.

“I must get at something,” he said to himself. “I must realize that I am here to stay. This juggling money” — he rattled in his pocket the silver that he had earned the night of his ill-starred entertainment — “won’t last forever, even at the rates of board and lodging in Etowah Cove. It would be the part of wisdom to ingratiate myself with the miller, — cross-grained old donkey, — help him with the mill, marry the miller’s daughter, and succeed to the throne.”

He laughed, with a mocking relish of the incongruity of the idea. Then, as he thought of the miller’s daughter, a vague perception came to him that he had never before encountered a woman apparently so indifferent to him; for indifference was not the sentiment which he was wont to excite. He remembered, too, his hasty retreat from the table, lest her delicacy be offended if his garments were descanted upon in her presence. “Am I going to persuade myself that I am in love with this rural Napoleon

in petticoats?” he asked himself scornfully. Then he argued that it was merely because he was not used to such critical scrutiny of his vestments except by his tailor. “All the same, I got out of there before the lady Euphemia appeared.” He thus took as dispassionate note of the fact as if he were discussing the state of mind of another person. “I might do far worse. She could be trusted to keep me extremely straight from now till the Judgment Day. She is so pretty — that — if she were a trifle softer — a trifle different, it would n’t be such hard lines to make love to her.”

Perhaps it did not seem such “hard lines” when she suddenly came out of the house, later in the day; for as he glanced up the slope and beheld her, he rose promptly and went to meet her.

It was a tortuous way up the slope; the outcropping ledges here and there jutted out so heavily that it was easier to skirt around than to climb over them. Brambles grew in shaggy patches; trees intervened; more than once, gnarled roots, struck but half in the ground, the bole rising at a sharp angle with the incline, threw him out of the line of a direct approach. He saw, as he drew near, that he was as yet unperceived, as she made her way slowly along the road. Her wonderful eyes were fixed meditatively, softly, upon the blue mountains beyond the Cove, showing through the gap of the nearer purple ranges. Her lips had a drooping curve. The golden glimmers of her brown hair, rising in dense fairness above her white brow, had never seemed to him so distinct. She carried her pink sunbonnet in her hand; the large loose curls floated on the shoulders of her calico dress. It was of a sleazy texture, and the skirt fell in starchless folds from a short waist to the tops of her low-cut shoes. The color was a rose pink, and on it was scattered a pattern of great roses of the deepest red hue, and she looked as fan-

tastic as if she were dressed for a calico ball. Somehow, this accorded better with his humor than the sombre homespun attire which the mountain women as a rule affected. Her costume, regarded as a fad, did not so diminish her beauty. He could judge better of it, as he paused, still unperceived because of the intervening brambles, hardly ten feet from her. She looked like some old picture, as, swinging the bonnet by the string, she stood still for a moment, with an intent look in her lovely eyes.

"Ef he speaks so agin," she said slowly, "ef he speaks so agin afore them all, I dunno *how* I kin abide it."

There was a look of pain on her face which did not promise tears. He realized that tears were scarce with her and came hard. It was the look of one whose heart is pierced, and whose pride is bent, and whose endurance flags. Then, with an access of resolution visible in her soft face, she suddenly moved onward, and the swaying sprays of the brambles painted the picture out.

He had hardly time to take stock of his impressions, or note his own surprise, or marvel of what or whom she spoke, when Mrs. Sims issued, waddling, from the house. She perceived him readily enough, having him in mind, perhaps, and called to him to hurry up, "for we uns air all goin' ter meetin' over yander

at the church-house, whar ye gin that show o' yourn," with a fat dimply smile too jolly for the occasion, all unmeet to companion the Sabbath-day expression on the sour visage of old Tubal Cain Sims, shuffling out with high shoulders and hollow chest and bent knees to join the family procession.

Lucien Royce welcomed the summons with the half-bewildered delight of one unexpectedly rescued from the extremest griefs of ennui. His first instinct was to run and dress. Then remembering that he wore the best clothes he had, he composed himself with the reflection that he was in the fashion as it prevailed here. He was consoled, too, as he strolled along beside Mrs. Sims, for the loss of a younger companion by reflecting that he wanted to make no mischief among any possible lovers of Euphemia, which his public appearance walking with her to church was well calculated to do.

"I think I am safe with Mrs. Sims," he said to himself. "I suppose nobody is in love with her, — not even old Tubal Cain, whatever he may once have been."

He cast a glance at the lean and active partner of Mrs. Sims's joys and sorrows, forging along at a brisk pace which was certain to land him in church before the rest of the household had achieved half the distance.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN GREECE.

I. THE OLYMPIC GAMES, OLD AND NEW.

I.

WHEN it was reported that, after many years of hope deferred, I was at last to visit Greece, the local newspapers had it that the prime object of my trip was to witness the Olympic games at Athens. Now that the Olympic games at Athens have proved a brilliant success, nothing could seem more natural than that a professor of Greek and an editor of Pindar should speed across the water to behold the wonderful revival. But at the time those who believed most in the old Olympic games were not the most enthusiastic about the new. Private letters seemed to indicate that the celebration would be a failure, perhaps deserved to be a failure. The stadium was there, and that was a great point. It had been called into being again for the purpose, but no one who had not seen it could have imagined how it would stand out in its unique beauty among the great theatres of the modern world. There was to be running, — nothing more antique than running. There was to be leaping, throwing the discus, the long-distance race, and wrestling. But the latter part of the programme was very modern. Boxing was to be banished as too brutal, and the bicycle was to take the place of the four-horse chariot. The swimming-match was not Olympic. The fencing-match was too Roman. Your genuine Greek abhorred the sports of the amphitheatre. Lawn-tennis was really too airy a pastime for the Olympic games, and there was mention in one newspaper of croquet. Croquet is an estimable game, but hardly a sport to lure one across the Atlantic, though one would vault over the "salt, unplumb'd, estranging sea" to witness a match game of kottabos, say, between

Theramenes and Kritias; nay, your true pedant would almost have himself ferried over the Styx for that. However, "croquet" was a misprint for "cricket."

Then the press began to teem with extemporized erudition about the old Olympic games. Krause's learned work was dusted and disemboweled, and the very emphasis repelled the classical scholar. Besides, the writers nearly all overlooked what seemed to be the religious significance of the games, and as a devout Hellenist, who belonged to the church of which Pindar was pastor, I was shocked at the flippancy with which the whole matter was handled; and being called on for a deliverance on the subject, I freed my mind by a discourse addressed to a small congregation of the faithful. I will not give my sermon in full. An outline will be a sufficient trial to the reader's patience.

II.

We call this age an age of intelligent sympathy. We try to understand the past and to reproduce it in order to put our understanding of it to the test. No modern age has comprehended classical antiquity so well as has ours, and the close of the century has witnessed many reproductions of the antique. Every few months a Greek tragedy, every year or two a Greek comedy, is brought on the stage. The music of the Greeks has become vocal once more, and we can hear pæans sung as of old. Why should we not have a revival of the Olympic games? The site will not be the same, but there were elaborate Olympic games at Antioch as well as in Elis. Why not at Athens? No environment could be more noble, and Olympic games of some sort were performed there in antiquity. Nor must we insist pedantically on the

season of the year. Think of Christmas in Australia. It is still Christmas. And as for the difference in the games, were there not changes enough in the old days? The mule-race came in and the mule-race went out. Why might not boxing share the same fate, in accordance with the spirit of the age? But there's the rub. Is there anything left of the old spirit, or can anything of the old spirit be evoked? Will the new Olympic games be anything more than athletic sports? What is there to make them differ from baseball contests and football contests, from polo and lacrosse? The antique spirit? But what was the antique spirit, and where shall we look for its truest expression? The answer comes unhesitatingly: In antique poetry.

A nation is to be judged by its poetry as well as by its prose, by its aspirations as well as by its performances, by the bread of angels which it craves as well as by the husks which swine do eat, and if we are to catch the spirit of the Olympic games we must go to the great interpreter of that spirit when it was at its height: we must go to Pindar. Not for the description of the games themselves. That was needless for his time. It is not needless for ours. And our time, equipped for sympathy as no other age has been in the long procession since the close of antique life, rejoices in a truer vision and has earned a truer vision, in the Greek fashion, by "toil and cost." Earlier efforts to picture the scene of the Olympic games leave us cold, no matter how skillfully the writers weave in the details from antiquarian and from scholiast, whereas now everything has become more vivid for all that has been revealed to us by the excavations at Olympia. Gardner's chapter on Olympia and Shorey's article on the Olympic games breathe the breath of life.

"Everything that has been brought to light at Olympia has brought with it new light for the scene, for the games.

The Hermes of Praxiteles is henceforth for us the impersonation of the youthful athlete, whose physical prowess has not made him forget tenderness and reverence. The Nike of Paionios revives for us the resistless rush of victory. We mingle in the eager crowds, we feel the tremulous excitement; we too become passionate partisans and swell the volume of cheers." But in the presence of the brilliant scene and in the midst of the flush of the contest we must not forget what it all means. We must not forget the great altar that dominates Olympia. We must not forget that there were priests and prophets among the victors. The festival was sacred to the supreme god. The year was a sacred year; the poems that celebrated the victories were sacred poems. Pindar, the last prophet of the Doric creed, with its great exemplar Herakles, was a consecrated man. The athlete served God with his body; the victor in the chariot-race served God with his substance.

The life of the Olympian victor was a term of comparison, not for happiness merely, but for blessedness, which is more; and this blessedness had not lost its significance even in the time of Plato. There still abode that supernal element, which cannot be restored, which has departed with the mystic meaning of the olive leaf; for the two surfaces of the olive leaf symbolized to the reverent Greek the two worlds, the upper and the lower.

Athleticism has been made so prominent in the games that we need to be reminded that the victories celebrated by Pindar do not all involve physical prowess. A certain risk was run by those who drove the chariots; but these were not always the owners, and a good third of Pindar's odes tell of those who gained the victory by purse rather than by prowess. No wonder; for these high and mighty people who indulged in chariot-races were the very people who could afford to pay for so expensive an adorn-

ment of the triumph as one of Pindar's golden odes. "Expense and toil" are emphasized as well as "toil and expense." To be sure, it might not be well to compare a victory in the chariot-race with building a church or founding a divinity school; yet the consecration is there. When Demaratus, one of the most romantic of Greek characters, leaves Sparta forever to join the Persians, Herodotus watches his receding figure in sympathetic mood. Demaratus had done the state good service, and more especially, of all the Spartan kings he alone had won for the Lacedæmonians an Olympic victory with the four-horse chariot. In this whole class of Pindaric odes there is a marked recognition of the favor of God, and in one of them we have a vision of the world to come. How foreign is all this to us! What a contrast between the Dantesque vision of the ode in honor of Theron's victory and the record of the latest trotting-match! But after all, when we think of the Greek games, we think first of athleticism, and it is well. The first recorded victory was a victory in a foot-race, the most simple of all, the most Greek of all. And athletic victories were something to date by. So Thucydides dates by them, — Thucydides, who does not deal much in side-lights, who keeps to the inexorable march of events, the merciless chain of causation, the remorseless machinery of politics and war: "T was the Olympiad in which Dorieus was victor for the second time." He dates by Dorieus as he dates by the priestess of Hera at Argos, who had been fifty years in office when the war broke out, and who in the ninth year of the war was so unlucky as to set the temple on fire. Somehow, these dates do not produce exactly the same effect as the fire at Chicago, — also due to an old woman, — and the fight between Corbett and Sullivan.

The temple at Argos and the Olympic games are on the same plane. They

are consecrated by the same spirit, and it is this spirit we should do well to study when we consider the revival of the Olympic games. In the passage of Thucydides, dating by Dorieus is the most natural thing in the world. Olympia had just been mentioned, and everybody had heard of Dorieus. Next to his father he was the most famous athlete of the period. It was that father, Diagoras, who won the famous victory that called forth Pindar's immortal ode on Rhodes. It was Diagoras who won unparalleled distinction as a boxer and was victorious in all the great games, and of whom a familiar story is told by Cicero, enhanced by later writers, as is the wont of later writers. Not only was he victorious himself, but sons and grandsons were successful as well; and when two of his victorious sons bore the old man aloft, the assembled multitude showered garlands upon them, and a Spartan drew nigh and said, "Die, Diagoras, for you are not going to mount up to heaven." Heaven was at that time reserved for the gods, and the Greek deemed it best to die at the summit of happiness. This was a good deal for a Spartan to say, for the Spartans were a reserved race, and one would have expected rather some such Scottish utterance as "Your luck is no that bad." But his feelings were too much for him; and then he was only quoting Pindar, and quoting is not highly emotional.

We read further that the daughter of Diagoras was present at the games, for as a rule women were not allowed to attend the games, and a scene from George Meredith's recent novel, *The Amazing Marriage*, comes up to the mind, — the scene in which the heroine is forced by her bridegroom to look at a prize-fight. It is somehow not the same world.

We began with Dorieus. Let us go back to him. He was a successful athlete, but something besides a successful athlete. In modern times we might say "something higher," just as men

to-day count the present Speaker of the House of Commons something higher than his father, who was a noted pugilist. But with the example of Diagoras before us we dare not say that, and simply add that Dorieus, son of Diagoras, as Thucydides is careful to tell us in the proper place, commanded the Thurian fleet in the Peloponnesian war, and manned his vessels and equipped them at his own expense. He bore himself in lordly fashion, and there was a high and free air about his conduct of the campaign. Captured by the Athenians, he was released because of his great renown as an athlete, or, as Ernest Myers has it, by favor of Athena, who had chosen Rhodes for one of her homes.

"She too her own Athenians stirred
To that fair deed of chivalry,
That high imperishable word
That set the Rhodian Dorieus free,
And linked in unison divine
Her Lindian to her Attic shrine."

Surely a greater than Tom Cribb is here. But Dorieus does not stand alone. Whenever a man who has won Olympian or Pythian victory figures in the war, his victory is mentioned as a title of honor. And it is not strange that such men should have figured in the war, for the victors in the games were at that time the flower of Hellas. But the point to be insisted on is that it was not the social position merely, it was the religious consecration that gave them this privilege. Thucydides, whose deity is said to have been the "strong god, the chance central of circumstance," found the victors as inevitable as did devout Herodotus, as inevitable as he found the oracles, whether he believed in the oracles or not. When the conspiracy of Cylon is mentioned, both historians tell us that he had won an Olympic victory, whereupon a later Greek rhetorician, who had lost the point of view, takes Herodotus and Thucydides to task for referring to a circumstance which was out of place except in eulogy. He did not understand that

this statement was essential to the story; that it served to explain the influence that Cylon exerted, and served to emphasize the depth of his fall. But, for that matter, the great orator who has helped to make the story of Diagoras popular takes pains to tell us that Olympic victories had lost something of their value in the eyes of the Greeks of his time. As a Roman he had little sympathy with what he evidently considered an overestimate. And it is an overestimate except from the earlier point of view of worship. Take away the religious spirit, and the Olympic games lose their right to be. The ethical element is potent, but it does not suffice; and if it be said that our warrant for the religious principle is to be found largely in poetry, be it so.

Even in Pindar there is not much detail of the contest. There are many moral lessons incarnate in the myths that form the bulk of his poems, there are many moral lessons expressed in weighty words; for the Greeks were given to moralizing, and one might construct a Mirror of Athletes out of the odes of this last prophet of Dorism. But of the "events" themselves little is said. True, the *gaudia certaminis* are not altogether overlooked. How could they be? And yet there is little picturing of the hateful wrong side of victory, defeat. The Greeks were not generous victors, thinks Professor Gardner. "Respect for a vanquished competitor could never be counted among Greek virtues." Let us not be too sure of that. At all events, Pindar has only two conspicuous passages in which there is a note of savage exultation; in which we see the defeated skulking home to their mothers by lanes and back ways in "suspense of their foes," while "sweet laughter" is ringing in their ears. Both these poems have to do with wrestling, have to do with boys, and both remind us of the issue of certain college football games. The Eternal Boy is too much even for the calm Greek.

But even these odes are steeped in morality, in religion.

It has been said that true athleticism had but a brief bloom in Greece, but it might be maintained that it had a longer bloom than anything else. Professionalism, we are told, was the death of it, — the same professionalism that has been the death of so many good things. But when shall we put the acme of the Olympic games? We have made Pindar the interpreter of the true spirit of these great contests, and yet before Pindar framed his greatest songs a voice was heard in opposition to the honors paid to the victors of the Olympic games, — the same voice that protested against the abominations which Homer and Hesiod had consecrated to the gods. "Better," said Xenophanes, "than the strength of men and horses is our wisdom." Euripides, himself an athlete, and a successful athlete too, has indulged in a formal tirade against the whole tribe. It is said that he was forced into this line of work by his father, and hence the bitterness of his objugation; but fathers are not always to blame. We have had instances of like rebellion in our own day, and such Grecians as Lord Lyttelton and Miss Swanwick have joined in the cry, "Too much Greek." At all events, Euripides' counterblast against athleticism has come down through the ages as a manner of baccalaureate sermon against sports. The athletes, according to him, are slaves to appetite; they have no thrift; they cannot bear changes of fortune. In youth they are brilliant creatures, idols of the city. When old age comes they are threadbare cassocks. And what is the use of it all, their swiftness of foot, their hurling the discus, their countering on the jaw? What avails all this in battle? One does not hurl a discus in a fight, nor knock one's enemy out of the country with the fist. The wreaths are ill bestowed; wise men and good are those who should be crowned. Isocrates whines at the same lack of judgment,

and even Plato, who was himself an athlete and won prizes, whose own appellation is supposed to be a gymnastic nickname, dreads the tendency of athleticism, and throws out here a grave word of warning, and there a light jest.

Those who cite the evidence of later writers for the decline of athleticism are apt to consider too little those earlier evidences of an opposition which is very much such an opposition as makes itself heard and felt in intellectual circles now. The dispute was a traditional dispute, and the voices that we hear in the time of the Antonines are the voices of Galen and Lucian. Lucian is for, Galen against, and Galen's testimony is much insisted on. Indeed, this learned and philosophical physician goes into the subject with minute detail, and one listens to very nearly the same language as physicians of the present day employ in their deliverances on boat-racing and football, or any form of overdoing.

But one must not be too quick to draw inferences as to the later degeneracy. In the student of the Greek Renaissance there is bred a perfect distrust of every allusion to daily life. The trail of the bookworm is over the whole period, and it is extremely hard to tell what is vision, what reminiscence. There is not one among all these writers who is not open to the suspicion of cribbing. There is not one among them all who writes purely out of his own life. There is no Pierre Loti among them all; no, not one. Lucian, who has defended Greek athletics, is so joyous and so jaunty that one does not suspect him at first, but he too is a reminiscentialist, though he is much more than that. The literary atmosphere is so thick that the writers of the period cannot see their own times.

Religion hallowed athleticism; it hallowed the Olympic games. The games were part of the worship of the gods, victory was a token of their favor. Religion hallowed athleticism; philosophy secularized it. To renew the Olympic games

we must have a religious basis. The body must be more than a tabernacle; it must be a temple, and as a temple it must be dedicated to a higher service. Self-development is naught unless it have a noble aim. "Toil and expense," the homely words in which the Greeks, most practical and most ideal of people, laid down the avenues of success, mean self-sacrifice, mean devotion. In the new Olympic games we shall see the "poet's dream," for the spectacle will be marvelous; but shall we have "the consecration" as well as the poet's dream? Perhaps a modern instance may illustrate my meaning. The Passion Play of Oberammergau was discovered by Eduard Devrient in 1850. It was my privilege to see it in 1860, and again in 1890. In 1860 it was feared that the performance might degenerate into a spectacle, that the religious feeling in which it was originally steeped might evaporate in the dust and sun of publicity; and the same fear returned in stronger measure in 1890, when the performance was much more elaborate, much more artistic. But no process of disillusionment to which I subjected myself the first time, no sharpening of the critical faculty such as comes with ripper years, availed against the overpowering effect. Lift the Passion Play out of the religious life of the people which gave it birth, make it a mere show, a mere perambulatory function, with "one-night stands" and "two-night stands," and it would be not only a sham, but a horror. True, we are not Greeks as we are Christians, and our religious sensibilities will suffer no shock in the new Olympic games; but while there will doubtless be much to help the world to an appreciation of the scenic effect of the great games of Greece, the antique basis will be lacking. When we witness the performance of a Greek tragedy like the *Agamemnon*, like the *Œdipus*, like the *Antigone*, a religious awe descends on us, because the "sacred poet" has inter-

preted the meaning of the drama to the modern soul. So here, too, if we are to invoke the spirit of the past out of the shows of the present, we must seek "the holder of the keys;" and my own words come back to me after many years: "Reconstruct Greek life and we shall better understand Pindar. With all my heart; but after the reconstruction we shall need the poet's light as much as ever, if not more."

III.

Such were my meditations and my utterances. I was, as has been said, a trifle resentful of the imputation that I had timed my visit to Greece with distinct reference to performances which could, after all, be nothing more than spectacles. The foremost editor in the Confederate States, John M. Daniel, told me once, in his grim way, that no one had more reason to believe in the power of the press than he. "No sooner," said he, "do I insert a ringing editorial on the subject of the war than some wretched compositor lays down his 'stick,' shoulders his musket, and goes to the front." And if alien eloquence is so effective, what is to be said of one's own? Assuredly, the late political campaign has shown how men become dupes of their own phraseology. So I had sophisticated myself into the conviction that it was not worth while to make any special sacrifice in order to see the new Olympic games. "You are right," wrote a classic friend to me on the eve of my departure. "Athens will be vulgarized by the crowds. Seek Sicily first."

I had failed to secure a passage by the steamer which would have enabled me to combine with ease a visit to Sicily and the vision of the games. Only a few days were at my disposal. "Naples," I said to myself, "is a Greek town, and though it has little of the Greek flavor, still the background is there, and I cannot hurry away from Naples without seeing Pompeii again. And Sicily, — no-

thing can be more Greek than Sicily. To a man whose last chance it is, in all human probability, how much better to behold Ætna than to follow the revolutions of the bicyclist or the carte and tierce of the fencer, — Ætna! the Ætna that Pindar saw, the Ætna of the immortal First Pythian, that 'pillar of heaven,' 'the year-long nurse of biting snow,' the symbol of aristocratic power, high and lifted up, with a chill smile on its face as it crushes beneath its foot the hundred-headed Typhoeus of revolt! To see Ætna will be to understand Pindar better. Now, if a bicycle were a monocyte, it might be brought into line with the magic wheel to which the wryneck was bound in the incantation of antique lovers, or with Ixion's wheel, of which, as I understand, there is a noteworthy painting in the newly uncovered *domus Vettiorum* at Pompeii. Pindar tells of both these wheels. But I cannot see any gain for classical studies in the bicycle."

However, the earlier games of the programme were inviting, and my thoughts dwelt much on the Marathon race, the long-distance race. Apart from the familiar association with the great battle, there is an especially attractive ode of Pindar's for the victor of a long race. But then the victor was from Himera, and that takes one to Sicily again. And so musing, I embarked.

IV.

On the steamer that took me from New York to Naples were the two American "teams" that were destined to win so much glory in the next few weeks. One of them was from Boston, the other from Princeton. The Princeton boys were from my own college, and their captain was from Baltimore, my own home. Any one would have been proud of such representatives, so modestly, so becomingly did they bear themselves, and I watched their lithe forms and their springy steps, as they exercised on deck, with a delight that was somewhat tem-

pered with bitterness as I thought of the universal neglect of athletics in the collegiate America of my time. There is doubtless much overdoing in modern athleticism, but the cult of the body is Greek, and the forms that the Hellenist worships are not merely the forms of the Greek verb. To be Greek is to be agile in body as in mind, and I did not trouble myself to ask anything about the "class standing" of the young athletes, towards whom my heart went forth as I saw them landing at Naples, and speeding, without the loss of a train, to the scene of the contest. It was a Thursday, and there was not much time to spare, if they were to arrive in condition at Athens, for Monday was the first day of the games. So I bade them good-by, not to meet them again until I saw them in Athens fresh from the success which they wore as simply and modestly as if each one had been an *ephebos* of the best Greek period.

Meanwhile I renewed my acquaintance with Naples and revisited Pompeii. No matter what was pending, no lover of antiquity could neglect the house of the Vettii, but recently restored to the light of day. To those who recognize the hand of Providence in everything, this little Oscan town of Pompeii seems to have been hidden from our eyes for so many centuries just to shame our pride. What must the external glory of antique civilization have been when an insignificant corner of it could yield such wealth of art? The same thought pursued me through my travels in Greece. It is not what one finds at Athens; it is what one finds at Rhamnus, at Oropos, that staggers the imagination. This is the lesson of Pompeii, and the impression produced by Pompeii is indefinitely deepened by this new disclosure.

A day at Palermo, that wonderful cross-section of history; a hasty run through the heart of Sicily, — a heart equally attuned to love and to hate; a day at Syracuse; a day at Taormina, most

beautiful of visions ever granted to my eye. Taormina had haunted me long in photographs, and I was to see it at last; I was to see the chill smile of Ætna, and to look out on the surface of the deep, and to understand — nay, almost to hear in Pindar's resonant verse, the plashing of the masses of stone upflung by Typhoeus. Nor these things alone. The works of men's hands were about me, — the theatre for the past, and the wonderful tilth of the soil for the present. Just as I was leaving the theatre the officials of the town took possession of the sacred building, — for the antique theatre is a manner of temple, — and began to desecrate it by all manner of fussy ornamentation in honor of the expected arrival of His Majesty the German Emperor, William the Sudden, and I was glad to escape the turmoil and take my way to Catania. Catania holds the site once occupied by the town which Hieron built for his son, Deinomenes. Æschylus celebrated the founding of it, and Hieron himself, in the superscription of the First Pythian, is called an Ætnean. But Catania lives all unhaunted by classic memories; a coquettish city, much given to the cult of her greatest son, Bellini. This was the port from which the Birmania, of the Florio-Rubattino line, was advertised to sail at two in the afternoon; but the vessels of this line are freight-boats first, and passenger-boats afterwards, and hour after hour was spent in listening to the puffing of the donkey-engine and the groaning of the derricks, and in watching the lighters as, one after another, they poked their snub-noses out from the shelter of the shipping. Was there to be no end of boxes of lemons and bags of sulphur? Brimstone to brimstone! It was nearly nightfall before we got off, and envious darkness shut out the view.

Next morning we were out of sight of land, and had time to meditate and study. A merry party of young Americans from the school at Rome had boarded the steamer in the harbor of Catania.

They had been exploring the architectural treasures of Sicily, and, like myself, had not quickened their pace for the Olympic games. Much had they to tell of their adventures, or would have had much to tell; but Hadria is as froward and cholerick as he was in the days of Horace, — or at least he seemed so to them as he rocked our vessel with his foot. I was alone except at meal-times, when I bore the captain company, and thus worked my passage. For while I have a Greek reverence for the master of a ship, I find, as a rule, that conversation between an unclassical sea-dog and a grammatical land-lubber is apt to languish. And it languished here. Still, as the medium of communication was the French tongue, I gathered some pretty specimens of "speech mixture," and I shall never forget the dramatic air with which the captain, on comparing his chronometer with the cabin clock, cried out, "*La montre est fermée!*"

Early the morning after, the coast-line of the Peloponnesus was visible. Cape Gallo was the first land I saw, the southernmost cape of Messenia, and from Cape Gallo to the Piræus the voyage was a delight to the eye. I had not forgotten those islands of the blessed, the Azores, by which I had passed a few days before, nor the gracious harbor of Palermo, nor the wonderful coast above which Taormina rises. But Tænarum means more than Taormina, and Taygetus afar off is more than Monte Pellegrino near at hand. Tænarum recalls many things, but whenever one sees a famous locality one special thing is apt to force itself to the front, and often it is a schoolboy memory, such as the chapter in Herodotus that tells of Arion's landing at Tænarum, and Arion's votive offering, the statue of a man seated on a dolphin. It was a small affair, that votive offering. One remembers that, and wonders why Arion was not more liberal, for he must have made up for his losses. But we are crossing the wide

mouth of the Laconic Gulf. These gulfs that run up into the land have a strange drawing power, and as the Birmania keeps on her course one envies the little Greek coasting steamer that skims towards Marathónisi, the ancient and official Gytheion, where I was to spend a day not altogether willingly. We are in Odyssean waters now. There on our right is Kythera, and we can imagine how Odysseus felt when he was swept away from the island. But his next stage was the land of the lotus, which is the modern jujube, and some of his crew may have forgiven Fortune. The world was younger then, and the poetical lotus of those days had the same charm for men that the prosaic jujube paste had for the children of my time. So this is that Kythera of which Cheilon, the Lacedæmonian sage, one of the seven wise men of Greece, said: Would that it had never come into being; or, having come into being, would that it had been sunk in the depths of the sea! Doubtless the Lacedæmonians felt the point of the saying when Nicias, the victorious, seized the island in the first part of the Peloponnesian war. But pointed or not, the saying has passed into the repertory of *l'esprit des autres*; and I remember a testy old Union man who, at the outbreak of the Civil War, uttered the wish that the wretched little State of South Carolina, the breeder of so much trouble, had been scuttled and dropped into the Atlantic Ocean. I question much whether he had ever heard of Cheilon.

We rounded Malea, dreaded of old by sailors, but no wave or current or north wind drove us off our course, as befell Odysseus. The Birmania was a steady boat, built as she was on the lines of Rubattino himself, whose stout effigy adorns the harbor of Genoa. If the bleak coast of the Peloponnesus, of which the guidebooks tell, had been ten times bleaker, it would not have lost its charm. It was desolate, I grant. Few houses were visible, — here and there a high-

perched church or monastery or lighthouse. But it was not bleak on that beautiful spring day. It was dipped in an amethystine light, and above and beyond were the mountains crowned with snow. The receding gulf in which Nauplia nestles drew the eye in longing towards Argolis and her palaces; and well it might, as I was soon to learn. In the December number of *The Atlantic* there is a quotation from William Morris's story of Gertha's Lovers, which woke in me, as I read it, the longing for Argolis: "One extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains." That, in brief, is Argolis. The color is the Greek color, and, as Mérimée says, one must go to Greece in order to understand it.

The magic does not lie in the name alone. True, the modern Argos itself is not "sweet Argos" except perhaps to a dying Argive. Like all cities and men that have had a long continuous life, Argos itself is prosy; but not the land as viewed in the springtime from the Larisa of Argos or from the platform of the temple of Hera. No, the magic does not lie in the name alone. In those who know the history of the Greek war of independence Spetsa and Hydra wake heroic memories. Pityussa and Hydrea, their ancient names, mean little to those who live chiefly in the far past, and the bulk of Hydra is almost a surprise, so small a figure does she make in ancient history; but Spetsa and Hydra are a delight to the eye, as is the lonely island of St. George, a solitary jewel on the forehead of the deep. Have you ever read of Belbina except in a gazetteer?

Next came Poros, on which I was to spend a memorable afternoon, — Poros, the ancient Kalaureia. Never shall I forget the town, beautiful for situation, nor the royal yacht that dashed past us, a strange modern contrast to the ancient history of the place, nor the ride

through the fragrant woods, nor the site of the temple of Poseidon, nor the threshing-floor from which one looks out on Athens without the film that gathered over the vision of Demosthenes, as he staggered out of the temple and looked for the last time towards the city for which he was dying. Next, grim Methana, and Ægina with its Mount St. Elias, one, and not the least, of the many heights that bear the name in Greece, — Ægina, a name to conjure with even when it is pronounced in the unfamiliar modern Greek fashion. We are now near the heart of Greece, to which our hearts beat responsive. We strain our eyes towards Salamis, for night is rushing down, and as we enter the harbor of the Piræus night is there.

v.

This, then, was the sad conclusion. It was for this that I had renounced so much. It is of the utmost moment, I had said to myself, how one approaches the city of one's love. Long before I saw Rome itself the dome of St. Peter's floated into the air, as it were, to greet me, and I received my first impression before I verified the statement of an observant American traveler that "Rome, sir, has the longest railroad *deepo* I ever beheld." Naples I saw first from the land side, but night had fallen, and as I looked out of the railway carriage it was to see Vesuvius aflame. But I shall never forgive myself for entering the palace of the Queen of the Adriatic by the kitchen back stairs; and as one comes from Milan to Genoa the Superb, the view is one, not of palaces, but of "frescoed jails," as they have been called, festooned with underwear. Hence I was passionately bent on approaching Athens the right way, on coming to the front door of Athena's mansion as a lover should, and my reward was darkness.

No, not darkness, for the Piræus was illuminated. It was the Piræus night

of the great festival. All the shipping was starry with lights, and not the least brilliant constellation was an American war-ship, the San Francisco. The shore was all strung with festoons of lanterns and all resonant with music, and we could see the swaying of the black crowds, and hear their jubilation, and watch the shining trail of the rockets, as we sat on the dark deck of the Birmania. One of our number, who had lain a motionless wreck during the brief voyage, gathered up what remained of him and went ashore. The rest of us, all Americans, waited for the day, and the air was vocal with college songs such as I was to hear again on the Ægean. My calendar told me that it was the day of the Marathon race, and my heart told me that the Greek had won. Small comfort did I find in the college songs, for my college days fell before the musical period as well as before the athletic period; indeed, before all those things that have brightened the life of the undergraduate and darkened the brow of *paterfamilias*. The music of the ancient Greeks may not have been so catchy, but the words were nobler, and my thoughts were more than two thousand years away, with the Ægina of the past and with the Eighth Pythian of Pindar. "What is man? What not? A dream of a shadow is man." And then, by one of those vaulting processes of which the mind is capable, I recalled a letter of Dickens, a letter of consolation, in which he wrote, "I think of her as of a beautiful part of my own youth, and the dream that we are all dreaming seems to darken." That is a natural thought for a letter of condolence, but "Life is a dream" is commonplace by the side of "A dream of a shadow is man." A strange reflection to come after the jubilant outburst with which the poet celebrates the victory of Aristomenes. But the Greeks were not the jocund race they are supposed by many to have been. The shadows are as black as the light is bright, and in this poem

a broad belt of darkness comes between two illuminations.

I too was sitting in the dark, a darkness deeper for the lights on shore. But the joy was for others, and I thought of the poem again the next day when I learned that a peasant of Marousi had won the Marathon race. The peasant of Marousi who won the Marathon race was at a long remove in time and rank from the proud member of the clan of the Midylidai, but "hope winged the steps" of the Marathon runner, and he was "borne aloft on the pinions of manly achievements" as was the Æginetan wrestler. I have read somewhere that Sir Henry Holland traveled through Greece Pausanias in hand. It sounds well, and in a large company of classical pilgrims a few copies of Pausanias may be found; but Pindar is a better book to take with one than Pausanias. He is tougher, but not so heavy.

VI.

The next day the harbor looked very quiet and very plain. The glory was but the glory of a night, and one took one's dusty drive to Athens and did all the things laid down in the book of Baedeker. The coachman stopped at his pet shanty — "shanty" is the only possible word — and took his *masticha*, a drink which every traveler is advised to try. *Masticha* has a very innocent taste which carries one back to the days of childhood and the comforting draught of paregoric; but for all that it belongs to the American genus "tanglefoot," the *temptatura pedes* of Master Virgil, and our missionaries in Constantinople make merry over tourists when they praise the sobriety of the Turk who eschews wine, but is no stranger to the "innocent cordials" of the country.

I did not find a classical nepenthe in *masticha*, but I did find the dust of which the ancients make so much. The Piræus road is a dusty road, but it is after all a better first approach to Athens than the

Peloponnesus station. The ride from Corinth has its attractions; what ride in Greece has not? But to arrive in a new quarter that has not grown out to the station, and after the bustle of the station to drive through streets that are desperately modern, and to ensconce yourself in a modern hotel, — that is not the way to look into the eye of Greece, or rather, to be strictly classic, this eye of Greece. For Greece is not a Cyclops. She has two eyes, and the other eye is Sparta. And as there is but one first approach to Athens, so there is but one first approach to Sparta. You must come from the north, not from the south. Not that I would be understood as saying anything against the approach to Athens from Daphni on the Eleusis road. That is the road that Chateaubriand took, and it may have been well enough for him then. For us it would be affectation, and there is affectation enough in travelers as it is.

The Piræus road is, as I have remarked, a dusty road, but you can see the traces of the long walls, you pass by olive groves that are descendants of those that Athena planted, and there is a sudden turn which reveals the House of the Virgin, whose shrine you came to visit. It is a doll's house at that distance, and somehow suggests the pettinesses of Ibsen's stage settings. But you divine what it will mean to you ere long.

From what I had seen of the Piræus the night before, I expected something festal on the way; but there was no crowd, no excitement, along the forty stades that we traversed. Forty stades? Forgive the classicism, but the invaluable and infallible Baedeker which accompanied me on all my journeyings, even in the land of dreams, had forgotten to mention the distance between Athens and the Piræus, and so I had to fall back on my recollections of Thucydides. But when the forty stades had been passed and the town entered, everything was wild with excitement. Athens

was no longer the violet-wreathed. Violet was but one color of her prism. The streets were thronged; there was joy on every face. A Greek had won the Marathon race, and the whole population was mad with delight. Up to Thursday the Greeks had borne their defeats cheerfully. They had, it is true, counted absolutely on success with the discus; but if they were to be surpassed by any one, the American victor was the most tolerable. The Americans have always been true Philhellenes. But the Marathon race they had set their hearts on, and the most patriotic of foreign contestants would not have begrudged them that; and when the victory was won, and the Marousian peasant Louis came in first, dazed by his own achievement, welcomed by the acclaim of the vast multitude within and without the stadium, received by the princes of his people with open arms, a national hero for life, the scene was one, I shall have to add, must have been one, to stir the most sluggish soul. Even now that months have elapsed, and I can find consolation in what I have seen before and since, I cannot forget the sudden wave of blank disappointment, the sudden revelation that I had been the victim of my own pedantic ratiocination. At that moment the coast-line of Greece did not speak to the soul as did the simultaneous joy of a hundred thousand men and women with blood in their veins and the light of gladness on their faces. I have seen the light of battle on the soldier's face, but I have never seen faces more brilliantly illuminated than the countenances of the throngs that pervaded the streets of Athens. Yet this was but the afterglow of what had been the day before. To be frank, *Ætna* was cold comfort then, and the resolute crushing of Typhoeus with his hundred heads. There is no use in arguing about such matters, and saying to one's self that better things have been done in America. There is no use in making light of the achievements of the victors in these

Olympic games, and months afterwards I felt a Greek's indignation at the travesty of the Marathon race set on foot by a Parisian sheet, the *Petit Journal*. It was an undignified scramble from Paris to Conflans; and as the nature of the ground was not duly taken into account, the claim that several of the contestants outdid the Attic winner was clearly false.

VII.

Sitting in one's study, it was easy enough to wax eloquent, or at any rate to wax emphatic, on the spirit of the old contests, the spirit that had flown never to return, and it was not surprising that a student should see naught in the projected games but the every-day desire for the mastery that stirs every man child born into the world, — a desire which is by no means a religious feeling. Yet the consecration was there. Even in the old times when Zeus was the patron deity, the contestant strove for his people, his canton, his city; and while the poet of the games gives due honor to the god of the games, he does not forget the claims of the land of the victor. This is the consecration that has remained after the other has passed away, and the cry "*Zito i Ellás!*" (Long live Greece!) hallowed the new Olympic games, and gave them the sacredness that they would otherwise have lacked.

As I heard that cry on every hand caught up and thundered forth in the great torchlight procession even by those who knew no other Greek, I could not keep from reflecting on the disadvantage under which we Americans labor in the matter of a cry. "*Hurrah for America*" is too wide a call. "*Hurrah for the United States*" is too formal. Do people hurrah for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? In fact, apart from campaign cries, in which the candidates figure, the real enthusiasm of American devotion is perhaps to be heard only in the college yell. The college yell is really a remarkable return

to an early form of worship, and deserves closer study than it has received at the hands of anthropologists; but I must confess that the articulate Greek cry appealed to me more forcibly, though the Greeks themselves, recognizing the Olympic spirit of the American yell, did their best to imitate it as a return for the "Zító i Ellás," which the foreigners were so quick to catch.

This intense love of country is a characteristic of the Greek nation that covers a multitude of deviations from European standards. The expression of it may be a trifle too theatrical for our taste, but the reality is there, and Greeks have been known to relinquish a good bargain in response to an appeal made to their patriotism. Modern Athens is a series of monuments to this noble devotion, and the patriotism of the Greeks is strangely contagious. In the vast throng assembled at the games there was scarcely a foreigner who did not hope for Greek success in the things that belonged especially to the Greeks. There would have been general mourning if a Greek had not won the Marathon race, and proud as we Americans were that our man had beaten the Greeks at their own discus, still there was a touch of sorrow blended with our pride.

The swimming-match, which came the day of our landing, the day after the great Marathon race, was well worth seeing, not for the match itself, but for the setting, for the landlocked harbor of Zea and the crowds of spectators. There were twenty-five thousand, I heard, in the black ring that surrounded the white circle of the port. There were gay banners which seemed to be gayer for all that had been accomplished the day before, and high and mighty dignitaries in resplendent uniforms, — kings and princes gathered in the pavilion to behold the contest. But the port itself was the great thing. Here were the ship houses, and here doubtless the Athenian fleet mustered for the expedition against Sicily; and I thought of

the long inscription about the arsenal of Philon, published in the philological journals years before, and I thought of the famous etching that Thucydides gives of the departure of the fleet, and somehow I thought of myself as one who had escaped from the quarries of Syracuse and reached Athens just too late to see the Marathon race.

The day the prizes were announced I was in the Peloponnesus, for such was the good pleasure of our leader, and *post festum* was *post festum*. But the new Olympic games have never ceased to haunt me, and will never cease to haunt me. Every new acquaintance, every old acquaintance, has had the same questions to ask. The Olympic games stared at me from every shop window, every wall. The newspapers had no other news. The great statesman Trikoupis, who by the way did not favor the games, died during the performance, but the mention of the "Gladstone of Greece" was perfunctory until the games were over. Then, to be sure, he had the newspapers to himself, until he also was crowded out by the Cretan troubles. The resources of the Greek newspapers in the way of illustration are not very great, but they were given freely, such as they were, and the effigies of my fellow passengers greeted me at every turn. The popularity of the American contestants was unbounded. Treating is a Greek vice, and the American visitors were treated and toasted everywhere. As a fellow citizen of the victor with the discus, I was received with distinguished consideration wherever I made the fact known, and that one discus seemed to be halo enough for a multitude. Nor did the excitement die out with the week. Olympic contests were instituted all over Greece. Every square, every street in Athens, was alive with young people, running races, jumping, putting the shot. Gymnastic societies flourished amain. Grave articles were written as to the expediency, nay, the necessity, of remodel-

ing the educational system of Greece on the basis of physical culture. A new era had dawned for Hellas.

In the same compartment of the train that took me to Corinth sat one of the German judges, who discoursed most learnedly on the performance of the American contestants, and went back to antique monuments for parallels to the admirable pose of the American "agonists" in the vaulting contest. Not long afterwards I was a guest in the monastery of Megaspélæon, and the monk to whom I was assigned welcomed me afresh with both hands when he heard that I was a countryman of the men who had done so well at the Olympic games. I

opened a newspaper on my return to Athens. The first article on which my eye fell was an account of the Olympic games at Patras, with a jubilant paragraph about the Greek who had beaten by a few millimetres the "rekor" of "Garrett, the terrible Olympic victor." Like Jonah I took ship, but the Olympic games gave me no peace. My sin of omission found me out, and I bought of an importunate peddler who boarded the Euterpe the popular photograph of the group of victors, among them my young townsman, whom I had seen daily exercising his men on the deck of the Fulda, — ὁ Γκάρρεττ ὁ φοβερὸς Ἀμερικανὸς Ὀλυμπιονίκης.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

"WHAT do you think is my employment out of doors, and what it has been for this week past? My garden? No such elegant thing, but making a gutter, a sewer, and a pathway in the streets of Edgeworthtown, and I do declare I am as much interested about it as I ever was in writing anything in my life." Thus wrote Maria Edgeworth to her aunt Ruxton in 1831; and in this, as in many educational reforms, she was the forerunner of that admirable body of executive women who have been doing valuable work in their own communities ever since.

Everywhere that village improvement takes active form we find women connected with it, for there is something about it congenial to the feminine temperament, even as the intimate connection between a woman and a broom-handle is an obvious and natural fact. My lady's quick eye, her relentless spirit, her uncompromising activity, hitherto largely manifested in house-cleaning, here find a broader field to preëempt,

and the full utilization of that energy which now goes to waste in many futile pursuits may in the end create force enough to sweep this globe from pole to pole, and neatly dust every continent. However that may be, she begins, in village improvement, as Miss Edgeworth did, literally at the bottom, with drains and paths and hidden health precautions, on which foundations alone a beautiful superstructure can safely be raised, and proceeds from them upward to the higher graces of the art.

Of the various branches of public improvement, that which concerns the villages may be called the most vital, in that it closely appeals to all the inhabitants, no matter what their age or sex or station, and gives something to do with purse or hand to every man, woman, and child who takes an interest in producing organized beauty. Even those who disdain everything but what is practical may gratify their taste by dealing with sewers and electric wires; the orderly may be utilized in seeing

after cleanliness of streets and in organizing bands for the collection of rubbish; those who have a passion for trees may plant and water along the well-mended highways, and they who love flowers may tend their gardens, and make the street borders gay with color; lastly, those who rise to the heights of landscape gardening may design greens and squares, well shaded and beshrubbed, and the largely benevolent man may spend time and money in acquiring woods and open spaces for the recreation of his neighbors. Thus the care and ornamentation of the village may become a joyous occupation for all.

This latent civic enthusiasm we look to see active in our coming millennium, and meantime we can chronicle its beginnings. The early settlers of America, like those of other countries, made a town by merely agglomerating dwellings. They huddled together for safety, cut down every tree behind which might lurk a savage foe, and planted houses haphazard. Their wealth consisted chiefly in cattle, and the goings and the comings of these between the village and the pasture made the footpaths along which the people traveled. Since all through the Middle Ages even great foreign cities like Paris possessed only one or two military roads passable for carriages, with merely narrow footways for other purposes, it is not strange that many American towns should have grown up shapeless and full of crooked alleys, under the pressure of hurried settlement. The colonists brought with them from Europe the habit of treating a town as if it were a garrison, and left to their descendants the problem of properly draining the houses and straightening the highways. To the credit of certain New England towns it must be said that they grouped their more important buildings in an effective way about an open space, and in some cases showed a fitting sense of the value of fine trees by enacting laws for their protection.

In our own day, in new and peaceful communities, the idea begins to gain ground that a village ought to be tastefully planned from the beginning with a view to its own beauty and the comfort of its inhabitants. Notable instances of this are to be found in the towns of Faribault, Minnesota, Garden City, Long Island, Tuxedo Park, New York, and in the original design for Berkeley neighborhood, California. The modern village, when built with a proper regard for dignity and beauty, provides also a common recreation-ground and broad tree-besprinkled spaces upon which many dwellings may face. Parks or terraces of this kind are a feature of some new towns which adds greatly to their attractiveness.

One of the special problems that meet us, however, is that of dealing with such villages as were built with no system, and are now inhabited by a conservative folk, limited in experience, homely in their ways, wedded to old customs, reluctant to change anything, indifferent to progress, niggardly with their money for sanitary and æsthetic purposes; and many such villages are extravagant with franchises to all sorts of companies, to which they give permission to hack trees, to tear up roads, and to disfigure streets with unsightly poles and wires, regardless of the added expense they bring upon the town in the yearly care of the highways, which are injured seriously by these irresponsible corporations. That some effort is necessary to stir the townsfolk from their time-worn content is evident, and we have cause for rejoicing that in many of our rural New England communities the awakening has come through the presence of summer visitors and residents, who bring with them from the city habits of comfort and convenience which are shocked by old-time country makeshifts, along with a spirit of intolerance of them which results in improvements everywhere.

The city, whatever may be said against it, represents the higher civilization; it

absorbs into itself the wealth, the energy, the progressive elements of the population. All advance in comfort and luxury begins in it. For its benefit inventions are made and new appliances for sanitation or convenience are introduced. To its inhabitants these luxuries soon become necessities. Wherever they go they demand the same, and as they go continually in all directions, ever seeking some new world to conquer, they carry with them their necessities and demands, to the real benefit of the country towns. The wish of the summer boarder for a piazza, to accommodate his lounging-chair and hammock, has caused a general sprouting of verandas and balconies from many an ancient roof-tree throughout the country; while his desire for more light and sunshine in the carefully shut up old parlors has occasioned such a sudden budding of bay windows as the world had never seen before. Everywhere one witnesses the same influences at work in the improved character of popular summer resorts, in the enlargement and growing convenience of old farmhouses, in the more modern ideas of the country children, who in their turn bring educational influences to bear on the community. Village improvement is thus the offspring of the cities, and in most cases it is paid for and engineered by those who have enjoyed city advantages.

At first these enlightened promoters of the general weal are met by the obstinate indifference of the residents, and by the refusal of village authorities to make any appropriations to help along the cause; but in the end, when the guidance is vigorous enough, the community responds, and thus very creditable and even beautiful results have been achieved here and there. What is needed is that the movement should become general, and if the village as well as the city would understand the fact that it ought to sell, and not to give away its franchises, possibly much might be accomplished. By this means it could

acquire funds enough to enable it to keep its streets in perfect order without extra tax upon the inhabitants, so that they would need only to hire a suitable agent to carry out necessary reforms. European towns profit by the sale of franchises to lighting and transportation companies. Some of our own cities tax street railways for the benefit of parks.

In the work of village improvement, the drainage, literally as well as figuratively, underlies everything. Early reports by Mr. Olmsted show that much of the unhealthiness of New York's suburbs arose from the neglect of proper precautions about drainage. Staten Island, when it first became an overflow for the growing population of New York, was a beautiful and healthy region, with broad roads leading from one old farmhouse to another, and it possessed fine trees and groves and sparkling streams. In short, it was such a neighborhood as many a remote part of New England sees to-day, beginning to grow from the influx of summer residents. The towns on Staten Island advanced with the same marvelous rapidity that marked the growth of New York. Dram-shops and factories defiled them; the watercourses, interfered with by roads carelessly opened, overflowed and made disgusting and dangerous swamps; malaria broke out everywhere, and brought the whole region into disrepute. A similar state of things was found north of the city, where the Harlem flats still further complicated the problem. Here, however, the danger was more promptly met. An extensive and costly drainage of the Harlem flats resulted in improved sanitary conditions, so that the region was duly prepared for the rapid inroad made by the city upon its country wastes; but Staten Island has had to spend enormous sums to repair its reputation, damaged by the lack of thrift of its early settlers.

An interesting instance of the true value to a suburb of systematic preparation is reported by Mr. Olmsted. About

the year 1870 two suburban speculations were undertaken in the neighborhood of Chicago. One district was situated nine miles from the town; the other, six; but both were on the same railway, and land in each was worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre. The managers of one district laid out their plan in what was then the usual way: they made streets of prairie soil bordered by neat open ditches, and they left proper spaces for sidewalks, along which trees were planted. They hit upon a good name, issued lithographs, and advertised, with no great results. The managers of the other district borrowed a large sum of money at a high rate of interest, mortgaging the land and other property. Employing this, they underlaid the land with several miles of drainage pipe, then built macadamized roads with paved gutters, iron gratings, concrete sidewalks, and broad borders frequently spreading into little greens and commons planted picturesquely. All the natural wood, and the banks of the stream which passed the place, were made public property, and shelters, seats, bath and boat houses were provided. An artesian well was sunk, and with a steam-pump water was sent to all parts of the property. Before these improvements were complete the owners began selling land upon the roads at twenty dollars a front foot, and soon afterwards advanced the price to thirty dollars. Then gas was introduced. The price of land rose, in the outskirts, in two years, from eighty to one thousand dollars an acre. In the twenty years of its existence, the first community has had to expend many times the amount wisely spent in the beginning by the other. These instances suffice to show, in a way that ought to appeal to the most conservative selectman, the pecuniary importance of thorough preparation.

The sanitary value of the trees which the Village Improvement Societies are eager to plant ought to be appreciated. Authorities on the causes of malaria in-

sist upon the danger arising from the too sudden drying of surfaces which have been previously soaked with water; for the quicker the drying, the more virulent the poison that is evolved. Now the presence of shade-trees prevents too rapid evaporation from the soil, and thus hinders the growth and propagation of malarial germs. The close planting of eucalyptus-trees upon the Roman Campagna, in the neighborhood of the once very unhealthy convent of St. Paul without the Walls, had, I was told by the monks in 1875, greatly modified the frequency of malarial fever. As the eucalyptus grows in the climate of Rome with great rapidity, reaching a height of thirty feet in five years, it is probable that the sanitary influence results from the absorption of a large amount of water from the soil, since it is known that a common spreading oak discharges from its leaves eight and a half times as much water during the summer as commonly falls in rain upon the surface of the ground covered by its branches, while more succulent trees, like the elm, maple, hickory, and eucalyptus, give forth more. The thirsty roots act as underdrains when the tree is covered with foliage, the process of evaporation being most rapid during the first three months of summer.

If forests are cut away and brushwood is allowed to remain along country roads, there will be an increase of stagnant ground water, which can be prevented by the presence of large and flourishing trees to absorb the superfluous moisture. There have been many instances in England and Ireland of the arrest of fever and ague by a system of thorough drainage for the benefit of crops, and similar instances are noted in the State of New York. It is known that many of the illnesses of horses result from malarial causes, which can be obviated by proper tree-planting and underdraining: hence the importance of starting in the right way must be realized. On this account, proper sewerage accompanying the in-

creased water supplies should be demanded by public opinion, no matter how scattered the houses; and when they are closely set along a village street, it is criminal to neglect so obvious a precaution. Sanitation is further aided by trees; for in addition to the other advantages they afford, they are of great importance, in thickly settled towns, in absorbing the pernicious gas which results from the respiration of living beings of all kinds.

In many cases rural beauty is destroyed and health threatened by the presence beside the streets of unsightly heaps of refuse by which people have to pass. Some energetic Village Improvement Societies take this matter in hand, and thoughtfully provide special places for garbage, where it can be deposited without giving offense to the inhabitants. This has been done in Beverly, Massachusetts, where the efficient society has secured a suitable spot in a retired place to which all offscouring can be transported, to be either buried or burned at the society's expense, the objectionable heap being screened by trees planted about the dumping-ground. This is a point to be urged everywhere, since each community ought to have a place to put such nuisances as cannot be disposed of about the premises of the householder, so that they will not be a constant annoyance to the public.

For the further advantage of appearance, it is desirable to keep sidewalks of a uniform width along the much traveled streets of a village, with the turf between footpath and highway neatly cut by the lawn-mower; for neatness adds to the finished and attractive aspect of a settlement, and at once strikes the eye of a stranger favorably. Yet while closely settled and frequented streets should bear the marks of formal precision, the pleasant country roadsides should not be robbed of their graceful borders of natural shrubs and vines, but be allowed to retain their picturesque wildness, with merely judicious pruning where the vegetation grows too luxuriantly. Narrow

instead of broad roads are preferable where the exigencies of travel do not demand much space. These save a town expense, and at the same time preserve much natural charm which is often recklessly destroyed, — a false idea leading road commissioners to make havoc and to produce ugliness where they ignorantly think they are "improving" a locality. Instead of cutting down the inoffensive shrubbery, the authorities should rather apply their destructive instinct to a systematic removal of the nests of web-worms, and to felling wild cherry trees which harbor the black-knot, wherein takes shelter the curculio, which is an active menace to the farmer's fruit.

Many inquiries are made as to the best way of forming Village Improvement Societies, so that some information on the subject may not be out of place here. It is, above all, important that everybody in a town should be persuaded to take an interest in the subject; and probably the easiest way to get at the whole public is to take advantage of the meeting of an agricultural society, or other such organization, and make Village Improvement the topic of a free lecture by an interesting speaker. A society can then be organized by those who have zeal and energy to carry it on, assisted possibly by the sympathy of the whole community. A small annual fee, perhaps of one dollar, is usually charged for membership, and the fees, together with voluntary contributions, yield a fund to begin work with. When the society shows itself efficient and earnest, it can occasionally persuade the town authorities to make appropriations for some definite improvement which its committees will undertake to manage and supervise.

The different kinds of work attempted by the society may be divided among committees; and it is wise to have a board of managers, one half of whom may be women. The board of managers should have authority to transact busi-

ness and to appoint the members of standing committees. With such an organization as this to raise funds and carry on work, a great deal can be done in any community. The value of such work as an educator of artistic taste is very great, and its appeal to civic pride rouses a sentiment which cannot be too widely encouraged.

It is a grateful task to record what is being done, and to show in how many directions the art of public improvement is being applied to surroundings. Personal visits to various New England towns, and the kind help of founders and secretaries of societies there and in distant parts of the Union, have enabled me to judge of the wide interest taken in the work; and I am further indebted to one of the apostles of the movement, Mr. B. G. Northrop, whose suggestions and writings have been very valuable. From these sources I learn that village improvement really raises the value of land in neighborhoods where it is practiced, and that consequently it is for the true interest of householders to do all that they can to forward it, whatever obstacles they may encounter in the beginning. The history of the rise and progress of the movement is of meaning to all who take an interest in the betterment of home surroundings, and this I will now try to chronicle briefly.

Village improvement first began in this country in 1853, some twenty years after Miss Edgeworth's efforts in her native village. In that year, Miss Mary Hopkins, afterwards Mrs. Goodrich, founded the Laurel Hill Association in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and, aided by generous citizens, raised more than a thousand dollars the first year, and planted more than four hundred trees. This society transformed Stockbridge from a rough, shabby village, with a muddy main road full of ruts, a bare common, and a dreary cemetery all brambles and weeds, into the handsome orderly town

now admired by visitors for its well-shaded streets, its smooth well-kept walks, and the important public buildings which adorn it. The society has paid half the expense to add an acre and a half to the grounds about the railway offices, rendered them attractive and beautiful by skillful planting, and helped to erect a tasteful station. Much of the work done by the citizens was stimulated by prizes offered by the society for planting trees, making sidewalks, and improving grounds about the dwellings. Rewards were offered for evidence leading to the conviction of any one injuring the trees and foot-bridge under the care of the association. Mr. Cyrus W. Field gave ten thousand dollars for a park; Mr. David Dudley Field gave the same sum to build a memorial tower with a chime of bells, and in the last year of his life he presented to Stockbridge fifty-eight acres of land, including a romantic glen, for public use. The fine stone library, which contains a reading-room and lecture-hall, was given by the late Mr. J. Z. Goodrich, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. The charm of this lovely town has been so enhanced by the care taken of it that the treasurer of the Laurel Hill Association, at its twenty-fifth anniversary, declared that "every acre of land and every homestead in Stockbridge has appreciated" in consequence of its existence.

Many other towns in Massachusetts have followed the example here set, and, by the aid of generous citizens who have made munificent gifts for public purposes, have done much to improve their respective surroundings. More than sixty towns in the State have established Village Improvement Societies, though some of them have not been maintained; for much individual energy and generosity are demanded to carry them along, and the difficulty everywhere is to rouse the townspeople to a proper interest in the subject without outside stimulus. Massachusetts communities are

very conservative, and in many cases the most that can be said of selectmen is that they refrain from interfering with the societies, but do not materially help them in the work. Since it is hard to create any general interest in the subject, the burden of effort falls always upon a few energetic persons, who sometimes weary of well-doing in the face of much indifference and even of active opposition. Others, however, are nobly persistent.

At North Andover, Massachusetts, an active society exists, which has obtained appropriations from the town for planting trees by the roadside and in public commons. Shrubbery has been set out in a small vacant space near the railway station, an ancient training field is being cultivated as a park, and a common has been improved and lanted, so that a large open space in the centre of the town is now available for recreation. Vigorous effort is made to enforce the laws of the commonwealth with regard to advertisements upon rocks and fences, by which the highway is disfigured. Prizes are awarded to children for collecting belts of the eggs of the tent caterpillar, and on Arbor Day the young people are impressed with the importance of protecting and caring for street trees. Prizes are offered by the Improvement Society, also, for the best specimens of plants and flowers. The selectmen have been authorized by the town to establish building lines, roadside trees of value are marked, and the society is ready to undertake to prosecute violators of the law of the road with regard to trees. A similar society exists in Andover.

In Newburyport a society was founded about 1892, which cares for the grounds adjacent to churches and school-houses, and has raised money for improving the Atkinson Common of ten acres, which was a bequest to the town. It has also put up a boulder with an inscription commemorating Arnold's expedition to Louisburg, which set forth from this city. There existed previously

a Mall Association, which took its name from Bartlett Mall, a gift to the city in 1800, now forming a part of Washington Park, which has an extent of six acres. This association took charge of the whole park and did other valuable work.

Beverly has a very efficient society, which is divided into sections, the different parts of the town being under the supervision of special committees, which supervise the planting of trees, attempt to protect the roadsides from disfigurement, and endeavor to excite interest among the residents in preserving the beauty of that pleasant town. The provision of the dumping-ground, before alluded to, is a part of the good service rendered by the workers. The meetings are animated and well attended, and lectures are given at intervals on subjects which may tend to inspire people to new efforts.

The Village Improvement Society of Lenox was founded in 1881 for the purpose of planting trees and shrubs where they would improve the town, of keeping the streets in good order and the grass mown on either side. This society, most of whose officers were women, continued until the autumn of 1892, when it dissolved, and its work was taken up by the more comprehensive Lenox Association. The Village Improvement Society had previously raised forty thousand dollars for aqueducts and sewers. Sedgwick Hall, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, was given to the town by Mrs. Schermerhorn, and there is a public library which received many private subscriptions. The grounds of the numerous country-seats in and about Lenox are kept in beautiful order by their owners, and help to make it an excellent example of a well-kept country town.

Williamstown, unrivaled for situation, and with ornamental grounds surrounding the college buildings, was persuaded to remove its front fences by an offer from Mr. Cyrus W. Field of ten thou-

sand dollars to the Village Improvement Association when the last one should be taken down.

Nearer Boston, Brookline leads the way in all manner of public improvements of great value. North Easton owes much of its beauty to the generosity of the Ames family. Mr. Oakes Ames made eleven large gifts and bequests for a library, schools, roads, and other improvements, and his sons have erected a memorial hall in his honor since his death. The town was induced to raise adequate sums for roads, bridges, and tree-planting by ex-Governor Oliver Ames, who contributed two thousand dollars a year to the tree-planting, and a fund for roads and bridges on condition that the town should raise certain amounts annually for the same purposes. A similar proviso was attached to the fund of fifty thousand dollars for schools, which requires that an amount equal to the average sum paid for a scholar throughout the State shall be annually added to it by the town. Fairhaven has been greatly benefited by Mr. Henry H. Rogers, who has provided it with a very handsome memorial town hall and a beautiful public library, and has furnished it also with a water supply. This town has an Improvement Society, which plants trees along the streets and wide roads.

Still another improving agent is the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, which celebrated its one hundredth anniversary fifteen years ago, having been founded in Boston in March, 1782, by some of the foremost and most prosperous citizens of the commonwealth. This organization has been very beneficial in arousing an interest in better methods of cultivation, and its functions have been extended by means of a board of agriculture, at present made up largely from agricultural societies throughout Massachusetts; these societies receive from the State a bounty aggregating about twenty thousand dollars a year. It is intended that what they do shall

cover horticultural and village improvement work, and it has been suggested that if the people interested in those subjects would join the agricultural societies, and exert their influence through them, and gain a representation on the State Board of Agriculture, more would be accomplished than can be done by disjointed effort, as certain legislative action could then be brought about in the way of public improvement of real value to the State.

One of the most perfectly organized societies is the Bar Harbor, Maine, Village Improvement Association, an incorporated body which was founded in 1889, and now consists of fifty-six life members and one hundred and forty annual members. With the coöperation of landowners, who have borne the greater part of the expense, this society has opened through the woods a road for light driving by pleasure carriages which connects various points of interest, and it has also completed a bicycle path leading from this, and skirting the base of Newport Mountain, while a man is employed by the association to keep these roads in repair and guard them from fire. Foot-paths have been made, giving access to picturesque localities, and much has been contributed to help the town to improve the roadways. Brush and dead wood have been cleaned up and burned, to prevent the danger of forest fires, and this is of advantage to the natural roadside trees, which the society takes under its protection. Its tree committee plants nursery trees where they are most needed along the streets. Rubbish has been removed, the village burial-ground has been cared for, and unsightly places have been improved, all with the active aid of the inhabitants, who willingly bear the expense for reforms upon their own land. By the aid of the committee on roadsides, almost the whole ocean drive has been cleared of dead wood and brush in the last five years; and the committee in charge of the tidiness of the village

sees that papers and street refuse are picked up; it has also put in three drinking-fountains for men, cattle, and dogs, and it sees that the edges of the streets are often mown or weeded. At first it was very difficult to interest the townspeople, but they care more about the improvements since the trees have begun to grow, and last year gladly accepted the offer of one of the committees to give them plants and shrubs to set out in their dooryards. Prizes are to be given for the best kept place, and for the best collections of window and hardy plants and hardy shrubs. There is also a sanitary branch of the association, which assists the Board of Health by paying the salary of an inspector and doing other important service. I have detailed the methods of this society at some length, as it may be considered typical of the best kind of work of which such an organization is capable, and may serve to give suggestions to other associations.

In all the New England States a lively interest has been shown in beautifying towns and villages, and I would gladly describe more fully many of the lovely places, from Maine to Rhode Island, which are indebted to the civic pride of their inhabitants, were the interest shown less widely extended over a great country. In Connecticut, Redding and Bethel have distinguished themselves by obtaining the Putnam Memorial Camp, and Pomfret is to be put in possession of the famous Wolf Den, connected with the memory of her old hero; showing how warm is the enthusiasm for the preservation of interesting and beautiful historic sites.

The State of New York very early showed interest in landscape gardening, and the Hudson River is lined on both sides for forty miles with noble private estates of great extent and beauty. The Rural Improvement Society of Clinton, which was founded in 1855, was the first organized in the State, and it greatly increased the attractiveness of the village

by improving its park and places of residence. Geneseo, founded by James Wadsworth, one of the wealthiest landholders in the State, was influenced from the beginning by his philanthropic spirit. In his sales of land, he stipulated that in every township one hundred and twenty-five acres should be granted for a church, and an equal amount for a school. He founded and endowed a library in Geneseo, which has subsequently received large benefactions from different members of his family. An interest has been kept up among the children by the giving of prizes for the best kept district school grounds. By the influence of a Village Improvement Society the streets were parked, front fences were removed, the park and sidewalks were improved, and the homes were more tastefully adorned. Rochester, famed for its nurseries, has also been forward in developing its resources, in planting trees and ornamenting grounds, while many of the interior towns show equal interest in the subject.

The other Middle States, notably New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are taking active part in the movement, and the results in many places are very interesting and beautiful. The Civic Club of Philadelphia, of which many women are members, is an important agent of public improvement.

The West, which is always ready for development of all kinds, takes hold of Village Improvement with its usual vigor. Faribault, Minnesota, before mentioned, under the stimulus of Bishop Whipple, is an ideal town, with its fine college buildings built in a park two miles in length; and the suburbs of Chicago rival one another in progressiveness and prosperity. It was from Nebraska City that the admirable idea of Arbor Day came, and the present Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who conceived it, may be said to have found this State a desert, and to have left it a forest. In scores of towns in

the heart of the country we find the same spirit of progress; for the West is very open-minded, as well as ready for experiments in all civilizing directions, and pushes on with celerity and energy any improvement it undertakes.

It is interesting to note that the South is beginning to share in the good work. A letter from Aiken, South Carolina, reports the existence of a Village Improvement Society of a hundred members, which has done much good in developing a proper civic pride, while adding directly to the beauty of streets and parks. It was founded in 1895, and first concerned itself with the care of a long-neglected park, obtaining authority and financial assistance from the city government to do what seemed best. Under one of its committees the parks have been kept in perfect order, while another committee has induced the planting of a thousand pine-trees in the streets of Aiken, and means to continue the work from year to year, until every street has four rows of trees throughout its entire length. Still another committee is working with the local bicycle club to secure better roads, and tries to develop public opinion in that direction by means of petitions to county officers and articles in the local papers, with promise of excellent results.

Pursuing the subject in more remote sections of the Union, we find Colorado Springs taking care of its roads and sidewalks, struggling with self-assertive weeds, while its Improvement Society, besides doing active work in the town itself, is establishing a fine park system, planting trees and shrubs by the hundreds in its parks and squares, and providing shade for its great avenues, a hundred and forty feet wide.

California, which showed itself forward in the park movement, evinced a desire for village improvement as early as 1879. At that time a plan was drawn up for laying out Berkeley neighborhood around the University of California,

and for a time a society flourished there. A floral society has now taken its place, and includes tree-planting and care of roads in its duties. Menlo Park and the grounds about Stanford University had much expended upon them by the late Senator Stanford. In Santa Barbara, San José, Los Angeles, and Redlands there are organized societies, and many improvements have been carried out. The same is true of Pasadena, Pomona, and Riverside, where land and water companies laid out the towns carefully, and planted avenues of fine trees in the beginning.

These few instances, selected from the numbers which might be described, show the lines upon which the work is carried on in different parts of the United States, and what are the services rendered by the Village Improvement Societies to the communities in which they exist. This meagre catalogue of what is taking place in different sections of the country, though necessarily dry and incomplete, is of importance, for it shows that the interest taken in beautifying towns is so widely extended as to form an essential part of the great movement towards better things which we seek to analyze. As manifestations of an impulse of our people to attain better æsthetic surroundings, and to fight against the crudeness and ugliness and slovenliness which disgrace a community, the particulars are of value, but they also mean something more.

The study of any great national growth includes much detail which may seem of small account, yet every little improvement stands for something in our civilization, since the sum of them has great significance. Most important of all is the fact that great cities are beginning to concern themselves seriously with the well-being of their poorest population, and are pulling down wretched tenements, widening alleys, and providing open spaces for those suffering multitudes who inevitably grow into a star-

ting menace to the health and morals of a community, when unprovided with the necessary breathing-places for themselves, and above all with playgrounds for the children.

It is well to remember that this instinct for improvement, which has its roots in a sense of personal annoyance at disagreeable things, grows and branches logically into those great philanthropic undertakings which tend to elevate the whole population, to whom these reforms seek to extend the enjoyment of the greatest of our unheeded blessings, air, sunshine, and access to open fields. Both village and municipal improvement work for the betterment of our moral as well as our sanitary and æsthetic conditions. It is the essence of great principles to be all-embracing, and, as we study the art of public improvement, we find that the impulse towards the beautiful is closely interwoven with purposes of large benevolence.

As an evidence of the growth of æsthetic feeling, village improvement is significant; in the end its good moral effect must be seen upon many of those people who are most in need of sweetness and light to brighten their hard daily existence. Proceeding as it does from the most highly civilized members of a community, it is a reform which can be shared in by all, and which must tend towards cheerfulness and content wherever it is accepted with enthusiasm. Honor is due to the steady workers who, in the teeth of much discouragement, go on arousing and ministering to higher needs in our rural neighborhoods, and still more to those who labor in the gloom of crowded sections of cities for the same good end. Their share in the art of public improvement is perhaps the most important of all, since, while it tends to the uplifting of intelligence and taste, it also ministers to the elemental needs of man.

Mary Caroline Robbins.

EMERSON, SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

II.

THE attitude of Emerson's mind toward reformers results so logically from his philosophy that it is easily understood. He saw in them people who sought something as a panacea or as an end in itself. To speak strictly and not irreverently, he had his own panacea, — the development of each individual; and he was impatient of any other. He did not believe in association. The very idea of it involved a surrender by the individual of some portion of his identity, and of course all the reformers worked through their associations. With their general aims he sympathized. "These reforms," he wrote, "are our contemporaries; they are ourselves, our own light

and sight and conscience; they only name the relation which subsists between us and the vicious institutions which they go to rectify." But with the methods of the reformers he had no sympathy: "He who aims at progress should aim at an infinite, not at a special benefit. The reforms whose fame now fills the land with temperance, anti-slavery, non-resistance, no-government, equal labor, fair and generous as each appears, are poor bitter things when prosecuted for themselves as an end." Again: "The young men who have been vexing society for these last years with regenerative methods seem to have made this mistake: they all exaggerated some special means, and all failed

to see that the reform of reforms must be accomplished without means."

Emerson did not at first discriminate between the movement of the Abolitionists and the hundred and one other reform movements of the period; and in this lack of discrimination lies a point of extraordinary interest. The Abolitionists, as it afterwards turned out, had in fact got hold of the issue which was to control the fortunes of the republic for thirty years. The difference between them and the other reformers was this: that the Abolitionists were men set in motion by the primary and unreasoning passion of pity. Theory played small part in the movement. It grew by the excitement which exhibitions of cruelty will arouse in the minds of sensitive people.

It is not to be denied that the social conditions in Boston in 1831 foreboded an outbreak in some form. If the abolition excitement had not drafted off the rising forces, there might have been a Merry Mount, an epidemic of crime or insanity, or a mob of some sort. The abolition movement afforded the purest form of an indulgence in human feeling that was ever offered to men. It was intoxicating. It made the agitators perfectly happy. They sang at their work and bubbled over with exhilaration. They were the only people in the United States, at this time, who were enjoying an exalted, glorifying, practical activity.

But Emerson at first lacked the touchstone, whether of intellect or of heart, to see the difference between this particular movement and the other movements then in progress. Indeed, in so far as he sees any difference between the Abolitionists and the rest, it is that the Abolitionists were more objectionable and distasteful to him. "Those," he said, "who are urging with most ardor what are called the greatest benefits to mankind are narrow, conceited, self-pleasing men, and affect us as the insane do." He

was drawn into the abolition cause by having the truth brought home to him that these people were fighting for the Moral Law. He was slow in seeing this, because in their methods they represented everything he most condemned. As soon, however, as he was convinced, he was ready to lecture for them and to give them the weight of his approval. In 1844 he was already practically an Abolitionist, and his feelings upon the matter deepened steadily in intensity ever after.

The most interesting page of Emerson's published journal is the following, written at some time previous to 1844; the exact date is not given. A like page, whether written or unwritten, may be read into the private annals of every man who lived before the war. Emerson has, with unconscious mastery, photographed the half-spectre that stalked in the minds of all. He wrote: "I had occasion to say the other day to Elizabeth Hoar that I like best the strong and worthy persons, like her father, who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving. I like these; they never incommode us by exciting grief, pity, or perturbation of any sort. But the professed philanthropists, it is strange and horrible to say, are an altogether odious set of people, whom one would shun as the worst of bores and canters. But my conscience, my unhappy conscience respects that hapless class who see the faults and stains of our social order, and who pray and strive incessantly to right the wrong; this annoying class of men and women, though they commonly find the work altogether beyond their faculty, and their results are, for the present, distressing. They are partial and apt to magnify their own. Yes, and the prostrate penitent, also,—he is not comprehensive, he is not philosophical in those tears and groans. Yet I feel that under him and his partiality and exclusiveness is the earth and the sea and all that in them is, and the

axis around which the universe revolves passes through his body where he stands."

It was the defection of Daniel Webster that completed the conversion of Emerson and turned him from an adherent into a propagandist of abolition. Not pity for the slave, but indignation at the violation of the Moral Law by Daniel Webster, was at the bottom of Emerson's anger. His abolitionism was secondary to his main mission, his main enthusiasm. It is for this reason that he stands on a plane of intellect where he might, under other circumstances, have met and defeated Webster. After the 7th of March, 1850, he recognized in Webster the embodiment of all that he hated. In his attacks on Webster, Emerson trembles to his inmost fibre with antagonism. He is savage, destructive, personal, bent on death.

This exhibition of Emerson as a fighting animal is magnificent and explains his life. There is no other instance of his ferocity. No other nature but Webster's ever so moved him; but it was time to be moved, and Webster was a man of his size. Had these two great men of New England been matched in training as they were matched in endowment, and had they then faced each other in debate, they would not have been found to differ so greatly in power. Their natures were electrically repellent, but from which did the greater force radiate? Their education differed so radically that it is impossible to compare them, but if you translate the Phi Beta Kappa address into politics, you have something stronger than Webster, — something that recalls Chatham; and Emerson would have had this advantage, — that he was not afraid. As it was, he left his library and took the stump. Mr. Cabot has given us extracts from his speeches: —

"The tameness is indeed complete; all are involved in one hot haste of terror, — presidents of colleges and pro-

fessors, saints and brokers, lawyers and manufacturers; not a liberal recollection, not so much as a snatch of an old song for freedom, dares intrude on their passive obedience. . . . Mr. Webster, perhaps, is only following the laws of his blood and constitution. I suppose his pledges were not quite natural to him. He is a man who lives by his memory; a man of the past, not a man of faith and of hope. All the drops of his blood have eyes that look downward, and his finely developed understanding only works truly and with all its force when it stands for animal good; that is, for property. He looks at the Union as an estate, a large farm, and is excellent in the completeness of his defense of it so far. What he finds already written he will defend. Lucky that so much had got well written when he came, for he has no faith in the power of self-government. Not the smallest municipal provision, if it were new, would receive his sanction. In Massachusetts, in 1776, he would, beyond all question, have been a refugee. He praises Adams and Jefferson, but it is a past Adams and Jefferson. A present Adams or Jefferson he would denounce. . . . But one thing appears certain to me: that the Union is at an end as soon as an immoral law is enacted. He who writes a crime into the statute book digs under the foundations of the Capitol. . . . The words of John Randolph, wiser than he knew, have been ringing ominously in all echoes for thirty years: 'We do not govern the people of the North by our black slaves, but by their own white slaves.' . . . They come down now like the cry of fate, in the moment when they are fulfilled."

The exasperation of Emerson did not subside, but went on increasing during the next four years, and on March 7, 1854, he read his lecture on the Fugitive Slave Law at the New York Tabernacle: "I have lived all my life without suffering any inconvenience from Ameri-

can Slavery. I never saw it; I never heard the whip; I never felt the check on my free speech and action, until the other day, when Mr. Webster, by his personal influence, brought the Fugitive Slave Law on the country. I say Mr. Webster, for though the bill was not his, it is yet notorious that he was the life and soul of it, that he gave it all he had. It cost him his life, and under the shadow of his great name inferior men sheltered themselves, threw their ballots for it, and made the law."

It was too late for Emerson to shine as a political debater. On May 14, 1857, Longfellow wrote in his diary, "It is rather painful to see Emerson in the arena of politics, hissed and hooted at by young law students." Emerson records a similar experience at a later date: "If I were dumb, yet would I have gone and mowed and muttered or made signs. The mob roared whenever I attempted to speak, and after several beginnings I withdrew." There is nothing "painful" here: it is the sublime exhibition of a great soul in bonds to circumstance.

The thing to be noted is that this is the same man, in the same state of excitement about the same idea, who years before spoke out in *The American Scholar*, in the *Essays*, and in the *Lectures*.

What was it that had aroused in Emerson such Promethean antagonism in 1837 but those same forces which in 1850 came to their culmination and assumed visible shape in the person of Daniel Webster? The formal victory of Webster drew Emerson into the arena, and made a dramatic episode in his life. But his battle with those forces had begun thirteen years earlier, when he threw down the gauntlet to them in his Phi Beta Kappa oration. Emerson by his writings did more than any other man to rescue the youth of the next generation and fit them for the fierce times to follow. It will not be denied that he sent ten thousand sons to the war.

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In speaking of Emerson's attitude toward the anti-slavery cause, it has been possible to dispense with any survey of that movement, because the movement was simple and specific and is well remembered. But when we come to analyze the relations he bore to some of the local agitations of his day, it becomes necessary to weave in with the matter a discussion of certain tendencies deeply imbedded in the life of his times, and of which he himself was in a sense an outcome. In speaking of the Transcendentalists, who were essentially the children of the Puritans, we must begin with some study of the chief traits of Puritanism.

What parts the factors of climate, circumstance, and religion have respectively played in the development of the New England character no analysis can determine. We may trace the imaginary influence of a harsh creed in the lines of the face. We may sometimes follow from generation to generation the course of a truth which at first sustained the spirit of man, till we see it petrify into a dogma which now kills the spirits of men. Conscience may destroy the character. The tragedy of the New England judge enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law was no new spectacle in New England. A dogmatic crucifixion of the natural instincts had been in progress there for two hundred years. Emerson, who is more free from dogma than any other teacher that can be named, yet comes very near being dogmatic in his reiteration of the Moral Law.

Whatever volume of Emerson we take up, the Moral Law holds the same place in his thoughts. It is the one statable revelation of truth which he is ready to stake his all upon. "We affirm that in all men is this majestic perception and command; that it is the presence of the eternal in each perishing man; that it distances and degrades all statements of whatever saints, heroes, poets, as obscure and confused stammerings before its silent revelation. *They* report the truth. *It* is the truth." In this extract we have Emerson's

son actually affirming that his dogma of the Moral Law is Absolute Truth. He thinks it not merely a form of truth, like the old theologies, but very distinguishable from all other forms in the past.

Curiously enough, his statement of the law grows dogmatic and incisive in proportion as he approaches the borderland between his law and the natural instincts: "The last revelation of intellect and of sentiment is that in a manner it severs the man from all other men; makes known to *him that the spiritual powers are sufficient to him if no other being existed*; that he is to deal absolutely in the world, as if he alone were a system and a state, and though all should perish could make all anew." Here we have the dogma applied, and we see in it only a new form of old Calvinism as cruel as Calvinism, and not much different from its original. The italics are not Emerson's, but are inserted to bring out an idea which is everywhere prevalent in his teaching.

In this final form, the Moral Law, by insisting that sheer conscience can slake the thirst that rises in the soul, is convicted of falsehood; and this heartless falsehood is the same falsehood that has been put into the porridge of every Puritan child for six generations. A grown man can digest doctrine and sleep at night. But a young person of high purpose and strong will, who takes such a lie as this half-truth and feeds on it as on the bread of life, will suffer. It will injure the action of his heart. Truly the fathers have eaten sour grapes, therefore the children's teeth are set on edge.

To understand the civilization of cities, we must look at the rural population from which they draw their life. We have recently had our attention called to the last remnants of that village life so reverently gathered up by Miss Wilkins, and of which Miss Emily Dickinson was the last authentic voice. The spirit of this age has examined with an almost

pathological interest this rescued society. We must go to it if we would understand Emerson, who is the blossoming of its culture. We must study it if we would arrive at any intelligent and general view of that miscellaneous crop of individuals who have been called the Transcendentalists.

Between 1830 and 1840 there were already signs in New England that the nutritive and reproductive forces of society were not quite wholesome, not exactly well adjusted. Self-repression was the religion which had been inherited. "Distrust Nature" was the motto written upon the front of the temple. What would have happened to that society if left to itself for another hundred years no man can guess. It was rescued by the two great regenerators of mankind, new land and war. The dispersion came, as Emerson said of the barbarian conquests of Rome, not a day too soon. It happened that the country at large stood in need of New England as much as New England stood in need of the country. This congested virtue, in order to be saved, must be scattered. This ferment, in order to be kept wholesome, must be used as leaven to leaven the whole lump. "As you know," says Emerson in his Eulogy on Boston, "New England supplies annually a large detachment of preachers and schoolmasters and private tutors to the interior of the South and West. . . . We are willing to see our sons emigrate, as to see our hives swarm. That is what they were made to do, and what the land wants and invites."

For purposes of yeast, there was never such leaven as the Puritan stock. How little the natural force of the race had really abated became apparent when it was placed under healthy conditions, given land to till, foes to fight, the chance to renew its youth like the eagle. But during this period the relief had not yet come. The terrible pressure of Puritanism and conservatism in New England was causing a revolt not only of the

Abolitionists, but of another class of people of a type not so virile as they. The times have been smartly described by Lowell in his essay on Thoreau:—

“Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Bran had its prophets. . . . Everybody had a Mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else’s business. No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes. Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had an assurance of instant millennium so soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. . . . Conventions were held for every hitherto inconceivable purpose.”

Whatever may be said of the Transcendentalists, it must not be forgotten that they represented an elevation of feeling, which through them qualified the next generation, and can be traced in the life of New England to-day. The strong intrinsic character lodged in these recusants was later made manifest; for many of them became the best citizens of the commonwealth,—statesmen, merchants, soldiers, men and women of affairs. They retained their idealism while becoming practical men. There is hardly an example of what we should have thought would be common in their later lives, namely, a reaction from so much ideal effort, and a plunge into cynicism and malice, scoundrelism and the flesh-pots. In their early life they resembled the Abolitionists in their devotion to an idea; but with the Transcendentalists self-culture and the æsthetic and sentimental education took the place of more public aims. They seem also to have been persons of greater social refinement than the Abolitionists.

The Transcendentalists were sure of

only one thing,—that society as constituted was all wrong. In this their main belief they were right. They were men and women whose fundamental need was activity, contact with real life, and the opportunity for social expansion; and they keenly felt the chill and fictitious character of the reigning conventionalities. The rigidity of behavior which at this time characterized the Bostonians seemed sometimes ludicrous and sometimes disagreeable to the foreign visitor. There was great gravity, together with a certain pomp and dumbness, and these things were supposed to be natural to the inhabitants and to give them joy. People are apt to forget that such masks are never worn with ease. They result from the application of an inflexible will, and always inflict discomfort. The Transcendentalists found themselves all but stifled in a society as artificial in its decorum as the court of France during the last years of Louis XIV.

Emerson was in no way responsible for the movement, although he got the credit of having evoked it by his teaching. He was elder brother to it, and was generated by its parental forces; but even if Emerson had never lived, the Transcendentalists would have appeared. He was their victim rather than their cause. He was always tolerant of them and sometimes amused at them, and disposed to treat them lightly. It is impossible to analyze their case with more astuteness than he did in an editorial letter in *The Dial*. The letter is cold, but is a masterpiece of good sense. He had, he says, received fifteen letters on the *Prospects of Culture*. “Excellent reasons have been shown us why the writers, obviously persons of sincerity and elegance, should be dissatisfied with the life they lead, and with their company. . . . They want a friend to whom they can speak and from whom they may hear now and then a reasonable word.” After discussing one or two of their proposals,—one of which was that the tiresome “uncles and aunts” of the

enthusiasts should be placed by themselves in one delightful village, the dough, as Emerson says, be placed in one pan and the leaven in another, — he continues: "But it would be unjust not to remind our younger friends that whilst this aspiration has always made its mark in the lives of men of thought, in vigorous individuals it does not remain a detached object, but is satisfied along with the satisfaction of other aims." Young Americans "are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism . . . which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large." "We should not know where to find in literature any record of so much unbalanced intellectuality, such undeniable apprehension without talent, so much power without equal applicability, as our young men pretend to." He then turns to find the cure for these distempers in the farm lands of Illinois, at that time already being fenced in "almost like New England itself," and closes with a suggestion that so long as there is a woodpile in the yard, and the "wrongs of the Indian, of the Negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated," relief might be found even nearer home.

In his lecture on the Transcendentalists he says: "But their solitary and fastidious manners not only withdraw them from the conversation, but from the labors of the world: they are not good citizens, not good members of society; unwillingly they bear their part of the public and private burdens; they do not willingly share in the public charities, in the public religious rites, in the enterprises of education, of missions foreign and domestic, in the abolition of the slave-trade, or in the temperance society. They do not even like to vote." A less sympathetic observer, Harriet Martineau, wrote of them: "While Margaret Fuller and her adult pupils

sat 'gorgeously dressed,' talking about Mars and Venus, Plato and Goethe, and fancying themselves the elect of the earth in intellect and refinement, the liberties of the republic were running out as fast as they could go at a breach which another sort of elect persons were devoting themselves to repair; and my complaint against the 'gorgeous' pedants was that they regarded their preservers as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and their work as a less vital one than the pedantic orations which were spoiling a set of well-meaning women in a pitiable way." Harriet Martineau, whose whole work was practical, and who wrote her journal in 1855 and in the light of history, was hardly able to do justice to these unpractical but sincere spirits.

Emerson was divided from the Transcendentalists by his common sense. His shrewd business intellect made short work of their schemes. Each one of their social projects contained some covert economic weakness, which always turned out to lie in an attack upon the integrity of the individual, and which Emerson of all men could be counted on to detect. He was divided from them also by the fact that he was a man of genius, who had sought out and fought out his means of expression. He was a great artist, and as such he was a complete being. No one could give to him nor take from him. His yearnings found fruition in expression. He was sure of his place and of his use in this world. But the Transcendentalists were neither geniuses nor artists nor complete beings. Nor had they found their places or uses as yet. They were men and women seeking light. They walked in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. The Transcendentalists are not collectively important because their *Sturm und Drang* was intellectual and bloodless. Though Emerson admonish and Harriet Martineau condemn, yet from the memorials that survive one is more im-

pressed with the sufferings than with the ludicrousness of these persons. There is something distressing about their letters, their talk, their memoirs, their interminable diaries. They worry and contort and introspect. They rave and dream. They peep and theorize. They cut open the bellows of life to see where the wind comes from. Margaret Fuller analyzes Emerson, and Emerson Margaret Fuller. It is not a wholesome ebullition of vitality. It is a nightmare, in which the emotions, the terror, the agony, the rapture, are all unreal, and have no vital content, no consequence in the world outside. It is positively wonderful that so much excitement and so much suffering should have left behind nothing in the field of art which is valuable. All that intelligence could do toward solving problems for his friends Emerson did. But there are situations in life in which the intelligence is helpless, and in which something else, something perhaps possessed by a ploughboy, is more divine than Plato.

If it were not pathetic, there would be something cruel — indeed there is something cruel — in Emerson's incapacity to deal with Margaret Fuller. He wrote to her on October 24, 1840: "My dear Margaret, I have your frank and noble and affecting letter, and yet I think I could wish it unwritten. I ought never to have suffered you to lead me into any conversation or writing on our relation to a topic from which with all persons my Genius warns me away."

The letter proceeds with unimpeachable emptiness and integrity in the same strain. In 1841 he writes in his diary: "Strange, cold-warm, attractive-repelling conversation with Margaret, whom I always admire, most revere when I nearest see, and sometimes love; yet whom I freeze and who freezes me to silence when we promise to come nearest."

Human sentiment was known to Emerson mainly in the form of pain. His

nature shunned it; he cast it off as quickly as possible. There is a word or two in the essay on Love which seems to show that the inner and diaphanous core of this seraph had once, but not for long, been shot with blood: he recalls only the pain of it. His relations with Margaret Fuller seem never normal, though they lasted for years. This brilliant woman was in distress. She was asking for bread, and he was giving her a stone, and neither of them was conscious of what was passing. This is pitiful. It makes us clutch about us to catch hold, if we somehow may, of the hand of a man.

There was manliness in Horace Greeley, under whom Miss Fuller worked on the New York Tribune not many years afterward. She wrote: "Mr. Greeley I like, — nay, more, love. He is in his habit a plebeian, in his heart a nobleman. His abilities in his own way are great. He believes in mine to a surprising degree. We are true friends."

This anæmic incompleteness of Emerson's character can be traced to the philosophy of his race; at least it can be followed in that philosophy. There is an implication of a fundamental falsehood in every bit of Transcendentalism, including Emerson. That falsehood consists in the theory of the self-sufficiency of each individual, men and women alike. Margaret Fuller is a good example of the effect of this philosophy, because her history afterward showed that she was constituted like other human beings, was dependent upon human relationship, and was not only a very noble, but also a very womanly creature. Her marriage, her Italian life, and her tragic death light up with the splendor of reality the earlier and unhappy period of her life. This woman had been driven into her vagaries by the lack of something which she did not know existed, and which she sought blindly in metaphysics. Harriet Martineau writes of her: "It is the most grievous loss I have almost ever

known in private history, the deferring of Margaret Fuller's married life so long. That noble last period of her life is happily on record as well as the earlier." The hardy Englishwoman has here laid a kind human hand on the weakness of New England, and seems to be unconscious that she is making a revelation as to the whole Transcendental movement. But the point is this: there was no one within reach of Margaret Fuller, in her early days, who knew what was her need. One offered her Kant, one Comte, one Fourier, one Swedenborg, one the Moral Law. You cannot feed the heart on these things.

Yet there is a bright side to this New England spirit, which seems, if we look only to the graver emotions, so dry, dismal, and deficient. A bright and cheery courage appears in certain natures of which the sun has made conquest, that almost reconciles us to all loss, so splendid is the outcome. The practical, dominant, insuppressible active temperaments who have a word for every emergency, and who carry the controlled force of ten men at their disposal, are the fruits of this same spirit. Emerson knew not tears, but he and the hundred other beaming and competent characters which New England has produced make us almost envy their state. They give us again the old Stoics at their best.

Very closely connected with this subject — the crisp and cheery New England temperament — lies another which any discussion of Emerson must bring up, namely, Asceticism. It is probable that in dealing with Emerson's feelings about the plastic arts we have to do with what is really the inside, or metaphysical side, of the same phenomena which present themselves on the outside, or physical side, in the shape of asceticism.

Emerson's natural asceticism is revealed to us in almost every form in which history can record a man. It is in his philosophy, in his style, in his

conduct, and in his appearance. It was, however, not in his voice. Mr. Cabot, with that reverence for which every one must feel personally grateful to him, has preserved a description of Emerson by the New York journalist, N. P. Willis: "It is a voice with shoulders in it, which he has not; with lungs in it far larger than his; with a walk which the public never see; with a fist in it which his own hand never gave him the model for; and with a gentleman in it which his parochial and 'bare-necessaries-of-life' sort of exterior gives no other betrayal of. We can imagine nothing in nature (which seems too to have a type for everything) like the want of correspondence between the Emerson that goes in at the eye and the Emerson that goes in at the ear. A heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia, with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, which should be lifted by a whirlwind and dropped into a branch of aspen, would not seem more as if it could never have grown there than Emerson's voice seems inspired and foreign to his visible and natural body." Emerson's ever exquisite and wonderful good taste seems closely connected with this asceticism, and it is probable that his taste influenced his views and conduct to some small extent.

The anti-slavery people were not always refined. They were constantly doing things which were tactically very effective, but were not calculated to attract the over-sensitive. Garrison's rampant and impersonal egotism was good politics, but bad taste. Wendell Phillips did not hesitate upon occasion to deal in personalities of an exasperating kind. One sees a certain shrinking in Emerson from the taste of the Abolitionists. It was not merely their doctrines or their methods which offended him. He at one time refused to give Wendell Phillips his hand because of Phillips's treatment of his friend, Judge Hoar. One hardly knows whether to be pleased at

Emerson for showing a human weakness, or annoyed at him for not being more of a man. The anecdote is valuable in both lights. It is like a tiny speck on the crystal of his character which shows us the exact location of the orb, and it is the best illustration of the feeling of the times which has come down to us.

If by "asceticism" we mean an experiment in starving the senses, there is little harm in it. Nature will soon reassert her dominion, and very likely our perceptions will be sharpened by the trial. But "natural asceticism" is a thing hardly to be distinguished from functional weakness. What is natural asceticism but a lack of vigor? Does it not tend to close the avenues between the soul and the universe? "Is it not so much death?" The accounts of Emerson show him to have been a man in whom there was almost a hiatus between the senses and the most inward spirit of life. The lower register of sensations and emotions which domesticate a man into fellowship with common life was weak. Genial familiarity was to him impossible; laughter was almost a pain. "It is not the sea and poverty and pursuit that separate us. Here is Alcott by my door, — yet is the union more profound? No! the sea, vocation, poverty, are seeming fences, but man is insular and cannot be touched. Every man is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition. . . . Most of the persons whom I see in my own house I see across a gulf; I cannot go to them nor they come to me."

This aloofness of Emerson must be remembered only as blended with his benignity. "His friends were all that knew him," and, as Dr. Holmes said, "his smile was the well-remembered line of Terence written out in living features." Emerson's journals show the difficulty of his intercourse even with himself. He could not reach himself at will, nor could another reach him. The sensuous and ready contact with nature

which more carnal people enjoy was unknown to him. He had eyes for the New England landscape, but for no other scenery. If there is one supreme sensation reserved for man, it is the vision of Venice seen from the water. This sight greeted Emerson at the age of thirty. The famous city, as he approached it by boat, "looked for some time like nothing but New York. It is a great oddity, a city for beavers, but to my thought a most disagreeable residence. You feel always in prison and solitary. It is as if you were always at sea. I soon had enough of it."

Emerson's contempt for travel and for the "rococo toy," Italy, is too well known to need citation. It proceeds from the same deficiency of sensation. His eyes saw nothing; his ears heard nothing. He believed that men traveled for distraction and to kill time. The most vulgar plutocrat could not be blinder to beauty nor bring home less from Athens than this cultivated saint. Everything in the world which must be felt with a glow in the breast, in order to be understood, was to him dead-letter. Art was a name to him; music was a name to him; love was a name to him. His essay on Love is a nice compilation of compliments and elegant phrases ending up with some icy morality. It seems very well fitted for a gift-book or an old-fashioned lady's annual.

"The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. . . . The soul which is in the soul of each, craving a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as

life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each and acquaint each with the weakness of the other. . . . At last they discover that all which at first drew them together — those once sacred features, that magical play of charms — was deciduous, had a prospective end like the scaffolding by which the house was built, and the purification of the intellect and the heart from year to year is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. . . . Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex nor person nor partiality, but which seeks wisdom and virtue everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. . . . There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again," etc.

All this is not love, but the merest literary coquetry. Love is different from this. Lady Burton, when a very young girl, and six years before her engagement, met Burton at Boulogne. They met in the street, but did not speak. A few days later they were formally introduced at a dance. Of this she writes: "That was a night of nights. He waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times. I kept the sash where he put his arm around me and my gloves, and never wore them again."

A glance at what Emerson says about marriage shows that he suspected that institution. He can hardly speak of it without some sort of caveat or precaution. "Though the stuff of tragedy and of romances is in a moral union of two superior persons whose confidence in each other for long years, out of sight and in sight, and against all appearances, is at last justified by victorious proof of probity to gods and men, causing joyful emotions, tears, and glory, — though there be for heroes this *moral union*,

yet they too are as far as ever from an intellectual union, and the moral is for low and external purposes, like the corporation of a ship's company or of a fire club." In speaking of modern novels, he says: "There is no new element, no power, no furtherance. 'Tis only confectionery, not the raising of new corn. Great is the poverty of their inventions. *She was beautiful, and he fell in love.*" "Too pathetic, too pitiable, is the region of affection, and its atmosphere always liable to mirage."

We are all so concerned that a man who writes about love shall tell the truth that if he chance to start from premises which are false or mistaken his conclusions will appear not merely false, but offensive. It makes no matter how exalted the personal character of the writer may be. Neither sanctity nor intellect nor moral enthusiasm, though they be intensified to the point of incandescence, can make up for a want of nature.

This perpetual splitting up of love into two species, one of which is condemned, but admitted to be useful, is it not degrading? There is in Emerson's theory of the relation between the sexes neither good sense, nor manly feeling, nor sound psychology. It is founded on none of these things. It is a pure piece of dogmatism, and reminds us that he was bred to the priesthood. We are not to imagine that there was in this doctrine anything peculiar to Emerson. But we are surprised to find the pessimism inherent in the doctrine overcome Emerson, to whom pessimism is foreign. Both doctrine and pessimism are a part of the Puritanism of the times. They show a society in which the intellect had long been used to analyze the affections, in which the head had become dislocated from the body. To this disintegration of the simple passion of love may be traced the lack of maternal tenderness characteristic of the New England nature. The relation between the blood and the brain was not quite normal in

this civilization, nor in Emerson who is its most remarkable representative.

If we take two steps backward from the canvas of this mortal life and glance at it impartially, we shall see that these matters of love and marriage pass like a pivot through the lives of almost every individual, and are, sociologically speaking, the *primum mobile* of the world. The books of any philosopher who slurs them or distorts them will hold up a false mirror to life. If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes: and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin.

In a review of Emerson's personal character and opinions, we are thus led to see that his philosophy, which finds no room for the emotions, is a faithful exponent of his own and of the New England temperament, which distrusts and dreads the emotions. Regarded as a sole guide to life for a young person of strong conscience and undeveloped affections, his works might conceivably be even harmful because of their unexampled power of purely intellectual stimulation.

Emerson's poetry has given rise to much heart-burning and disagreement. Some people do not like it. They fail to find the fire in the ice. On the other hand, his poems appeal not only to a large number of professed lovers of poetry, but also to a class of readers who find in Emerson an element for which they search the rest of poesy in vain.

It is the irony of fate that his admirers should be more than usually sensitive about his fame. This prophet who desired not to have followers, lest he too should become a cult and a convention, and whose main thesis throughout life

was that piety is a crime, has been calmly canonized and embalmed in amber by the very forces he braved. He is become a tradition and a sacred relic. You must speak of him under your breath, and you may not laugh near his shrine.

Emerson's passion for nature was not like the passion of Keats or of Burns, of Coleridge or of Robert Browning; compared with these men he is cold. His temperature is below blood-heat, and his volume of poems stands on the shelf of English poets like the icy fish which in Caliban upon Setebos is described as finding himself thrust into the warm ooze of an ocean not his own.

But Emerson is a poet, nevertheless, a very extraordinary and rare man of genius, whose verses carry a world of their own within them. They are overshadowed by the greatness of his prose, but they are authentic. He is the chief poet of that school of which Emily Dickinson is a minor poet. His poetry is a successful spiritual deliverance of great interest. His worship of the New England landscape amounts to a religion. His poems do that most wonderful thing, make us feel that we are alone in the fields and with the trees, — not English fields nor French lanes, but New England meadows and uplands. There is no human creature in sight, not even Emerson is there, but the wind and the flowers, the wild birds, the fences, the transparent atmosphere, the breath of nature. There is a deep and true relation between the intellectual and almost dry brilliancy of Emerson's feelings and the landscape itself. Here is no defective English poet, no Shelley without the charm, but an American poet, a New England poet with two hundred years of New England culture and New England landscape in him.

People are forever speculating upon what will last, what posterity will approve, and some people believe that Emerson's poetry will outlive his prose. The question is idle. The poems are

alive now, and they may or may not survive the race whose spirit they embody ; but one thing is plain : they have qualities which have preserved poetry in the past. They are utterly indigenous and sincere. They are short. They represent a civilization and a climate.

His verse divides itself into several classes. We have the single lyrics, written somewhat in the style of the later seventeenth century. Of these *The Humble Bee* is the most exquisite, and although its tone and imagery can be traced to various well-known and dainty bits of poetry, it is by no means an imitation, but a masterpiece of fine taste. *The Rhodora* and *Terminus* and perhaps a few others belong to that class of poetry which, like *Abou Ben Adhem*, is poetry because it is the perfection of statement. *The Boston Hymn*, the *Concord Ode*, and the other occasional pieces fall in another class, and do not seem to be important. The first two lines of the *Ode*,

"O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire,"

are for their extraordinary beauty worthy of some mythical Greek, some Simonides, some Sappho, but the rest of the lines are commonplace. Throughout his poems there are good bits, happy and golden lines, snatches of grace. He himself knew the quality of his poetry, and wrote of it,

"All were sifted through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true."

He is never merely conventional, and his poetry, like his prose, is homespun and sound. But his ear was defective: his rhymes are crude, and his verse is often lame and unmusical, a fault which can be counterbalanced by nothing but force, and force he lacks. To say that his ear was defective is hardly strong enough. Passages are not uncommon which hurt the reader and unfit him to proceed ; as, for example : —

"Thorough a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame :
'Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am.' "

He himself has very well described the impression his verse is apt to make on a new reader when he says, —

"Poetry must not freeze, but flow."

The lovers of Emerson's poems freely acknowledge all these defects, but find in them another element, very subtle and rare, very refined and elusive, and altogether unique. This is the mystical element or strain which qualifies many of his poems, and to which some of them are wholly devoted.

There has been so much discussion as to Emerson's relation to the mystics that it is well here to turn aside for a moment and consider the matter by itself. The elusiveness of "mysticism" arises out of the fact that it is not a creed, but a state of mind. It is formulated into no dogmas, but, in so far as it is communicable, it is conveyed, or sought to be conveyed, by symbols. These symbols to a skeptical or an unsympathetic person will say nothing, but the presumption among those who are inclined towards the cult is that if these symbols convey anything at all, that thing is mysticism. The mystics are right. The familiar phrases, terms, and symbols of mysticism are not meaningless, and a glance at them shows that they do tend to express and evoke a somewhat definite psychic condition.

There is a certain mood of mind experienced by most of us in which we feel the mystery of existence ; in which our consciousness seems to become suddenly separated from our thoughts, and we find ourselves asking, "Who am I ? What are these thoughts ?" The mood is very apt to overtake us while engaged in the commonest acts. In health it is always momentary, and seems to coincide with the instant of the transition and shift of our attention from one thing to another. It is probably connected with the transfer of energy from one set of faculties to another set, which occurs, for instance, on our waking from sleep, on our hearing a bell at night, on our

observing any common object, a chair or a pitcher, at a time when our mind is or has just been thoroughly preoccupied with something else. This displacement of the attention occurs in its most notable form when we walk from the study into the open fields. Nature then attacks us on all sides at once, overwhelms, drowns, and destroys our old thoughts, stimulates vaguely and all at once a thousand new ideas, dissipates all focus of thought and dissolves our attention. If we happen to be mentally fatigued, and we take a walk in the country, a sense of immense relief, of rest and joy, which nothing else on earth can give, accompanies this distraction of the mind from its problems. The reaction fills us with a sense of mystery and expansion. It brings us to the threshold of those spiritual experiences which are the obscure core and reality of our existence, ever alive within us, but generally veiled and sub-conscious. It brings us, as it were, into the ante-chamber of art, poetry, and music. The condition is one of excitation and receptiveness, where art may speak and we shall understand. On the other hand, the condition shows a certain dethronement of the will and attention which may ally it to the hypnotic state.

Certain kinds of poetry imitate this method of nature by calling on us with a thousand voices at once. Poetry deals often with vague or contradictory statements, with a jumble of images, a throng of impressions. But in true poetry the psychology of real life is closely followed. The mysticism is momentary. We are not kept suspended in a limbo, "trembling like a guilty thing surprised," but are ushered into another world of thought and feeling. On the other hand, a mere statement of inconceivable things is the *reductio ad absurdum* of poetry, because such a statement puzzles the mind, scatters the attention, and does to a certain extent superinduce the "blank misgivings" of mysticism. It does this, however, *without* going further and fill-

ing the mind with new life. If I bid a man follow my reasoning closely, and then say, "I am the slayer and the slain, I am the doubter and the doubt," I puzzle his mind, and may succeed in reawakening in him the sense he has often had come over him that we are ignorant of our own destinies and cannot grasp the meaning of life. If I do this, nothing can be a more legitimate opening for a poem, for it is an opening of the reader's mind. Emerson, like many other highly organized persons, was acquainted with the mystic mood. It was not momentary with him. It haunted him, and he seems to have believed that the whole of poetry and religion was contained in the mood. And no one can gainsay that this mental condition is intimately connected with our highest feelings and leads directly into them.

The fault with Emerson is that he stops in the ante-chamber of poetry. He is content if he has brought us to the hypnotic point. His prologue and overture are excellent, but where is the argument? Where is the substantial artistic content that shall feed our souls?

The Sphinx is a fair example of an Emerson poem. The opening verses are musical, though they are handicapped by a reminiscence of the German way of writing. In the succeeding verses we are lapped into a charming reverie, and then at the end suddenly jolted by the question, "What is it all about?" In this poem we see expanded into four or five pages of verse an experience which in real life endures an eighth of a second, and when we come to the end of the mood we are at the end of the poem.

There is no question that the power to throw your sitter into a receptive mood by a pass or two which shall give you his virgin attention is necessary to any artist. Nobody has the knack of this more strongly than Emerson in his prose writings. By a phrase or a common remark he creates an ideal atmosphere in which his thought has the directness of great

poetry. But he cannot do it in verse. He seeks in his verse to do the very thing which he avoids doing in his prose: follow a logical method. He seems to know too much what he is about, and to be content with doing too little. His mystical poems, from the point of view of such criticism as this, are all alike in that they all seek to do the same thing. Nor does he always succeed. How does he sometimes fail in verse to say what he conveys with such everlasting happiness in prose!

"I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's
strain."

In these lines we have the same thought which appears a few pages later in prose: "All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself." He has failed in the verse because he has thrown a mystical gloss over a thought which was stronger in its simplicity; because in the verse he states an abstraction instead of giving an instance. The same failure follows him sometimes in prose when he is too conscious of his machinery.

Emerson knew that the sense of mystery accompanies the shift of an absorbed attention to some object which brings the mind back to the present. "There are times when the cawing of a crow, a weed, a snowflake, a boy's willow whistle, or a farmer planting in his field is more suggestive to the mind than the Yosemite gorge or the Vatican would be in another hour. In like mood, an old verse, or certain words, gleam with rare significance." At the close of his essay on History he is trying to make us feel that all history, in so far as we can know it, is within ourselves, and is in a certain sense autobiography. He is speaking of the Romans, and he suddenly pretends to see a lizard on the wall, and proceeds to wonder what the lizard has to do with

the Romans. For this he has been quite properly laughed at by Dr. Holmes, because he has resorted to an artifice and has failed to create an illusion. Indeed, Dr. Holmes is somewhere so irreverent as to remark that a gill of alcohol will bring on a psychical state very similar to that suggested by Emerson; and Dr. Holmes is accurately happy in his jest, because alcohol does dislocate the attention in a thoroughly mystical manner.

There is throughout Emerson's poetry, as throughout all of the New England poetry, too much thought, too much argument. Some of his verse gives the reader a very curious and subtle impression that the lines are a translation. This is because he is closely following a thesis. Indeed, the lines are a translation. They were thought first, and poetry afterwards. Read off his poetry, and you see through the scheme of it at once. Read his prose, and you will be put to it to make out the connection of ideas. The reason is that in the poetry the sequence is intellectual, in the prose the sequence is emotional. It is no mere epigram to say that his poetry is governed by the ordinary laws of prose writing, and his prose by the laws of poetry.

The lines entitled *Days* have a dramatic vigor, a mystery, and a music all their own:—

"Daughters of Time, the hypocrite Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
them all.
I, in my pleaded garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

The prose version of these lines, which in this case is inferior, is to be found in *Works and Days*: "He only is rich who owns the day. . . . They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from

a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."

That Emerson had within him the soul of a poet no one will question, but his poems are expressed in prose forms. There are passages in his early addresses which can be matched in English only by bits from Sir Thomas Browne or Milton, or from the great poets. Heine might have written the following parable into verse, but it could not have been finer. It comes from the very bottom of Emerson's nature. It is his uttermost. Infancy and manhood and old age, the first and the last of him, speak in it.

"Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there is he alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones, — they alone with him alone."

With the war closes the colonial period of our history, and with the end of the war begins our national life. Before that time it was not possible for any man to speak for the nation, however much he might long to, for there was no nation; there were only discordant provinces held together by the exercise on the part of each of a strong and conscien-

tious will. It is too much to expect that national character shall be expressed before it is developed, or that the arts shall flourish during a period when everybody is preoccupied with the fear of revolution. The provincial note which runs through all our literature down to the war resulted in one sense from our dependence upon Europe. "All American manners, language, and writings," says Emerson, "are derivative. We do not write from facts, but we wish to state the facts after the English manner. It is the tax we pay for the splendid inheritance of English Literature." But in a deeper sense this very dependence upon Europe was due to our disunion among ourselves. The equivocal and unhappy self-assertive patriotism to which we were consigned by fate, and which made us perceive and resent the condescension of foreigners, was the logical outcome of our political situation.

The literature of the Northern States before the war, although full of talent, lacks body, lacks courage. It has not a full national tone. The South is not in it. New England's share in this literature is so large that small injustice will be done if we give her credit for all of it. She was the Academy of the land, and her scholars were our authors. The country at large has sometimes been annoyed at the self-consciousness of New England, at the atmosphere of clique, of mutual admiration, of isolation, in which all her scholars, except Emerson, have lived, and which notably enveloped the last little distinguished group of them. The circumstances which led to the isolation of Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, and the Saturday Club fraternity are instructive. The ravages of the war carried off the poets, scholars, and philosophers of the generation which immediately followed these men, and by destroying their natural successors left them standing magnified beyond their natural size, like a grove of trees left by a fire. The war did more than kill

off a generation of scholars who would have succeeded these older scholars. It emptied the universities by calling all the survivors into the field of practical life; and after the war ensued a period during which all the learning of the land was lodged in the heads of these older worthies who had made their mark long before. A certain complacency which piqued the country at large was seen in these men. An ante-bellum colonial posing, inevitable in their own day, survived with them. When Jared Sparks put Washington in the proper attitude for greatness by correcting his spelling, Sparks was in cue with the times. It was thought that a great man must have his hat handed to him by his biographer, and be ushered on with decency toward posterity. In the lives and letters of some of our recent public men there has been a reminiscence of this posing, which we condemn as absurd because we forget it is merely archaic. Provincial manners are always a little formal, and the pomposity of the colonial governor was never quite worked out of our literary men.

Let us not disparage the past. We are all grateful for the New England culture, and especially for the little group of men in Cambridge and Boston who did their best according to the light of their day. Their purpose and taste did all that high ideals and good taste can do, and no more eminent literati have lived during this century. They gave the country songs, narrative poems, odes, epigrams, essays, novels. They chose their models well, and drew their materials from decent and likely sources. They lived stainless lives, and died in their professors' chairs honored by all men. For achievements of this sort we need hardly use as strong language as Emerson does in describing contemporary literature: "It exhibits a vast carcass of tradition every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation."

The mass and volume of literature

must always be traditional, and the secondary writers of the world do nevertheless perform a function of infinite consequence in the spread of thought. A very large amount of first-hand thinking is not comprehensible to the average man until it has been distilled and is fifty years old. The men who welcome new learning as it arrives are the picked men, the minor poets of the next age. To their own times these secondary men often seem great because they are recognized and understood at once. We know the disadvantage under which these Humanists of ours worked. The shadow of the time in which they wrote hangs over us still. The conservatism and timidity of our politics and of our literature to-day are due in part to that fearful pressure which for sixty years was never lifted from the souls of Americans. That conservatism and timidity may be seen in all our past. They are in the rhetoric of Webster and in the style of Hawthorne. They killed Poe. They created Bryant.

Since the close of our most blessed war, we have been left to face the problems of democracy, unhampered by the terrible complications of sectional strife. It has happened, however, that some of the legitimate and authentic tendencies of pure democracy go toward strengthening and riveting upon us the very traits developed by provincial disunion. Wendell Phillips, with a cool grasp of understanding for which he is not generally given credit, states the case as follows: —

"The general judgment is that the freest possible government produces the freest possible men and women, the most individual, the least servile to the judgment of others. But a moment's reflection will show any man that this is an unreasonable expectation, and that, on the contrary, entire equality and freedom in political forms almost invariably tend to make the individual subside into the mass and lose his identity in the general whole. Suppose we stood in England

to-night. There is the nobility, and here is the church. There is the trading class, and here is the literary. A broad gulf separates the four; and provided a member of either can conciliate his own section, he can afford in a very large measure to despise the opinions of the other three. He has to some extent a refuge and a breakwater against the tyranny of what we call public opinion. But in a country like ours, of absolute democratic equality, public opinion is not only omnipotent, it is omnipresent. There is no refuge from its tyranny, there is no hiding from its reach; and the result is that if you take the old Greek lantern and go about to seek among a hundred, you will find not one single American who has not, or who does not fancy at least that he has, something to gain or lose in his ambition, his social life, or his business, from the good opinion and the votes of those around him. And the consequence is that instead of being a mass of individuals, each one fearlessly blurting out his own convictions, as a nation, compared to other nations, we are a mass of cowards. More than all other people, we are afraid of each other."

If we take a bird's-eye view of our history, we shall find that this constant element of democratic pressure has always been so strong a factor in moulding the character of our citizens, that there is less difference than we could wish to see between the types of citizenship produced before the war and after the war.

Much of what Emerson wrote about the United States in 1850 is true of the United States to-day. It would be hard to find a civilized people who are more timid, more cowed in spirit, more illiberal, than we. It is easy to-day for the educated man who has read Bryce and De Tocqueville to account for the mediocrity of American literature. The merit of Emerson was that he felt the atmospheric pressure without knowing its reason. He felt he was a cabined, cribbed,

confined creature, although every man about him was celebrating Liberty and Democracy, and every day was Fourth of July. He taxes language to its limits in order to express his revolt. He says that no man should write except what he has discovered in the process of satisfying his own curiosity, and that every man will write well in proportion as he has contempt for the public.

Emerson seems really to have believed that if any man would only resolutely be himself, he would turn out to be as great as Shakespeare. He will not have it that anything of value can be monopolized. His review of the world, whether under the title of Manners, Self-Reliance, Fate, Experience, or what-not, leads him to the same thought. His conclusion is always the finding of eloquence, courage, art, intellect, in the breast of the humblest reader. He knows that we are full of genius and surrounded by genius, and that we have only to throw something off, not to acquire any new thing, in order to be bards, prophets, Napoleons, and Goethes. This belief is the secret of his stimulating power. It is this which gives his writings a radiance like that which shone from his personality.

The deep truth shadowed forth by Emerson when he said that "all the American geniuses lacked nerve and dagger" was illustrated by our best scholar. Lowell had the soul of the Yankee, but in his habits of writing he continued English tradition. His literary essays are full of charm. The Commemoration Ode is the high-water mark of the attempt to do the impossible. It is a fine thing, but it is imitative and secondary. It has paid the inheritance tax. Twice, however, at a crisis of pressure, Lowell assumed his real self under the guise of a *nom de plume*; and with his own hand he rescued a language, a type, a whole era of civilization from oblivion. Here gleams the dagger and here is Lowell revealed. His limitations as a

poet, his too much wit, his too much morality, his mixture of shrewdness and religion, are seen to be the very elements of power. The novelty of the Biglow Papers is as wonderful as their world-old naturalness. They take rank with greatness, and they were the strongest political tracts of their time. They imitate nothing; they are real.

Emerson himself was the only man of his times who consistently and utterly expressed himself, never measuring himself for a moment with the ideals of others, never troubling himself for a moment with what literature was or how literature should be created. The other men of his epoch, and among whom he lived, believed that literature was a very desirable article, a thing you could create if you were only smart enough. But Emerson had no literary ambition. He cared nothing for belles-lettres. The consequence is that he stands above his age like a colossus. While he lived his figure could be seen from Europe towering like Atlas over the culture of the United States.

Great men are not always like wax which their age imprints. They are often the mere negation and opposite of their age. They give it the lie. They become by revolt the very essence of all the age is not, and that part of the spirit which is suppressed in ten thousand breasts gets lodged, isolated, and breaks into utterance in one. Through Emerson spoke the fractional spirits of a multitude. He had not time, he had not energy left over to understand himself; he was a mouthpiece.

If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson. The region of thought he lived in, the figures of speech he uses, are of an intellectual plane so high that the circumstances which produced them may be forgotten; they are indifferent. The Constitution, Slavery, the War itself, are seen as mere circumstances.

They did not confuse him while he lived; they are not necessary to support his work now that it is finished. Hence comes it that Emerson is one of the world's voices. He was heard afar off. His foreign influence might deserve a chapter by itself. Conservatism is not confined to this country. It is the very basis of all government. The bolts Emerson forged, his thought, his wit, his perception, are not provincial. They were found to carry inspiration to England and Germany. Many of the important men of the last half-century owe him a debt. It is not yet possible to give any account of his influence abroad, because the memoirs which will show it are only beginning to be published. We shall have them in due time; for Emerson was an outcome of the world's progress. His appearance marks the turning-point in the history of that enthusiasm for pure democracy which has tinged the political thought of the world for the past one hundred and fifty years. The youths of England and Germany may have been surprised at hearing from America a piercing voice of protest against the very influences which were crushing them at home. They could not realize that the chief difference between Europe and America is a difference in the rate of speed with which revolutions in thought are worked out.

While the radicals of Europe were revolting in 1848 against the abuses of a tyranny whose roots were in feudalism, Emerson, the great radical of America, the arch-radical of the world, was revolting against the evils whose roots were in universal suffrage. By showing the identity in essence of all tyranny, and by bringing back the attention of political thinkers to its starting-point, the value of human character, he has advanced the political thought of the world by one step. He has pointed out for us in this country to what end our efforts must be bent.

John Jay Chapman.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

IV.

THE REARING OF A REFORMER.

SOME years before the time when I entered the Harvard Divinity School, it had been described by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Palfrey, then its dean, as being made up of mystics, skeptics, and dyspeptics. This, being interpreted, really meant that the young men there assembled were launched on that wave of liberal thought which, under Emerson and Parker, was rapidly submerging the old landmarks. For myself, I was wholly given over to the newer phase of thought, and after a year of unchartered freedom was ready to concentrate my reading a little and follow the few appointed lines of study which the school then required. The teachers were men quite worth knowing; and Dr. Convers Francis, especially, had a noted library and as dangerous a love of miscellaneous reading as my own. Accordingly, during the first year I kept up that perilous habit, and at the end of this time stayed out of school for another year of freedom, returning only for the necessary final terms. There had just been a large access of books to the college library, and from that and the Francis collection I had a full supply. I read Comte and Fourier, Strauss's *Life of Jesus* (a French translation), and bought by economy a fine folio copy of Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, on which I used to browse at all odd hours, keeping it open on a standing desk. I read Mill's *Logic*, Whewell's *Inductive Sciences*, Landor's *Gebir* and *Imaginary Conversations*. Maria Lowell lent me also Landor's *Pentameron*, a book with exquisite passages; Alford's poems, then new, and, as she said, "valuable for their simplicity;" and the fiery German verses of Hoffmann von Fallersleben, some of which I trans-

lated, as was also the case with poems from Rückert and Freiligrath, besides making a beginning with the Swedish poem Frithiof's Saga, which Longfellow admired, and one of Fredrika Bremer's novels. I returned to Homer and Dante in the originals, and read something of Plato in Cousin's French translation, there being then no good English version.

Some verses were contributed by me to *The Harbinger*, published at Brook Farm. My first poem, suggested by the fine copy of the Sistine Madonna which had been my housemate at Brookline, had, however, been printed in *The Present*, a short-lived magazine edited by my cousin, William Henry Channing; being afterward, to my great delight, reprinted by Professor Longfellow in his *Estray*. My first prose, also, had appeared in *The Present*,—an enthusiastic review of Mrs. Child's *Letters from New York*, then eagerly read by us young Transcendentalists. I dipped ardently, about that time, into the easier aspects of German philosophy, reading Fichte's *Bestimmung des Menschen* (*Destiny of Man*) with delight, and Schelling's *Vorlesungen über die Methode des Akademische Studiums* (*Lectures on Academical Study*). The influence of these authors was also felt through Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, of which I was very fond, and in *Vital Dynamics*, by Dr. Green, Coleridge's friend and physician. A more perilous book was De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, which doubtless created more of such slaves than it liberated: I myself was led to try some guarded experiments in that direction, which had happily no effect, and I was glad to abandon them. It seems, in looking back, a curious escapade for one who had a natural dislike for all stimulants and narcotics and had felt no temptation of that

kind; I probably indulged the hope of securing a livelier imagination.

I rarely went to any house in Cambridge, except sometimes to Lowell's, where his sweet wife now presided over the upper story of his father's large house. She kept things as orderly as she could; always cruising like Admiral Van Tromp, Lowell declared, with a broom at her mast-head. She had fitted the rooms with pretty devices of her own, and rocked her baby in a cradle of her planning, made of a barrel cut lengthways, placed on rockers, and upholstered by herself. At its foot she painted three spears as the Lowell crest and three lilies as her own, with the motto "*Puritas Potestas.*" This cradle was for their first child, whose early death both Lowell and Longfellow mourned in song. The Lowells sometimes saw company in a modest way, and I remember spending an evening there with Ole Bull and John Weiss. Dr. Lowell, the father, was yet living, always beneficent and attractive; he still sometimes preached in the college chapel, and won all undergraduate hearts by providing only fifteen-minute sermons. It was after this that he fell into a melancholy condition, described with thrilling power by his son in a poem, *The Darkened Mind*, — an experience which, with the subsequent deaths of the poet's wife and children, saddened and repressed for years his naturally buoyant and exuberant nature.

If I belonged in the first two categories of Dr. Palfrey's classification of the Divinity School, I happily kept clear of the third, never having been a dyspeptic, though I lived literally on bread and milk during the greater part of a year, for purposes of necessary economy and the buying of books. I kept up habits of active exercise, played football and baseball, and swam in the river in summer. There was then an attention paid to the art of swimming such as is not now observable; the college maintained large bath-houses where now are coal-yards, and we used

to jump or dive from the roofs, perhaps twenty feet high; we had a Danish student, named Stallknecht, who could swim a third of the way across the river under water, and we vainly tried to emulate him. In winter there was skating on Fresh Pond. I must not forget to add that at all seasons I took long walks with Edward Tuckerman, then the most interesting man about Cambridge, leading a life which seemed to us like that of an Oxford don, and already at work on his Latin treatise on lichens. His room was a delightful place to visit, — a large chamber in a rambling old house, with three separate reading-tables, one for botany, one for the study of Coleridge, and one for the Greek drama. He was the simplest-hearted of men, shy, short-sighted, and lovable; the tragedy of whose life was that his cruel father had sent him to Bowdoin College instead of to Harvard, — a loss he made up by staying years at the latter, graduating successively at the Law School and the Divinity School, and finally taking his degree in the undergraduate department at what seemed to us a ripe old age.

Another tonic in the way of cultured companionship was that of Elliot Cabot, fresh from a German university, — then a rare experience, — he being, however, most un-German in clearness and terseness. I remember that when I complained to him of not understanding Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* in English, he answered tranquilly that he could not; that having read it twice in German he had thought he comprehended it, but that Meikeljohn's translation was beyond making out. These men were not in the Divinity School, but I met their equals there. The leading men of a college class gravitated then as naturally to the Divinity School as now to the Law School; even though, like myself, they passed to other pursuits afterward. I met there such men as Thomas Hill, afterward President of Harvard; Octavius Frothingham; William R. Alger;

Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, who compiled at Divinity Hall their collection of hymns, — a volume called modestly *A Book of Hymns*, and more profanely named from its editors' familiar names "*The Sam Book*." Longfellow was one of the born saints, but with a breadth and manliness not always to be found in that class; he was also a genuine poet, like his elder brother, whose biographer he afterward became. Johnson, a man of brilliant gifts and much personal charm, is now best known by his later work on *Oriental Religions*. It is a curious fact that many of their youthful hymns as well as some of my own, appearing originally in this heterodox work, have long since found their way into the most orthodox and respectable collections.

Two of the most brilliant men in the Divinity School were afterward, like myself, in military service during the Civil War. One of them was James Richardson, whom Frothingham described later as "a brilliant wreath of fire-mist, which seemed every moment to be on the point of becoming a star, but never did." He enlisted as a private soldier and died in hospital, where he had been detailed as nurse. The other had been educated at West Point, and had served in the Florida Indian wars; he was strikingly handsome and mercilessly opinionated; he commanded the first regiment of heavy artillery raised in Massachusetts, did much for the defense of Washington in the early days of the Civil War, and resigned his commission when Governor Andrew refused to see justice done — as he thought — to one of his subordinates.

But all these companionships were wholly secondary to one which was for me most memorable, and brought joy for a few years and sorrow for many. Going through the doors of Divinity Hall I met a young man so handsome in his dark beauty that he seemed like a picturesque Oriental; slender, keen-eyed, raven-haired, he arrested the eye and

the heart like some fascinating girl. This was William Hurlbert (originally Hurlbut), afterward the hero of successive novels, — Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, Winthrop's *Cecil Dreeme*, and my own *Malbone*, — as well as of actual events stranger than any novels. He was the breaker, so report said, of many hearts, the dissembler of many high hopes, — and this in two continents; he was the most variously gifted and accomplished man I have ever known, acquiring knowledge as by magic, — passing easily for a Frenchman in France, an Italian in Italy, a Spaniard in Spanish countries; beginning his career as a radical young Unitarian divine, and ending it as a Roman Catholic and defender of despotism.

The turning-point of Hurlbert's life occurred, for me at least, when I met him once, to my great delight, at Centre Harbor, I being on my way to the White Mountains and he returning thence. We had several hours together, and went out on the lake for a long chat. He told me that he had decided to go to New York and enter the office of A. Oakey Hall, a lawyer against whom there was then, justly or unjustly, some prejudice. I expressed surprise and perhaps regret; and he said frankly, "It is the parting of the ways with me, and I feel it to be necessary. I have made up my mind that I cannot live the simple and moderate life you and my other friends live in New England; I must have a larger field, and more of the appliances and even luxuries of existence." This recalls what the latest biographer of Bayard Taylor has said of him: "The men of New England were satisfied with plain homes and simple living, and were content with the small incomes of professional life. Taylor had other aims. . . . Involved in the expense of Cedarcroft, he never knew the enormous value of freedom." There was nothing intrinsically wrong in the impulse of either, but it brought failure to both, though Taylor,

with the tradition of a Quaker ancestry, and with less of perilous personal fascination, escaped the moral deterioration and the social scandals which beset Hurlbert, as well as his utter renunciation of all his early convictions. Yet the charm always remained in Hurlbert's case. When we met at Centre Harbor, I remember, he was summoned from dinner on some question about stage arrangements; and the moment he had shut the door a lady of cultivated appearance got up hastily from her chair and came round where I was sitting. She said breathlessly, "Can you tell me who that is? We came here in the stage with him, and he has been perfectly delightful. I never saw such a man: he knows all languages, talks upon all subjects; my daughter and I cannot rest without knowing who he is." I did not even learn the lady's name, but years after I met her again, and she recalled the interview; time for her had only confirmed the instantaneous impression which Hurlbert made, — the whole thing suggesting a similar story about Edmund Burke.

I have known many gifted men on both sides of the Atlantic, but I still regard Hurlbert as unequaled among them all for brilliancy; even Lowell was not his peer. Nor can I be convinced that he was, as President Walker once said to me, when I urged Hurlbert's appointment, about 1850, as professor of history at Harvard, "a worthless fellow." Among many things which were selfish and unscrupulous there must have been something deeper to have called out the warm affection created by him in both sexes. I strongly suspect that if, after twenty years of non-intercourse, he had written to me to come and nurse him in illness, I should have left all and gone. Whatever may have been his want of moral principle, he certainly had the power not merely of inspiring affection, but of returning it. I know, for instance, that while borrowing money right and left, he never borrowed of me, — not that I

had then much to lend; if he helped himself to my books and other small matters as if they were his own, he was not an atom more chary of the possessions that were his; and I recall one occasion when he left a charming household in Boston and came out to Cambridge, in the middle of a winter vacation, on purpose to have a fire ready for me in my room on my return from a journey. I think it was on that very evening that he read aloud to me from Krummacher's Parables, — a book then much liked among us, — selecting that fine tale describing the gradual downfall of a youth of unbounded aspirations, which the author sums up with the terse conclusion, "But the name of that youth is not mentioned among the poets of Greece." It was thus with Hurlbert when he died, although his few poems in Putnam's Magazine — Borodino, Sorrento, and the like — seemed to us the dawn of a wholly new genius; and I remember that when the cool and keensighted Whittier read his *Gan Eden*, he said to me that one who had written that could write anything he pleased. Yet the name of the youth was not mentioned among the poets; and the utter indifference with which the announcement of his death was received was a tragic epitaph upon a wasted life.

Thanks to a fortunate home training and the subsequent influence of Emerson and Parker, I held through all my theological studies a sunny view of the universe, which has lasted me as well, amid the storms of life, so far as I can see, as the more prescribed and conventional forms of faith might have done. We all, no doubt, had our inner conflicts, yet mine never related to opinions, but to those problems of heart and life which come to every young person, and upon which it is not needful to dwell. Many of my fellow students, however, had just broken away from a sterner faith, whose shattered eggshells still clung around them. My friend of later years, David

Wasson, used to say that his health was ruined for life by two struggles: first by the way in which he got into the church during a revival, and then by the way he got out of it as a reformer. This I escaped, and came out in the end with the radical element far stronger than the sacerdotal, so that I took for the title of my address at the graduating exercises *The Clergy and Reform*. I remember that I had just been reading Horne's farthing epic of *Orion*, and had an ambitious sentence in my address, comparing the spirit of the age to that fabled being, first blinded, and then fixing his sightless eyes upon the sun that they might be set free once more. Probably it was crude enough, but Theodore Parker liked it, and so I felt as did the brave Xanthus, described by Landor, who only remembered that in the heat of the battle Pericles smiled on him. I was asked to preach as a candidate before the old First Religious Society at Newburyport, a church two hundred years old, then ostensibly of the Unitarian faith, but bearing no denominational name. Receiving a farther invitation after trial, I went there to begin my professional career, if such it could properly be called.

There was something very characteristic of my mother in a little incident which happened in connection with my first visit to Newburyport. I had retained enough affection for the opinion of Boston drawing-rooms to have devised for myself a well-cut overcoat of gray tweed, with a cap of the same material trimmed with fur. My elder sisters naturally admired me in this garb, but implored me not to wear it to Newburyport. "So unclerical," they said; it would ruin my prospects. "Let him wear it, by all means," said my wiser mother. "If they cannot stand that clothing, they can never stand its wearer." Her opinion properly prevailed; and I was perhaps helped as much as hindered by this bit of lingering worldly vanity.

My first actual proposal of innovation

was that I should be ordained as Theodore Parker had been, by the society itself: and this all the more because my ancestor, Francis Higginson, had been ordained in that way — the first of all New England ordinations — in 1629. To this the society readily assented, at least so far as that there should be no ordaining council, and there was none. William Henry Channing preached one of his impassioned sermons, *The Gospel of To-Day*, and all went joyously on, "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," not foreseeing the storms that were soon to gather, although any sagacious observer ought easily to have predicted them. It must be borne in mind that during all this period I was growing more, not less radical; my alienation from the established order was almost as great as that of Thoreau, though as yet I knew nothing of him except through *The Dial*. The more active interest of the various reformatory movements came gradually to supplant all abstract meditations. It must be remembered, moreover, that two important elements combined to make up the so-called Transcendentalist body. There were the more refined votaries, who were indeed the most cultivated people of that time and place. But there was also a less educated contingent, known popularly as "Come-Outers," — a name as familiar and distinctive as is that of the Salvation Army to-day. These were developed largely by the anti-slavery movement, which was not, like our modern civil service reform, strongest in the more educated classes, but was predominantly a people's movement, based on the simplest human instincts, and far stronger for a time in the factories and shoe-shops than in the pulpits or colleges. The factories were still largely worked by American operatives, and the shoe manufacture was carried on in little shops, where the neighbors met and settled affairs of state, as may be read in Mr. Rowland Robinson's delightful stories called *Danvis Folks*. Radi-

calism went with the smell of leather, and was actually seething in such towns as Lynn and Abington, the centres of that trade. Even the least educated had recognized it in the form of the Second Advent delusion just then flourishing. All these influences combined to make the Come-Outer element very noticeable, — it being fearless, disinterested, and always self-asserting. It was abundant on Cape Cod, and the "Cape Codders" were a recognized subdivision at reform meetings. In such meetings or conventions these untaught disciples were often a source of obvious inconvenience: they defied chairmen, scaled platforms, out-roared exhorters. Some of them, as Emerson says, "devoted themselves to the worrying of clergymen," proclaiming a gospel of freedom; I have heard them boast of having ascended into pulpits and trampled across their cushions before horrified ministers. This was not a protest against religion, for they were rarely professed atheists, but against its perversions only.

It must be remembered that the visible church in New England was not then the practical and reformatory body which it is to-day, — the change in the Episcopal Church being the most noticeable of all, — but that it devoted itself very largely to the "tithing of anise and cummin," as in Scripture times. Of the reforms prominent before the people, nearly all had originated outside the pulpit and even among avowed atheists. Thomas Herttell, judge of the Marine Court of New York city, who belonged to that heretical class, was the first person in America, apparently, to write and print, in 1819, a strong appeal in behalf of total abstinence as the only remedy for intemperance; and the same man made, in 1837, in the New York Assembly, the first effort to secure to married women the property rights now generally conceded. All of us were familiar with the vain efforts of Garrison to enlist the clergy in the anti-slavery cause; and Ste-

phen Foster, one of the staunchest of the early Abolitionists, habitually spoke of them as "the Brotherhood of Thieves." Lawyers and doctors, too, fared hard with those enthusiasts, and merchants not much better; Edward Palmer writing against the use of money, and even such superior men as Alcott having sometimes a curious touch of the Har-old Skimpole view of that convenience. It is now rather remarkable that the institution of marriage did not come in for a share in the general laxity, but it did not; and it is to be observed that Henry James speaks rather scornfully of the Brook Farm community in this respect, as if its members must have been wanting in the courage of their convictions to remain so unreasonably chaste. I well remember that the contrary was predicted and expected by cynics, and the utter failure of their prophecies was the best tribute to the essential purity of the time. It was, like all seething periods, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race, a time of high moral purpose; and the anti-slavery movement, reaching its climax after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, was about to bring such qualities to a test.

This agitation, at any rate, was so far the leader in the reforms of the day that it brought to a focus all their picturesque ingredients. There were women who sat tranquilly knitting through a whole anti-slavery convention, however exciting, and who had that look of prolonged and self-controlled patience which we associate with Sisters of Charity; and others who bore that uplifted and joyous serenity which now seems a part of the discipline of the Salvation lassies. There were always present those whom Emerson tersely classified as "men with beards;" this style, now familiar, being then an utter novelty, not tolerated in business or the professions, and of itself a committal to pronounced heresy. Partly as a result of this unwonted adornment, there were men who

— as is indeed noticed in European Socialist meetings to-day — bore a marked resemblance to the accepted pictures of Jesus Christ. This trait was carried to an extent which the newspapers called “blasphemous” in Charles Burleigh, — a man of tall figure, benign face, and most persuasive tongue, wearing long auburn curls and somewhat tangled tempestuous beard. Lowell, whose own bearded condition marked his initiation into abolitionism, used to be amused when he went about with Burleigh and found himself jeered at as a new and still faltering disciple. Finally, there was the Hutchinson Family, with six or eight tall brothers clustered around the one rosebud of a sister, Abby: all natural singers and one might say actors, indeed unconscious poems, easily arousing torpid conventions with *The Car Emancipation* and such stirring melodies; or at times, as encore, giving *The Bridge of Sighs*, which seemed made for just the combination they presented. When, in this song, the circle of stalwart youths chanted, “Had she a sister?” or when the sweet Abby, looking up with dove-like eyes at her guardians, sang in response, “Or had she a brother?” it not only told its own story, but called up forcibly the infinite wrongs of the slave girls who had no such protectors, and who perhaps stood at that very moment, stripped and shrinking, on the auction-block.

On removing to Newburyport I found myself at once the associate of all there was most reputable in the town, in virtue of my functions; and also, by a fatality in temperament, of all that was most radical. There prevailed then a phrase, “the Sisterhood of Reforms,” indicating a variety of social and physiological theories of which one was expected to accept all, if any. This I learned soon after my arrival, through the surprise expressed by some of my more radical friends at my unacquaintance with a certain family of factory operatives known as the “Briggs

girls.” “Not know the Briggs girls? I should think you would certainly know them. Work in the Globe Mills; interested in all the reforms; bathe in cold water every morning; one of ‘em is a Grahamite,” — a disciple of vegetarianism; that faith being then a conspicuous part of “the Sisterhood of Reforms,” but one against which I had been solemnly warned by William Henry Channing, who had made experiment of it while living as city missionary in New York city. He had gone, it seemed, to a boarding-house of the vegetarian faithful in the hope of finding spiritually minded associates, but was so woefully disappointed in the result that he left them after a while, falling back upon the world’s people, as more carnal, possibly, but more companionable.

Without a tithe of my cousin’s eloquence, I was of a cooler temperament, and perhaps kept my feet more firmly on the earth or was more guarded in my experiments. Yet I was gradually drawn into the temperance agitation, including prohibition; the peace movement, for which, I dare say, I pommeled as lustily as Schramm’s pupils in Heine’s *Reisebilder*; the social reform debate, which was sustained for some time after the downfall of Brook Farm; and of course the new woman’s rights movement, for whose first national convention I signed the call in 1850. Of all the movements in which I ever took part, except the anti-slavery agitation, this last-named seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is “the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one half the human race.” Certainly the anti-slavery movement, which was by its nature a more temporary one, had the right of way, and must first be settled; it was, moreover, by its nature a much simpler movement. Once recognize the fact that man could have no right of property in man, and the whole affair

was settled; there was nothing left but to agitate, and if needful to fight. But, as Stuart Mill clearly pointed out, the very fact of the closer relations of the sexes had complicated the affair with a thousand perplexities in the actual working out; gave room for more blunders, more temporary disappointments, more extravagant claims, and far slower development. It was in one respect fortunate that most of the early advocates of the reform had served previously as Abolitionists, for they had been thereby trained to courage and self-sacrifice; but it was in other respects unfortunate, because they had been accustomed to a stern and simple "Thus saith the Lord," which proved less applicable to the more complex question. When it came to the point, the alleged aversion of the slaves to freedom always vanished; I never myself encountered an instance of it; every man, woman, and child, whatever protestations might have been made to the contrary, was eager to grasp at freedom; whereas in all communities there is a minority of women who are actively opposed to each successive step in elevating their condition; and this without counting the merely indifferent. All the ordinary objections to woman suffrage, as that women have not, in the phrase of old Theophilus Parsons, "a sufficient acquired discretion," or that they are too impulsive, or that they cannot fight, — all these seem to me trivial; but it is necessary always to face the fact that it is the only great reform in which a minority, at least, of the very persons to be benefited are working actively on the other side. This, to my mind, only confirms its necessity, as showing that, as Mill says, the very nature of woman has been to some extent warped and enfeebled by prolonged subjugation, and must have time to recover itself.

It was in the direction of the anti-slavery reform, however, that I felt the most immediate pricking of conscience, and it may be interesting, as a study of

the period, to note what brought it about. There was, perhaps, some tendency that way in the blood, for I rejoice to recall the fact that after Judge Sewall, in 1700, had published his noted tract against slavery, called *The Selling of Joseph*, the first protest against slavery in Massachusetts, he himself testified, six years later, "Amidst the frowns and hard words I have met with for this Undertaking, it is no small refreshment to me that I can have the Learned Reverend and Aged Mr. Higginson for my Abetter." This was my ancestor, the Rev. John Higginson, of Salem, then ninety years old; but my own strongest impulse came incidentally from my mother. It happened that my father, in his office of steward of the college, was also "patron," as it was called, having charge of the affairs of the more distant students, usually from the Southern States. This led to pleasant friendships with their families, and to occasional visits paid by my parents, traveling in their own conveyance. Being once driven from place to place by an intelligent negro driver, my mother said to him that she thought him very well situated, after all; on which he turned and looked at her, simply saying, "Ah, missis! free breath is good." It impressed her greatly, and she put it into her diary, whence my eldest brother, Dr. Francis J. Higginson, quoted it in a little book he wrote, *Remarks on Slavery*, published in 1834. This fixed it in my mind, and I remember to have asked my aunt why my uncle in Virginia did not free his slaves. She replied that they loved him, and would be sorry to be free. This did not satisfy me; but on my afterward visiting the Virginia plantation, there was nothing to suggest anything undesirable: the head servant was a grave and dignified man, with the most unexceptionable manners; and the white and black children often played together in the afternoon. It was then illegal to teach a slave to read, but one girl was

pointed out who had picked up a knowledge of reading while the white children were learning. The slaves seemed merely to share in the kindly and rather slipshod methods of a Southern establishment; and my only glimpse of the other side was from overhearing conversation between the overseer and his friends, in which all the domestic relations of the negroes were spoken of precisely as if they had been animals.

Returning to Cambridge, I found the whole feeling of the college entirely opposed to the abolition movement, as was that among my Brookline friends and kindred. My uncle, Mr. Samuel Perkins, had lived in Hayti during the insurrection, and had written an account of it which I read, and which was afterwards printed by Charles Perkins in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*. He thought, and most men of his class firmly believed, that any step toward emancipation would lead to instant and formidable insurrection. It was in this sincere but deluded belief that such men mobbed Garrison. When I once spoke with admiration of that reformer to Mr. Augustus Aspinwall, a frequent guest at my uncle's house, he replied with perfect gentleness, sipping his wine, "It may be as you say. I never saw him, but I always supposed him to be a fellow who ought to be hung." Mr. Aspinwall was a beautiful old man, who cultivated the finest roses to be found near Boston; he had the most placid voice, the sweetest courtesy, and the most adamant opinions, — the kind of man who might have been shot in the doorway of his own château during the French Revolution. If it had come in his way, he would undoubtedly have seen Garrison executed, and would then have gone back to finish clearing his roses of snails and rose-beetles. The early history of the anti-slavery agitation cannot possibly be understood unless we comprehend this class of men who then ruled Boston opinion.

I know of no book except the last two volumes of *Pierce's life of Charles Sumner* which fully does justice to the way in which the anti-slavery movement drew a line of cleavage through all Boston society, leaving most of the more powerful or wealthy families on the conservative side. What finally determined me in the other direction was the immediate influence of two books, both by women. One of these was Miss Martineau's tract, *The Martyr Age in America*, portraying the work of the Abolitionists with such force and eloquence that it seemed as if no generous youth could be happy in any other company; and the other book was Mrs. Lydia Maria Child's *Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*. This little work, for all its cumbrous title, was so wonderfully clear, compact, and convincing, it covered all its points so well and was so absolutely free from all unfairness or shrill invective, that it joined with Miss Martineau's less modulated strains to make me an Abolitionist. This was, it must be remembered, some years before the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I longed to be counted worthy of such companionship; I wrote and printed a rather crude sonnet to Garrison; and my only sorrow was in feeling that, as Alexander lamented about his father Philip's conquests, nothing had been left for me to do. Fortunately, Lowell had already gone in the same direction, under the influence of his wife; and her brother, moreover, who had been for a time my schoolmate, had left all and devoted himself to anti-slavery lecturing. He it was who, when on a tour with Frederick Douglass at the West, was entertained with him at a house where there was but one spare bed. To some apologies by the hostess the ever ready and imperial Douglass answered, with superb dignity, "Do not apologize, madam; I have not the slightest prejudice against color."

This was the condition of things I had left in Boston and Cambridge; and when

I went to live in Newburyport the same point of view soon presented itself in another form. The parish, which at first welcomed me, counted among its strongest supporters a group of retired sea-captains who had traded with Charleston and New Orleans, and more than one of whom had found himself obliged, after sailing from a Southern port, to put back in order to eject some runaway slave from his lower hold. All their prejudice ran in one direction, and their view of the case differed from that of Boston society only as a rope's end differs from a rapier. One of them, perhaps the quietest, was the very Francis Todd who had caused the imprisonment of Garrison at Baltimore. It happened, besides, that the one political hero and favorite son of Newburyport (for of Garrison himself they only felt ashamed) was at that moment fighting slavery's battles in the Mexican war. It now seems to me strange that, under all these circumstances, I held my place for two years and a half. Of course it cannot be claimed that I showed unvarying tact; indeed, I can now see that it was quite otherwise; but it was a case where tact counted for little; in fact, I think my sea-captains did not wholly dislike my plainness of speech, though they felt bound to discipline it; and moreover the whole younger community was on my side. It did not help the matter that I let myself be nominated for Congress by the new "Free Soil" party in 1848, and "stumped the district," though in a hopeless minority. The nomination was Whittier's doing, partly to prevent that party from nominating him; and he agreed that, by way of reprieve, I should go to Lowell and induce Josiah G. Abbott, then a young lawyer, to stand in my place. Abbott's objection is worth recording: if elected, he said, he should immediately get into quarrels with the Southern members and have to fight duels, and this he could not conscientiously do. This was his ground of exemption. Years after, when he

was an eminent judge in Boston and a very conservative Democrat, I once reminded him of this talk, and he said, "I should feel just the same now."

Having been, of course, defeated for Congress, as I had simply stood in a gap, I lived in Newburyport for more than two years longer, after giving up my parish. This time was spent in writing for newspapers, teaching private classes in different studies, serving on the school committee and organizing public evening schools, then a great novelty. The place was, and is, a manufacturing town, and I had a large and intelligent class of factory girls, mostly American, who came to my house for reading and study once a week. In this work I enlisted a set of young maidens of unusual ability, several of whom were afterward well known to the world: Harriet Prescott, afterward Mrs. Spofford; Louisa Stone, afterward Mrs. Hopkins (well known for her educational writings); Jane Andrews (author of *The Seven Little Sisters*, a book which has been translated into Chinese and Japanese); her sister Caroline, afterward Mrs. Rufus Leighton (author of *Life at Puget Sound*); and others not their inferiors, though their names were not to be found in print. I have never encountered elsewhere so noteworthy a group of young women, and all that period of work is a delightful reminiscence. My youthful coadjutors had been trained in a remarkably good high school, kept by William H. Wells, a celebrated teacher; and I had his hearty coöperation, and also that of Professor Alpheus Crosby, one of the best scholars in New England, and then resident in Newburyport. With his aid I established a series of prizes for the best prose and poetry written by the young people of the town; and the first evidence given of the unusual talents of Harriet Prescott Spofford was in a very daring and original essay on *Hamlet*, written at sixteen, and gaining the first prize. I had also to do with the courses of lectures and con-

certs, and superintended the annual Floral Processions which were then a pretty feature of the Fourth of July in Essex County. On the whole, perhaps, I was as acceptable a citizen of the town as could be reasonably expected of one who had preached himself out of his pulpit.

I supposed myself to have given up preaching forever, and recalled the experience of my ancestor, the Puritan divine, Francis Higginson, who, when he had left his church living at Leicester, England, in 1620, continued to lecture to all comers. But a new sphere of reformatory action opened for me in an invitation to take charge of the Worcester Free Church, the first of several such organizations that sprang up about that time under the influence of Theodore Parker's Boston society, which was their prototype. These organizations were all more or less of the "Jerusalem wildcat" de-

scription, with no church membership or communion service, not calling themselves specifically Christian, but resembling the ethical societies of the present day, with a shade more of specifically religious aspect. Worcester was at that time a seething centre of all the reforms, and I found myself almost in fashion, at least with the unfashionable; my evening congregations were the largest in the city, and the men and women who surrounded me — now almost all passed away — were leaders in public movements in that growing community. Before my transfer, however, I went up to Boston on my first fugitive slave foray, as it might be called, — not the Anthony Burns affair, but the Thomas Sims case, which preceded it, and which was to teach me, once for all, that there was plenty left to be done, and that Philip had not fought all the battles.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN BOSTON.

THE decorations by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library are now completed, the last panels of the cycle are in place, and he who enters this great civic building, whether for business or for enjoyment, is greeted by the sight of one of the noblest decorated staircases known to modern art. For distant readers, a brief description, alike of place and of theme, may be helpful, if not necessary.

Of the nine pictures composing the cycle, the well-known large panel, generally called Apollo and the Muses, fills the whole windowless wall of the upper landing, leading into Bates Hall. The other eight pictures, recently put in place, fill the eight large upper compartments, or panels, of the staircase proper; they are set in the same rich gold Siena marble that forms the paneling of the lower

more workaday portion and the balustrade of the staircase, and are well lit from the mighty windows opposite the upper landing. Of these eight panels, six fill the two side walls, two the compartments on either side of the windows. These panels being practically on a level with the long picture under the arches, the eye takes in the scheme of the whole at one comprehensive glance; and in few other places, nowadays, can it rest on an *ensemble* that has a nobler sensuous charm, and more monumental quality of conception and treatment.

The subjects are best explained in the master's own words in the printed leaflet of description, with brief supplementary indications as to the way the painter has conceived these subjects and put them on the wall.

"Having been entrusted," says Puvis

de Chavannes, "with the honor of decorating the staircase of the Boston Library, I have sought to represent under a symbolic form and in a single view the intellectual treasures collected in this beautiful building. The whole seems to me summed up in the composition entitled *The Muses of Inspiration* hail the Spirit, the Harbinger of Light." This large panel represents, as most of us know, Apollo and the Muses floating in mid-air, robed in white, against a background of early morning landscape: little hills, sparsely wooded, softly gray-green, against a distance of deep blue sea and pale luminous sky.

"Out of this composition," continues the master, "others have developed which answer to the four great expressions of the human mind, Poetry, Philosophy, History, Science. On the right-hand wall of the staircase, as you enter, appear in three panels: 1. Pastoral Poetry (Virgil). 2. Dramatic Poetry (Æschylus and the Oceanides). 3. Epic Poetry (Homer crowned by the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*)."

In the first panel, Virgil, robed in white, with a cool purple mantle drapery thrown over his left shoulder, stands pensive in an idyllic landscape of plain and grove and river, in dull greens and olives. In the second, the poet reclines by the seashore, scroll in hand. There is a foreground of rocky shore, pale mauve in color, with one solitary low-spreading pine to give depth to the water; a distance in blues and pale hyacinths of classical sea-girt cliffs, peopled by the white figures of the poet's dream; a few happy gulls in the upper air. The third shows an old man seated and two female figures standing, — one in the helmet and trappings of war, one soberly clad in a long-sleeved dun garment; a landscape of dull tawny cliffs, with an arm of the sea beyond, the deep blue, stirring Ægean; in the background warm purple rocks, hinting at roving and adventure.

"On the left-hand wall: 1. History,

attended by a Spirit bearing a torch, calls up the Past. 2. Astronomy. The Chaldean Shepherds observe the stars and discover the law of numbers. 3. Philosophy. Plato sums up in an immortal phrase the eternal conflict between Spiritualism and Materialism: 'Man is a plant of heavenly, not of earthly growth.'"

History is a female figure, attended by a naked boy, evoking the past from a chasm or grotto showing the upper part of a Doric column. The tones are russets and browns in full quiet daylight; dead leaves are on the oak scrub, and there is no grass on the rocky slope, but an almond-tree in rich pink blossom. Some grass and a massive grove are seen on the brow of the hill beyond. In the Astronomy panel two or three half-clad shepherds are shown observing the stars in a rocky wilderness; one figure, stretched prone on the ground under a rough hut or canopy of branches, is engaged in simple computation. The third of these panels is a combination, such as the painter loves, of spreading lawns, gleaming white colonnades, and (French) classic groves of full dark foliage. In the background is a shapely Greek mountain crowned by a Doric temple, radiant in the sunlight against the greenish afternoon sky. Plato, in the foreground, robed in white, with a mantle of full rich blue, fronts the spectator, while the young disciple, leaning his elbow on a marble pedestal, shows his handsome back. There are smaller figures on the steps of the semicircular colonnade or scattered over the lawn.

"On the end wall to the right and left of the windows: To the left, Chemistry (mineral, organic, vegetable). A process of mysterious change evolves itself under the magic wand of a fairy surrounded by watching spirits."

The mystic process takes place in a kind of open grotto, with walls so high that the pearly white of the robe of the genius and the naked little bodies of the

cherubs that stand eagerly looking on are relieved throughout against soft shaded purples and blues of twilit rock.

"To the right, Physics. By the wondrous agency of Electricity, Speech flashes through space, and swift as lightning bears tidings of good and evil."

A hilly pass by the sea, simple and severe in character; background of sea and cloudy sky streaked with pale yellow at the horizon. The genius of good tidings soars aloft, carrying a joyous branch. The messenger of evil, darkly robed, follows the lines of the telegraph wire closely, swiftly, veiling her eyes with her hand. The tragic force is intense; there is not one unnecessary item in the picture.

To those who have not seen the designs, but who know the work of Puvis in France, these hints may convey some idea of characteristic passages, familiar yet never cheapened themes, mingling with deep and original motives. Readers who do not know the art of Puvis de Chavannes will have gathered, I hope, a general impression that the color is subdued, but not poor; that subjects and composition alike are severely simple, consisting of as few figures as possible, quietly posed in a background of landscape; that this landscape, mostly classical, is an integral part of the thought and design. They should be told further that the color presents delicate harmonies of pale blues and violets, or contrasts of shimmering whites and deep-toned greens set off by more sober and neutral tints. To those who have not seen any of the painter's work before, these panels will at first bring an impression of strangeness. Some will find in them a reminder of the Greek world they had dreamt of,—not the same, but equally convincing, in its own dreamlike way, equally charged with far-reaching suggestion. Others will be perplexed: so different from any other kind of painting they know are these large pictures in their flatness and dullness of

surface, in their lack of modeling and bareness of accessories, so puzzling in the incorrectness that every tyro in art is willing to point out; so remote from our habits is this reticent grandeur of utterance. Yet crowds continue to come and be puzzled, and thus testify to the interest and curiosity awakened.

In the judgment of artists and art-lovers the value of works of art like these in a place like this cannot be rated too highly. There is an unmistakable awakening among us of an instinctive craving for art in some tangible form, art which requires to be nourished by something more solid than discussions and more satisfactory than museums. Museums and galleries are all very well in their way, but we are beginning to find out that it is rather a devious way, leading only students to the desired goal. Galleries are unquestionably more civilizing than saloons, and many among us doubtless owe their awakening to a real and fruitful taste for art to the revelation made by a first acquaintance with the New York Rembrandts or some of the Greek or Japanese treasures of the Boston Museum. But the action of museums and galleries is necessarily slow and fragmentary, never direct and as it were living. The objects in them are like a collection of wildflowers on exhibition in a horticultural show. No horticultural show, however well classified and "artistically" arranged, can give us any notion of the charm and fragrance of nature; and all students of early Italian art know the difference between weeks of assiduous study in the galleries and a single morning with the *Fra Angelicos* in the convent of St. Mark's or the *Lunis* at Saronno. Sometimes five minutes are enough to clear the mind of cobwebs painfully accumulated during years of poring over books, or months of gallery study; or to make one see things at a glance that one had long labored in vain at understanding. Sometimes the process is slower: the first impression is

one of half-repellent and certainly confusing strangeness, which slowly gives place to a sense of unreasoning well-being, almost physical, as the sensuous charm dispels the bookish cobwebs, and the firm construction of the whole makes itself quietly felt. Meanwhile, the beauties of impersonation, so to say, of rendering and knowledge, are unfolding themselves one by one in their full significance, until study is forgotten in communion, and the air seems warm with whispers, as from a living presence. Later comes the season of study, when one analyzes the means employed, discovers how great is the reinforcement of effect gained by unity, observes and acknowledges the impression of durability due to coöperation with architecture which is the birth-right of mural decoration. But the main thing, from first to last, about these invaluable impressions is always the directness and deep quiet objectivity of appeal, as of something inherent in the thing itself, which communion brings out, but which no amount of study will put in. To commune with pictures in galleries at all means a concentration of mind, and hence a strain, a tension, the very opposite of the effect produced by the chapel or *loggia*; while neither the gallery picture nor the picture gallery can ever offer us the incidental teachings and subtle suggestive pleasures of the thing in place. So closely related are all great works of art to their natural setting that when we find ourselves enjoying any one picture with any depth of appreciation, we generally find ourselves also mentally reconstructing the surroundings from which it has been torn and putting it back in its birthplace, — the portrait by Titian in the dusky splendor of the Venetian *sala*, the Madonna in the dim light of the convent chapel of the Tuscan or Umbrian hillside.

It is evident that an appeal of this kind, at once direct and full, is of as much value to latent susceptibilities as to trained susceptibilities. We may even

reckon it as more valuable, since it puts the spectator on the right track from the beginning, and shows him at once and definitely how great and comprehensive a thing is art; not a mere little cup of æsthetic pleasure, but a deep draught of spiritual joy, offered out of a goblet of pure delight. It is only another aspect of the old case — more than once debated in these pages — of masterpieces of literature contrasted with textbooks or selections. But literature and art have this wide difference: single-minded reading has not, after all, become so dissociated from our daily habit as deep and thorough enjoyment of art has, for the simple reason that books penetrate everywhere, while it is not every one who can travel to the Old World and plunge into the glorious books of the "thing in place." Therefore it is, I repeat, that all lovers of art feel it to be hardly possible to overestimate the value, for America, of works of art like these decorations by Puvis in the Boston Public Library, at this time of new stir in the feeling for art.

It is instructive to glance, in passing, at the direction taken by this reawakening of the art instinct in the two countries nearest to us in culture and geographical position. In England, the leaders of the new movement have labored successfully to put an end to the unnatural separation of art from craft brought about by academies and commercialism, knowing well and feeling warmly that art will never thrive until we all understand (as people have done in all epochs when art was alive) that beauty is a thing for human nature's daily food, and art a quality that is as much at home in a footstool as in a statue. In France, there is growing up a conviction, mainly due to the initiative of one great and stubborn man, that painting dissociated from the dignity and grandeur of monumental art has but a relative value and an incomplete effect. It is evident that the two issues tend to the same great end, and

are necessary to each other. Monumental art without the lesser arts is insubstantial and remote; the lesser decorative arts without monumental art become sapless and ephemeral. It is only by the interaction of the two that art can again contribute to give dignity and charm to civic life. It is in this way only that the immediate end which we must now first of all keep in view can be reached, and the reawakening art instinct find the full nourishment and thorough guidance which are now so necessary.

What then is monumental art, or, to narrow the question down to the branch of it that we are considering here, what is mural decoration? Different artists, representing the recent attempts at revival of this form of art, have answered the question in different ways. There are those who represent the picture-book ideal, and consider the wall merely as a place for unrolling pictures or "histories," painted according to the technic acquired in the school of easel-painting. There are those who, misled by the false current use of the word "decorative," think of the wall mainly as an opportunity for showy and shallow display, meaningless in itself, and unrelated to its surroundings. Others have felt, and felt rightly, that no amount of brilliancy of painter's craft, of eloquence or even pathos of story, can compensate us for the lack of the sense of repose and durability which belongs to true monumental painting; painting, that is, which is part and parcel of the monument it decorates. To have rediscovered this fundamental axiom of mural painting is the great achievement of Puvis de Chavannes as far as France is concerned. And it does not detract from the originality of Mr. John Sargent to point to his superb work in Boston as a gratifying instance of the teachings of Puvis, applied in the service of a talent that differs widely from his in scope and temper. It was on

the walls of the Pantheon in Paris that Puvis de Chavannes first "published his discovery" in an entirely satisfactory and convincing form; all the more so, alas, that his treatment of the legend of Ste. Geneviève is there confronted with large, ambitious, loud-voiced panels by famous painters of the day. No one can spend a little while in the Pantheon and not feel how effectually and grandly he silences them all, until his deep, quiet note is the only one heard. In Boston there is, fortunately, not this opportunity for immediate comparison. But the great calm of Puvis does not need this to make itself felt. It takes time to reach us, we are so unaccustomed to calm; it is even possible for us to go away at first unconvinced, though it may be, vaguely troubled. But no one can give Puvis his due time, or come back to him after having looked at some of the ambitious or well-meaning efforts that go by the name of mural decoration, and not thankfully acknowledge the benignant influence of the architectural repose of the great spaces, the sober charm of the color, the noble and subtly expressive rhythm of the line, the sincere truthfulness, the personal conviction, the spiritual serenity of the man. In the case of Puvis de Chavannes, the qualities of outward practical craft, in themselves so valuable, are thus complemented by the rarest qualities of inner creative poetry.

Art such as this is not obtained without sacrifice, and in a double sense is this true of Puvis de Chavannes, whose own favorite saying is, indeed, "*L'art décoratif ne vit que de sacrifices.*" There are, first, the sacrifices to the unity of his conception and his sense of mural requirements, visible to all in his severe elimination and suppression, in certain mannerisms or *parti-pris* of drawing, in certain minor awkwardnesses of gesture and arrangement.¹ In connection with and seems unnecessary, until one sees that it balances the composition of the Virgil

¹ In the Homer panel there is undoubtedly an arrangement of line that disturbs one some-

tion with this it may be well to mention, however, that he gave nine years of unremitting study to drawing from the model, and that no more exquisite pleasure can be offered the lover of art than to spend an hour or two turning over the Pavis portfolios. Here significant first or second thoughts for compositions — charming in themselves as mere arabesques of lovely line, and deeply interesting as showing that what he first of all feels for are the *lines* — lie scattered among hundreds of careful drawings from life, showing us a world of beautiful women, strong men, and lovely children, seen and felt with a deep human synthesis, rendered with a mastery that alone would suffice to give him the highest rank in contemporary art. There are, further, the countless sacrifices of a life of devotion to his ideal. The narrative of his life discloses years spent in finding his way; in rediscovering the right principles of mural decoration, unaided and alone; in learning by experience what is fitted to be painted on the wall, and what is not; in giving up, one by one, technical excellencies, tempting detail, attractive episode.¹ Nor have material sacrifices to his ideal been lacking, arising both from the general indifference of painters and the public to art of this kind and quality, and from his own stubborn allegiance to his ideal and convictions. Thus several of the Amiens panels were given by the painter, when there was not money forthcoming to pay for them, and he has been known to refuse a large commission (in 1879, for the staircase of the Exchange of Bordeaux) when the committee wished to impose a scheme of their own upon him. From the first conception to the final painting of the huge canvases the work to the left of the *Æschylus*, that the whole wall has been conceived together; and not only this wall, but the opposite wall, and indeed the whole cycle.

¹ I would refer my readers to an article by Mr. Kenyon Cox in the *Century* (February, 1896) for an interesting account, from a fellow-

is the painter's own. This alone represents an almost incredible amount of work, mental and manual, and a well-nigh unparalleled singleness of mind and fixity of purpose. In his life as in his work Pavis is an example to all who aspire to serve art.²

These sacrifices have not been without their compensation in the deepening of his synthesis and the widening of his grasp. Color, for instance, was not, to begin with, one of his characteristics; but it has come late in life to this man, who began developing his inner qualities when other men ceased to grow, and who has found the clue to one beauty after another as he has penetrated deeper and deeper into communion with nature.

I should give an incomplete idea of Pavis if I did not refer to one aspect of his art. In common with the great American decorator, John La Farge, with Albert Besnard, and with one or two others, he has deeply felt the importance of nature for the spiritual life of to-day. With him it is thus never a mere pleasing and conventional background; it is an integral part of his composition in line, color, and character. He feels it as we do, as reflecting and expressing our human moods, as soothing our sorrows and enhancing our joys. In his treatment he shows the most delicate observation of many of the beauties and gradations of atmosphere and tone, of light and color, that have come to seem in our modern spirit so full of meaning, and it is well known to those who are familiar with his art that his grandest pages are those where the *genius loci*, the character of the surrounding scenery, has suggested and inspired his theme.

But naturalism, be it never so inspired, expresses only one side of this great dual craftsman's point of view, of this development, as shown in the great Amiens cycle.

² For valuable detail as to the master's mode of work, etc., and noble simplicity of life, the curious reader is referred to the excellent biography by M. Marius Vachon, — rich also in extracts from the letters of the painter.

phenomenon that we call art. There is always the other side, which has been given different names at different times, when names were necessary, and has been practiced without a name in all the greatest periods. This is the side of art which is not merely a record and an interpretation, but also a creation of beauti-

ful ideals in forms that appeal to the same kind of susceptibilities as are touched by the harmony of music or the rhythm of verse. Periods of so-called naturalism are always succeeded by periods of idealism; the word is vague, but useful. The staircase of the Boston Public Library shows us that great masters combine both.

Cecilia Waern.

LOVE'S DELAY.

NAY, do not haste your coming, love.
Wait for a little while.

And why?

I would postpone the sweets of your first kiss,
And let you, too, feed on expectancy.
You write you love me. Ay, and I love you!
I love you with a love as delicate
As moon-gold on a tropic sea, or
Webs of gossamer in the morning sun, or
Gleam of dew on early flowers,
Or bloom that makes the moth's regalia.
I put you in my most enchanting dreams
When night is here, and in the day
Frame thoughts of you in music. Ah, dear heart,
I play that you and nature are in league.
If heaven drops rain, I say, "My love is sad."
If birds sing in the morn, I kiss my hand
Westward toward you and cry,
"Here's hail unto my own, who suns himself
In my bright love, and sends this dawn
To tell me so!"

And every day

I cull my thoughts to send the fairest ones
To you. Ah, be content a little while,
Nor know my baser moods, my selfishness!
Keep all your thoughts of me as they are now,
So fine, and high, and chaste!

Haste not,

Dear love, your coming. Wait awhile! I dream,
In solitary twilight hours, how sweet,
How tender-sweet and pure your kiss will be, —
Your first kiss, love! Delay — lest it be past!

Elia W. Peattie.

TWO INTERPRETERS OF NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE is not only a demonstration of art, it is also the epigraph of civilization; and the succession of the historical styles is not merely a sequence of independent phenomena, not merely an alphabet of formulas, but visible evidence of the social, religious, and political conditions which have governed the progress of mankind. This fact, so familiar to us now, is one of the latest revelations of the nineteenth century; the knowledge of it is doing more to make architecture intelligible, to restore to it its proper and peculiar function among the fine arts, and to rehabilitate it than any other influence whatever. Indeed, among the architects of to-day, the necessity of such rehabilitation and the way to secure it were not made clearly apparent until the true relationship of the art which they studied and practiced to the time in which they lived had been thus revealed. They discovered that if it was to be once more a living art, they must work in the spirit of their environment; must cease to be merely archæological or eclectic, and learn how to free themselves from the enchantment of their own memories. They discovered that the architects of the great eras succeeded in producing distinction of style by losing their individualities in coöperation, and that the development of a modern style adequate to express modern civilization has been seriously interrupted and delayed by the failure of modern architects to work together in this spirit.

The best that can be said of the architecture of the nineteenth century is that it has been an architecture of exceptionally learned, ingenious, and accomplished individualities. It has been an art of experiments which have failed, and of revivals which have been fruitless. These individualities, with their consciousness highly educated and trained, have been

embarrassed rather than aided by their knowledge of the great achievements of the past. It does not seem to have occurred to them to appeal to the sympathies of the people by uttering their inspirations in the vulgar tongue, but they have labored with immense talent and ingenuity to interpret and apply dead languages. Their efforts have been reminiscent, excursive, and experimental. The architects have analyzed, theorized, disputed, and argued. They have formed schools, conserving classic or romantic traditions, — schools which have fallen apart because progress has been found to be impossible on merely archæological lines. Many of the individualities developed under these conditions have been brilliant and powerful, and have had a great following of lesser men. As the century has advanced, certain of these individualities have been inspired by nobler and loftier motives. The architecture of the century, because it has been nourished in the same soil that produced the electric telegraph, the telephone, and all the other triumphs of industrial art, has exhibited a certain sporadic vitality, and, conscious of the universal energy, has occasionally thrown out mighty branches full of the possibilities of a great fruition; but because it has not enjoyed the advantage of concentrated effort, it has not flowered as it flowered in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, still less as it flowered in the ages of Pericles and Augustus. In the Court of Honor and in the other official architecture of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, we have seen the best that can be given us by a refined scholarship, by a learned dilettantism, and by a skillful virtuosity. But this brilliant demonstration can hardly be accepted as the final consummation of the architectural spirit of the nineteenth century in America. The promise

of such a consummation is rather to be found in the later commercial buildings of our great cities, simply because these have been produced under conditions of commercial necessity, and through economical and social forces which were stronger than the conservative scholarship of the architects, and compelled them to enter with doubt and hesitation into a purely modern field of endeavor.

Under these circumstances the history of the architecture of the century is practically a history of individual achievements. In no other era of the art has the personal equation been so insistent. In no other era has the architect been so constrained by the consciousness of his personal moral responsibilities to his art.

Perhaps the genius of John Wellborn Root, of Chicago, which has just been set forth in admirable terms in his *Life* by Harriet Monroe,¹ is the most conspicuous and interesting as it certainly is the most prolific factor in these Plutarchian annals. The *Life* reveals the operations of an exceptionally sensitive and active intelligence, trained in the architecture of history, seasoned by the study of the masters, but peculiarly open to the influences of the present. It is especially worth while to consider the career of this man at this moment, because it presents a suggestive contrast to that of another architect, the pioneer of his profession in America, who lived nearly a hundred years before Root, and who practiced under conditions very different from those which inspired and perplexed his brother architect in our own day. This comparison is invited by the fortunate coincidence of the publication of the *Life* of the elder architect, Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, by his granddaughter.²

It is only of late years that the value of the services of this modest gentleman,

in interpreting to us in terms of architecture the spirit of the era in which he lived, has begun to be appreciated. He was born in Boston in 1763, practiced architecture in New England and in Washington, and died in 1844. John Wellborn Root was born in Georgia in 1850, practiced mainly in Chicago, and died untimely in 1893. There were thus but eighty-seven years between the beginnings of these two careers, but they were years of such unprecedented activity of development in all the arts of civilization, in the advancement of knowledge, and in the increase of resources that they seemed to bring about a radical change in the point of view of life and duty, and an immense complication and sophistication of ideals, especially in respect to architecture. Bulfinch, working in the midst of a community comparatively poor and provincial, unvexed by theories of art, produced in his long life of eighty-one years but forty-two buildings, principally state-houses, churches, court-houses, colleges, hospitals, and schools. Root, in his fruitful life of forty-three years, under the tremendous impulse of modern wealth and energy, was principally responsible, in the practice of the firm of which he was a member, for a series of buildings unprecedented in number as the productions of a single mind, unprecedented in aggregate value as investments of property, of great variety in style and character, and in several instances of a magnitude until then unattempted. These include forty-four structures of a public character, such as office buildings, hotels, churches, apartment houses, schools, and railway stations, in Chicago; twenty-five of the same class elsewhere; eight buildings to cost from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000 each, in process of erection at the time of his

¹ *The Life of John Wellborn Root.* By HARRIET MONROE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

² *Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch, Architect.* With Other Family Papers. Edited

by his Granddaughter, ELLEN SUSAN BULFINCH. With an Introduction by CHARLES A. CUMMINGS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

death; and one hundred and twenty residences. These structures were complicated by conditions of occupation and use unknown in the time of Bulfinch, — sanitary conditions as applied to plumbing and drainage, electrical conditions as applied to lighting, mechanical conditions as applied to elevators and heating, structural conditions as applied to fireproofing, and conditions of new material and methods, the application of which to structure and design involved a fundamental departure from nearly all the ideals handed down in the venerable traditions of architecture.

For reasons which will presently be made apparent, Root's work was often audaciously experimental in character, and, like that of his famous contemporary, Richardson, — a study of whose genius was printed in *The Atlantic Monthly* of November, 1886, shortly after his death, — was strongly impressed by the personality of the architect. Both of these modern architects, as men of high professional training, respected the traditions of their art, but both were so immersed in the tumultuous tide of life around them that they were but slightly impeded by the prejudices of archæological or scholastic conformity. The modern conditions of architectural expression could not be fairly met by any mere enlargement or combination of the great body of historical precedents which stood ready in their libraries to beguile and ensnare their creative powers.

On the other hand, Bulfinch knew only the formal, inelastic, stately language of the classic school as it was understood in his simpler and less spacious time; and there was nothing in the comparatively narrow and quiet life around him to tempt him from the orthodox lines of this form of art, or to offer any especial stimulus to his inventive faculties. His language of design was based mainly on the formulas furnished in the practice of the followers of Sir Christopher Wren in England. Of these, it is evident that his contem-

porary, Sir William Chambers, had the most marked influence upon his mind, and that the Somerset House of this master was to him a model of highest achievement. Nothing is more striking in the story of Bulfinch's career than the simplicity of his equipment as an architect. His art was hardly recognized by his fellow citizens as a profession, and outside of Paris there were no schools in which it was inculcated. His father, a physician and man of means, and of unusual breadth of mind, proposed for him a commercial life. But when the young man, after graduating from Harvard, was sent to Europe, in his twenty-second year, to liberalize his education and to enlarge his views, he was far less interested in commercial statistics and methods than in the modern buildings, which he studied with sufficient intelligence to confirm his natural predilections for architecture, to cultivate his instinct for proportions, to correct his judgment, and to furnish him with certain simple ideals of classic form and classic details. His library was limited to two or three standard books on the orders, several contemporary English works, mostly on rural architecture, and a very few archæological collections. During his tour he collected a few picturesque architectural prints and measured a few buildings, among them Wren's beautiful church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and his papers give evidence that he made some special studies in perspective.

Untempted and unsophisticated by such affluence of literary resource as besets the modern architect, he was enabled to develop his artistic instincts in peace and prosperity upon the safe and simple lines established by the usage of his time. These instincts, thus guided and confined, were fastidious and correct, but they were not sustained or illustrated by any especial skill in graphic delineation, and, from the modern architect's point of view, the few drawings left to us from his hand are of the most

elementary character. But he was a man of sound practical judgment and of recognized probity and prudence; whatever creative powers he possessed were always subjected to the correction of authority and precedent, and were thus protected from the dangers of illiterate aberrations or capricious invention. The letters quoted by his granddaughter and his own fragment of autobiography give few, if any, indications of a habit of architectural thought or speculation, and we look in vain among them for evidences of critical insight or study, or for expressions of enthusiasm or aspiration, such as fill the diaries and correspondence of every modern student of art. He seemed to be essentially a man of reason, cool and self-restrained, rather than a man of sentiment. As such, perhaps, he better commended himself to his fellow citizens as one to be trusted with the conduct of affairs. When he received his commission to build the State-House of Massachusetts he was but thirty-one years of age, but already he had been a member of the board of selectmen of Boston for four years. While practicing as architect, he was chairman of the board continuously for twenty-one years. Indeed, his qualities as a good citizen were held in such high esteem that when, by some unexplained vicissitude of local politics, he failed of reelection to the board, every elected member immediately resigned; and, on a second trial, he was reinstated by a large majority.

Meanwhile, his architectural work, adjusted to the conditions of a community stable and polite, but without great wealth or exacting standards of taste, was in complete accord with his character as a citizen, and was remarkable for purity, temperance, and an entire freedom from excess or affectation. To the eye of the young student of the present day his constant sense of propriety seems sometimes to border on prudery; but if his play of fancy found abundant

scope in an occasional and somewhat reluctant indulgence in the conventional garland or urn of the style which he followed, it must be admitted that he thoroughly understood and respected its formulas of detail and proportion, and never disobeyed its rules.

It is important to observe that in those days the public mind had not been debauched, as is now the case, by a profuse banquet of conflicting styles which it could not assimilate or digest. The true meaning and value of Greek architecture had not been revealed; Gothic architecture had not been analyzed, and as yet it had absolutely no message for the modern mind. There were no theories of the development of the historic styles, and no experiments in reviving them. The wild vagaries which, twenty years after Bulfinch's death, constituted the vernacular architecture of America had not begun to disturb the dreams of the builders who, nourished by the simple and wholesome diet of such handbooks as Nicholson's *Carpenters' Guide*, developed in peace and simplicity of mind that narrow but highly respectable and consistent system of forms which our students are now conscientiously measuring, and our architects carefully imitating with all the respect due to "the Old Colonial." This style, if it may be so called, commends itself to us because it took shape without affectation while adjusting itself to the social requirements of the time. Its highest aim was to be scholastically "correct," and it was "correct" whether applied to the stately mansion of a New England merchant or Virginia planter, or to the porch of the humblest farmhouse.

Bulfinch, having studied modern architecture in England and France, and having observed the works of the Italian masters in northern Italy in his hurried tour, was in position to make a valuable contribution towards the correction of the provincial element in the Old Colonial, and he made this correction with

such modesty, discretion, and dignity that in these modern days we cannot witness the desecration or disappearance of any of his few remaining works, so unaffected, so impersonal, so expressive of the spirit of his time, without a pang of regret. For the qualities which were great enough and rare enough to distinguish them above all the other works of his time and country are qualities particularly refreshing to the modern architectural mind, perplexed as it is by a multitude of conflicting ideas, sophisticated as it is by theories of design, and dissatisfied as it is because these theories fail in their application to practice.

Owing to the necessities of rigid economy which he was compelled to observe, nearly all of Bulfinch's works are simple to bareness; and yet no modern attempt to enrich them has made them better works of art, and no attempt has been made to enlarge or extend them, as in the Massachusetts General Hospital, without detriment to their harmony of proportion. Thus, the modern student, in the midst of his studies of architectural magnificence and luxury, can learn and is learning from these modest buildings what difficult and almost unattainable virtues may be concealed in simplicity. Though these works give evidence of natural taste informed by observation and corrected by study rather than of genius or inspiration, though they are decent and orderly rather than ingenious or original, they contain the essential elements of good architecture, and justify the assumption that Bulfinch needed only the opportunity to produce work equal to the best contemporary monuments of his time in England or America.

When at last in 1818 he was summoned to Washington to complete the work of Thornton and Latrobe on the national Capitol, he accepted the large responsibilities with a reluctance due, not to a want of confidence in his abilities, but to an honorable fear lest, in supplanting Latrobe, he should seem in any way

to be interfering with the just rights of his predecessor. Unfortunately, the main architectural features of this great building had been settled before his work began. But to him must be credited the great western central portico, and the steps and terraces which form the monumental approach on that side: and these may be accepted as the best features of the original central building of the Capitol.

The good taste and discretion which Miss Bulfinch has exhibited in uncovering this modest but honorable and useful career to the light of modern days are what might have been expected from the granddaughter of such a man. We recognize in his life a refreshing aroma of old-fashioned precision and domesticity, and incidentally it is an interesting revelation of the conditions of society in Boston and Washington in the early years of the century. The illustrations of his works are adequate to explain the high esteem in which they are held not only by all who love architecture as an art, but by those who are able to recognize in their characteristic and unconscious variations from the canonical forms of the Old World the promise and potentiality of a new civilization.

Bulfinch's career as an architect had closed when the town of Chicago was thought worthy of incorporation as a city. Twenty-eight years after his death, it was the second city of the Union, and the scene of the beginning of the career of John Wellborn Root. There is a significance in this transition from the respectable tranquillity of Boston when the elder architect, the pioneer of his profession in America, was practicing his art with a serenity born of the simplicity of the conditions around him and of the entire absence of a competitor, to the prosperous confusion of Chicago when the new firm of Burnham & Root were challenging the irrepressible and strenuous world around them for employment. In the intervening years, more full of

human experience than cycles of Cathay, new ideals had arisen, and, by a series of vain experiments, architecture, which had fallen behind in the race, was seeking recognition as one of the essential attributes of civilization. But it was no longer an art of formulas, punctilious, academic, absolute; it had thrown off the despotism of classic traditions, and had attempted revivals of every style which had made an impression on the history of architecture. Though the classic formulas still served as the basis of professional training, they were rarely respected in practice; mediæval archæology had tempted the student away from discipline, and he was amusing himself with travesties of every known demonstration of romantic art. He had become either a learned architectural agnostic or an eclectic virtuoso without solid convictions. Meanwhile, technical skill had advanced prodigiously, and the ingenuity and inventive powers of the architects were taxed to the utmost by the exactions of practical requirements which seemed to make the practice of an academic art impossible.

Root found himself in the midst of a conflict of faiths without fixed ideals, and at the mercy of transient fashions and capricious revivals. This was especially true in the tempestuous West, where the stimulus of immense opportunities and the noise of an unprecedented industrial activity were singularly unfavorable to serious thought and scholarly reserve. The architectural demonstrations of this era in the West were for the most part in a condition of illiterate anarchy, forming, however, a recognizable vernacular, of which the only good characteristic was that it adjusted itself without resistance to the fulfillment of practical needs. But this state of things could not last among an ambitious people, anxious to wear all the insignia of high civilization. This vernacular art prevailed only through a time of expectant probation, and there were not wanting certain trained intel-

ligences eager to give to this abundant but disorderly vitality a direction toward a truer and more worthy art. Among these the young firm of Burnham & Root was destined to be preëminent.

It was the good fortune of Root to be dedicated to art even from his birth, and he speedily developed an intelligence singularly alert and warmly sympathetic with every demonstration of beauty in nature and art. The gradual unfolding of the flower of his mind under influences of nature rather than of books is set forth in his *Life* by Miss Monroe with all the literary skill which we have a right to expect from a poet, and all the affectionate detail which is natural to one so nearly associated with the most active part of Root's career. Yet the narrative is not too redundant, and little is said which is not essential to the proper comprehension of the growth of a vigorous mind from a youth joyous and sunny to a manhood full of sweetness and light. It does not need the success which finally crowned his career to justify even the two hundred and eighty pages of this story. From a psychological point of view alone, it was worth writing as a study of the development of character. But our immediate concern relates only to the professional side of this interesting personality, because it was destined to become a notable force in what we believe will presently be recognized as an important transition in the history at least of American architecture.

His education, unlike that of the very few men in his profession who may dispute preëminence with him, was not academic, and when his instincts first turned him seriously to this art, he did not enjoy the inestimable advantages of education in a properly equipped school of architecture. He was not even studious as a youth. His love of art was inspired by nature; it was kept from going astray by his own strong intelligence; and it was instructed far more by independent observation and experience than by care-

ful preliminary training. Every form of art was welcomed by him with eager instinctive appreciation, and his creative longings found relief and expression in music and painting nearly as happily as in architecture. In mind and body alike he was healthy and powerful, and his physical and mental qualities were in complete accord, one aiding the other.

From his home in Georgia he was sent to school in England during the desolation of the war for the Union, the steamer which conveyed him running the blockade of Wilmington, North Carolina. Here he remained two years, and passed the examinations for Oxford; but he did not matriculate there. On his return to the United States after the war he entered the University of the City of New York, where, as if to counteract the obvious dangers of his innate romantic liberalism, he devoted himself to the most exact of the sciences and took the strict engineering course, graduating with the highest honors in 1869. Here, as elsewhere, his active mind imbibed knowledge by intuition rather than by effort; here, as elsewhere, he was confessed a natural leader, and drew all hearts to him in affection by the ardor of his sympathies, and all minds to him in admiration by the versatility of his genius. While in New York he passed one year as student in the office of Mr. Renwick, where his natural taste for romantic forms of art was stimulated and informed, and another year in the office of Mr. Snook, where he obtained a certain amount of practical experience and some small training, perhaps, in classic art. With this meagre technical outfit, but with a heart of healthy virile ambition, he went to Chicago a few weeks after the great fire, and entered the office of Carter, Drake & Wright. Here he met Burnham, and in 1873 was prompted to enter with him into that fortunate partnership of mind and heart which was destined to be profitable not to them only, but, in a far larger sense, to the

advancement of an architecture adequate to stand for our new civilization.

These four short years of personal contact, as student and draughtsman, with the ordinary practice of the profession do not of course account for Root the architect. In fact, they were comparatively an unimportant incident in the formative part of his career. His natural genius — which, as his biographer says, was “a happy union of invention and facility” — might have made him merely a brilliant dilettante, had it not been combined with a mind of such peculiar sanity and force, such quickness and certainty of apprehension, as in some degree to balance and guide his ebullient enthusiasm without the aid of academic discipline. Indeed, he was one of the very few architects of whom it may be said that they were born, not made; for the education and training essential to qualify his natural inspiration for the service of mankind seemed to come to him more with the growth of his own observant intellect than from ordinary processes of study. But we shall have occasion to note that throughout his life the absence of a systematic grounding in the classics left him too free and unrestrained, too much at the mercy of his own moods. The delicate feeling for proportion and for refinement and precision of detail, which, as he himself acknowledged, can be obtained only from a study of Greek and Roman architecture in the schools, could not come to him as an instinct or as an inspiration.

Another essential element in the development of this man's career was the fortunate influence of his friend and partner, Burnham, whose zeal, no less cordial and fervent than that of Root, was tempered by a personal force and by an administrative capacity which the world had cause later to recognize in the organization of the architecture of the Columbian Exposition. This warm sympathy and strong effectual support gave to Root the opportunity to develop

his genius in peace and prosperity, and undoubtedly encouraged, protected, and chastened it. The activity of his inventive powers and the graphic facility with which he gave immediate expression to his quick conceptions often needed just that sort of cool, corrective judgment and discreet restraint outside of himself, which were supplied almost unconsciously by his partner. The fame which justly belongs to him because of the large results which he achieved cannot be diminished by a frank acknowledgment of this noble indebtedness.

Root's work, so controlled, was the most potent influence in the elimination from the American vernacular style of all those characteristic elements of ignorant caprice, of vulgar pretense and lawlessness, which made it so hopeless. "Yet," cried Root bravely, "somewhere in this mass of ungoverned energies lies the principle of life!" This principle he undertook to set free that it might do its work unimpeded, and, by the silent but mighty force of good examples, he succeeded in obliterating all that had given to this vernacular its recognizable external character, and left only the hidden but germinating seed, — its ready adaptability to practical needs. Indeed, it was necessary to destroy this uncouth amalgam of forms, which really constituted the vernacular of America, before he could reform it; and he brought to this new labor of Hercules a spirit far more essentially American than that which had made the vernacular possible. He was, in fact, the most American of all the architects who have impressed themselves upon the history of our national art. His practice, the volume of which, as we have said, was unprecedented, was affected by no academic prejudices, no pride of archæological learning, no stiffness of conformity to conventional formulas or creeds, to prevent him from adjusting himself with the utmost frankness to American conditions as he found them, or from an

honest endeavor to express these conditions in terms of architecture. Yet he knew the past thoroughly, and with all the sympathies of his poetic nature had saturated himself with the spirit of the romantic styles, especially of the vigorous Southern Romanesque, which the genius of Richardson had revived to continue its astonishing career of development in the New World, and of some of the latest demonstrations of the picturesque Gothic of France and the Low Countries. The grammar of these styles he knew as well as their poetry, but he never suffered himself to be controlled by them. Like a skillful writer, he was too sure of his style to be cramped by it. The exotic forms simply enriched and enlarged his vocabulary without making it unintelligible to the people whom he desired to interest. His reformed vernacular was without affectations of learning on the one hand, and without vulgarity or slang on the other. The designs which he made under these convictions of duty were scarcely scholarly in the conventional and academic sense, but they all bore the impress of a deep respect for knowledge and of an insight into the spirit of the styles. They were literary without being pedantic. He aimed also to have them American without that insolent disregard of historical precedent, that affectation of contempt for the great masters, which had been the principal characteristic of the indigenous architecture of the West.

It would have been a miracle if this young man, working in this exalted spirit, in the midst of a community which knew not how to criticise him with discretion, had made no mistakes. He himself admitted that he was "the victim of his own moods, — too facile always carelessly to reconsider his designs." Indeed, his ideal was ever far in advance of his works, and in looking back upon them he was accustomed to express his dissatisfaction with the utmost frankness. He seemed to outgrow his own productions

as fast as they were executed. Like a true artist, he progressed by his errors, which were a constant spur to higher endeavor.

Meanwhile, this rapid sequence of new buildings, each with a clear message of fitness and beauty, began to awaken in the public a new interest. When, for the first time, examples of good art, not speaking in a strange tongue with quotations from the classics, but expressed with elegance and force in terms not entirely unintelligible, appeared upon the streets of the principal city of the West, it became evident that they had no uncertain mission there. The architecture of pretense began forthwith to disappear, with all its bragging assumptions in galvanized iron and jig-sawed wood; façades decorated capriciously, like a bureau or a bedstead, were no longer built. They affronted the aroused intelligence of the people. The tongue-tied language which the builders had been vainly trying to invent to express their inspirations withal gave place to a far more copious vocabulary and a far more grammatical system of forms, the literate product of all the civilizations. The times were ripe for reform, and reform came, not like a fashion to be soon replaced by another, but like a revelation of light. Of course there were many thoughtless imitations and echoes of details and motifs from Root's work, but the most characteristic evidence of a healthy change was not in the copying of his work, but in the observance of the broad principles of design which he urged, publicly and privately, whenever opportunity presented. It should be admitted that change was inevitable with the rapid advance of Western civilization, and with the advent of trained minds into the profession of architecture, and it would probably have taken place in due time had Root never appeared upon the scene; but certainly it was his fortune to hasten it, and to confer upon it the wholesome local character.

The rapidity and completeness of the conquest over the old style, which had grown out of the crude conditions of the frontier towns, have no parallel in the history of architecture, and present a curious contrast to the slow and reluctant transitions of the past. The vital energy in the civilization of the West promptly rejected the lagging vernacular which represented only its least essential characteristics, and gladly recognized in the new types a more competent architectural expression.

The career which was the principal agent in bringing about such a result as this is worthy of careful analysis. Fortunately, the comprehension of the motives which underlay this career, the aspirations which quickened it, the methods and ideals which gave it form and character, need not wait upon the slow, uncertain processes of inference and deduction, for they are revealed with unusual clearness by Root himself in his occasional addresses and essays, and in the frankness and fullness of his conversations.

"Heart affluence of discursive talk,

From household fountains never dry,"

opened his inner life to his friends, and it found unreserved expression in his correspondence.

The contrast between the modest reticence of Bulfinch and Root's freedom of self-revelation is significant of something more than a difference of temperament. The former knew only a sort of orthodox art, bounded by formulas and defined by precepts, which made comparatively small demand upon his moral and intellectual resources. He had but to follow an accepted academic technique with elegant discretion, and his work was over without any strain upon his conscience. But Root, like all of his professional brothers in these modern days, had a vast embarrassing inheritance at his disposal, including all that had been done in the history of the world to express beauty in form under

every mood and impulse of creative art. To use this inheritance wisely there were required exhaustive investigation and study, and an appeal not only to reason and taste, but to conscience. There was a right way and a wrong way to use it. The wrong way was that of the indiscriminating eclectic or the fashionable revivalist. The right way was the way of the true artist, and could be discovered only through a final settlement of the question as to how this rich inheritance should affect his creative powers, and how it should be reconciled with his obvious duties as an architect of the nineteenth century.

The most active men in the profession — not necessarily the most successful, but those who have brought to their work the most illuminated intelligence — are not content to let this question settle itself in course of time. They cultivate a sense of duty; they seek for philosophical rather than merely scholastic convictions, and in this quest are ready to face all the perils of bold experiment in design.

Thus, Root, with mind alert and conscience aroused, formulated his impressions that he might not be lost in vain speculations, and challenged the sympathies of his friends in open discussion. No architects of any previous century had ever such processes to pass through before making up their minds as to their duties. They had only to float, unquestioning, with the tide of their own civilization. The modern architect has to take into account all the civilizations of the past. If he is ignorant of these civilizations or chooses to neglect them, he finds himself groveling in the crude vernacular of fifteen years ago.

Miss Monroe, with admirable intelligence, enriches forty-seven pages of her book with copious and well-chosen extracts from some of the numerous papers in which Root gave himself lavishly to architectural students or laymen seeking counsel. These papers are not merely

perfunctory essays, but cordial expositions of his professional creed, of his methods of thought and study, of his relations to his clients and his art, and, in short, of all the operations of his mind while engaged in processes of design. No architect ever took the public into his confidence with greater frankness and sincerity, or ever more unconsciously justified himself. "The vigorous modernity of Western life," says his biographer, "appealed to his imagination as a strong artistic motive, as much entitled to respect as any motive of the hallowed past." This was the first article of his professional creed, and the evidences of it appear not only, in various forms, in what he said, but in all that he did as an architect. He studied his environment, he discovered its essential spirit, and he made it the inspiration of his best, most characteristic, and most prolific work. To the layman these pages of extracts are a revelation of the dignity and noble functions of architecture, and to the student of the art they are a liberal education and a vigorous stimulant; to all they reveal a man extraordinary in liberality and breadth of view, in adaptability and sincerity, in sweetness and strength. Other men in the profession have been more learned, but none have made a better use of what they knew, and surely none have had such an inspiring opportunity to express it.

Many architects of education affect to consider that a conscious effort to assist in the creation of national style is unnecessary; that national style will come, without special effort of theirs, in its own way and in its own time; and that meanwhile, like their great predecessors, they have only to "float with the tide." We have said that Root's example has had a great effect in the West in preparing for an artistic and reasonable, and not a mere accidental differentiation of modern architectural forms in America from all others. That this was

not brought about by any process of indifferent or indolent "floating" is evident not only from his professional work, but from the tone of all his literary exposition. We venture to quote passages from various essays and addresses.

"To rightly estimate," he says, "an essentially modern building, therefore, it must not be viewed solely from an archæological standpoint. 'Periods' and 'styles' are all well enough, but you may be sure that whenever in the world there was a period or style of architecture worth preserving, its inner spirit was so closely fitted to the age wherein it flourished that the style could not be fully preserved, either by people who immediately succeeded it or by us after many years."

"We fight our battles behind bulwarks made of stays and ruffs, laces and ribbons, baggy and tight trousers, snuff-boxes and smelling-salts, 'Queen Anne' gables and 'Neo-Jacobean' bays and 'Romanesque' turrets; battlements behind which we risk our professional lives to-day, and which to-morrow we blow into oblivion with a sneer. For our own self-respect, for the dignity of our own position, for the sake of an architecture which shall have within it some vital germ, let us come out from our petticoat fortress and fight our battles in open field. In science and literature, in art, is heard, loudly calling, the voice of reason. For any branch of human knowledge or imagination or aspiration to shut itself from this cry is death."

"It will be seen that this tends directly against the literal use of historic styles. True. But so much the better for the styles as we understand them. A style has never been made by copying with the loving care of a Dryasdust some preceding style. Styles grow by the careful study of all the conditions which lie about each architectural problem; and thus while each will have its distinct differentiation from all others,

broad influences of climate, of national habits and institutions, will in time create the type, and this is the only style worth considering. This position is reasonable and is susceptible of rational statement."

"Architecture is so noble a profession that to allow its influence to be swayed by ephemeral fashions, to make its creations things lightly considered and cheaply wrought, is the basest of crimes."

"Architecture is, like every other art, born of its age and environment. So the new type will be found by us, if we do find it, through the frankest possible acceptance of every requirement of modern life in all of its conditions, without regret for the past or idle longing for a future and more fortunate day; this acceptance being accompanied by the intelligent and sympathetic study of the past in the spirit of aspiring emulation, not servile imitation. If the new art is to come, I believe it will be a rational and steady growth from practical conditions outward and upward toward a more or less spiritual expression, and that no man has the right to borrow from another age an architectural idea evolved from the life of that age, unless it fits our life as normally and fully as it fitted the other."

After describing in detail the effect of the new conditions of structure and use developed in the evolution of the modern office building, he says:—

"To other and older types of architecture these new problems are related as the poetry of Darwin's evolution is to other poetry. They destroy, indeed, many of the most admirable and inspiring of architectural forms, but they create forms adapted to the expression of new ideas and new aspects of life. Here vagaries of fashion and temporary fancies should have no influence; here the arbitrary dicta of self-constituted architectural prophets should have no voice. Every one of these problems should be rationally worked out alone, and each

should express the character and aims of the people related to it. I do not believe it is possible to exaggerate the importance of the influence which may be exerted for good or evil by these distinctively modern buildings. Hedged about by many unavoidable conditions, they are either gross and self-asserting shams, untrue both in the material realization of their aims and in their art function as expressions of the deeper spirit of the age, or they are sincere, noble, and enduring monuments to the broad and beneficent commerce of the age."

These expressions of noble rebellion against those architectural conventions which, however beautiful and fascinating to the man of education, have no power of progression in the strenuous atmosphere of the New World or of adjustment to its new requirements, and are consequently sterile, are entirely consistent with the character of Root's executed work. This is copiously and on the whole well set forth in his *Life* by forty-eight text illustrations, and twenty-four full-page etchings, drawings, and gelatine reproductions of his own sketches, which, when considered consecutively in the order of execution, show just that sort of consistent and steady progression which we have a right to expect as the outward expression of an active mind in a continuous state of development. There were, of course, occasional interruptions

and aberrations in this series of graphic presentments which indicate how this eager intelligence was experimenting according to the variation of its moods and inspirations. But its essential progress was vindicated by the fact that Root rarely repeated an error, or failed in his subsequent works to make the best use of a success. His last works were his greatest; they were full of his native energy, and gave no suggestion of fatigue or of any desire to rest upon the laurels he had won.

The series of studies for the general architectural scheme of the World's Fair, executed by him while the preliminary projects were taking shape, furnishes a remarkable proof of the fertility of his professional resources, of the exuberance of his poetic temperament, and of his fidelity to his convictions regarding a national architecture. It was at the close of this period of stress and enthusiasm, when the organization for the carrying out of this great work had been completed, that he was overtaken by death.

The sudden and untimely interruption of this really great career has a peculiar pathos to us who remain behind to enjoy the best fruits of it; but to him we may imagine that there has come at last the supreme reward of the artist-soul in a final settlement of all his doubts and a final full realization of his ideal. "*Finis coronat opus.*"

Henry Van Brunt.

A PORTABLE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.

THE inductive method has revolutionized the practice of teaching in biology, chemistry, and physics. It has substituted the laboratory and experiment by the student for the textbook and the experiment by the master, and the old museum, arranged to catch the eye and excite curiosity, has given place to one

of orderly types, arranged to show the evolutionary process. There are signs that the change has gone too far, and that more cautious scientific men are embarrassed by the empiricism which creeps in under the name of science. Manipulation has its place, and no one will dispute the accepted doctrine that a

boy will do better work in science if his eye and hand have been trained by early practice; but there comes a time, extending through the latter part of his secondary and the former part of his collegiate training, when it is indispensable that he should acquaint himself with the results of scientific investigation and master the formulas of its laws by mental exercises which are largely independent of manipulation; later, there comes the period when, as a special investigator, he resorts to the laboratory once more for the greater part of his time.

The new method of teaching has found eager followers in other departments of knowledge. How strongly has been felt the example of science will be recognized by any one who notes the change in teaching in law, where cases form the laboratory; in history, where original documents are resorted to; in literature, where texts take the place of textbooks; and in psychology, which sends its students to the dissecting-table. There can be no question that a great impetus has been given by the natural sciences, as they used to be called, to the mental sciences in all grades of educational work. The need for caution here is not so great. Yet in one field, that of history, there are even now indications of waste of energy and misdirected zeal, springing from an indiscriminating appeal to the inductive method with its laboratory and its typical museums. Students of history in college are bidden make special investigations, and are sent to hunt up original authorities, with the view to becoming acquainted with history at first hand and working out their own philosophy. The masters of secondary and even of grammar schools are caught by the same spirit. They are for discarding a single textbook, and set their pupils at topical study, picking out their facts from a library of books, and constructing their historic wholes out of a miscellaneous assortment of materials.

Now and then a student of marked

aptitude for such work will succeed in finding his way, and now and then a teacher with a genius for stimulating a class will carry his boys and girls with him, and give them a genuine faculty for intelligent search after causes in the development of civilization; but such a method as we have referred to really belongs in the advanced stage of intellectual activity. It may not begin with graduate work, but it ought to become most serious and definite there; it has a subordinate place in undergraduate work; it is attended with great risks in secondary schools, and it degenerates into a farce in schools of lower grade.

There is a true analogy in the process which goes on in the study of history with that which belongs to the most effective study of science. Of course, the number of objects to be handled or experimented with is greater and more accessible to the young student in science than in history, but the pedagogical principle is the same. The boy who visits historical sites in his neighborhood is using the same method as when he is becoming familiar with plants and birds or making his first experiments in physics. But as the textbook in science may early deposit specific facts and laws in his mind which he has no means of verifying by observation, and as, through his secondary school and college course, he may continue to acquire his knowledge of science through systematic presentation of these facts and laws, qualifying himself thereby for a return to manipulation with expanded faculties, so in history his course, in his earlier years, must manifestly be mainly a dependence on authorities who have themselves made first-hand investigation, and he will issue into the field of original research all the better equipped for having done faithful, obedient work in the humble capacity of a learner.

It is in the earlier stages of his historical study that what may be called the museum, as distinguished from the labo-

ratory, plays an important part. The real start of a student in history is in an attachment to some actual place or person, and the business of a good teacher is, not to set his boys and girls to investigating, but to give them something to admire. The best of our school historical textbooks are not too much alive, and the worst of them are infectiously dead. The child is interested in the story of history, and that is where teaching should begin. Now, every relic in a museum, every good historical picture, has a story attached to it, and the story is the starting-point of history.

We have been led into this train of thought by glancing at the new illustrated edition of Dr. John Fiske's *American Revolution*.¹ Museums of history are not as frequent as we wish they were, yet libraries throughout the country almost always collect in their halls some objects of local interest. But just as well-ordered museums of natural history supply the lack of real objects by casts of those objects, so the photograph and the plaster cast are making it possible for schools and homes to have most serviceable museums of history. After all, however, the most convenient and possible historical museum is the illustrated book, and when any book dealing with history is as well equipped as this edition of *The American Revolution*, it is a distinct reinforcement of teacher and student; for the important characteristic of this book is the absence of merely imaginative and so far fictitious illustrations. It is true there are compositions like Trumbull's historical paintings here reproduced, but these have the value of portraiture by a painter close to the time. The only exception we note is in the copy of Leutze's preposterous picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, which has no excuse for presence in the book save the feeble one of long associ-

ation in the public mind. The positive gain is in the definite representation of actual places, persons, and objects.

The portraits, especially, are of great value. They vivify the men and women of history, and they have been chosen with great care. We see the same portraits of our heroes so often that a fresh one has a singular power of enlarging our notion of the person. The portrait of Franklin at a table reading at once gives a new aspect, and any one who has been accustomed to the benevolent full face, as in Duplessis's familiar picture, will be delighted at this unexpected revelation. The photogravures, moreover, are so rich in tone that such well-known portraits as those given of Sam Adams and Patrick Henry have almost the effect of novelty. The method employed throughout of putting before the eye really interesting pictures, and making them distinctly throw light on the text, is made more effective by the admirable notes to the illustrations supplied by the author in the List of Illustrations. This list is, in fact, the catalogue of the museum.

We have singled out this work because it so clearly points the way to what may be done in reinforcing historical study in a rational spirit. Such a book as this and the illustrated edition of Green's *Short History of the English People*, which appears to have been its exemplar, bring the true sort of aid to historical reading. They give what the historian cannot give, the appeal to the eye, and they serve to make more real to the imagination the figures of the past with which the historian is engaged. We have no fear that American history will be uninviting to young Americans so long as Dr. John Fiske tells the story, and is able to lead the reader at the same time through a gallery of portraits and a historical museum.

¹ *The American Revolution*. By JOHN FISKE. Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, Facsimiles, Contemporary Views, Prints, and Other Histor-

ical Materials. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

SCIENCE.

While private publishing establishments are necessarily confined more or less closely to the production of works of a popular character, our national government, fortunately, has the facilities for bringing out expensive technical books which could hardly be expected to pay for themselves in open market; and it is to be hoped that no exigencies of economy will ever prevent the publication of such works as the exhaustive Treatise on the Deep-Sea and Pelagic Fishes of the World, which, with the title of Oceanic Ichthyology, by George Brown Goode and Tarleton H. Bean, has recently been issued as Special Bulletin No. 2 of the U. S. National Museum. The progress in the study of deep-sea fishes in the last twenty years has been marvelous, and to realize this the reader has only to turn from the preface, in which the number of species known twenty years ago is made twenty at the outside, and glance through the atlas of 123 plates with 417 figures, representing about as many species of such an infinite variety of form that even in the wildest flights of the imagination one could hardly *invent* a fish which could not find its counterpart in nature. An added interest attaches to this work on account of the recent death of one of its authors, Dr. Goode, the distinguished Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the National Museum. Of a somewhat more popular though no less scientific character is Special Bulletin No. 3 of the Museum, also recently issued,—a continuation of Major Bendire's valuable and interesting work on the Life Histories of North American Birds, the first volume of which was published a few years ago. The present volume begins with the parrots, and carries the work along, in the order adopted by the American Ornithologists' Union, through the grackles. Good biographies of the birds are given, with a notable amount of original matter, almost the only quotations being from the author's correspondents. We are glad to see that particular attention is paid to some details in the breeding habits which have hitherto been generally overlooked, such as the

length of the period of incubation and the time in which the young remain in the nest, and whether or not the male assists in sitting. A curious and rather misleading habit of the author is that of giving each rendering of a bird's note twice in succession, regardless of the bird's own habit in this respect,—as if one "Conk-que-reeh" of the red-winged blackbird, for instance, were an incomplete song without another to follow it. Seven lithographic plates of eggs with 201 figures complete the book, and are very satisfying in their beauty and fidelity to nature.—The Biological Problem of To-Day, by Prof. Dr. Oscar Hertwig. Translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell. (Macmillan.) In this volume, which to the student of microscopic anatomy would appear simple, and which to the lay mind is made as intelligible as possible by means of a glossary of technical terms, Professor Hertwig discusses the theory of preformation as advocated by Weismann, and contrasts it with the theory of epigenesis as held by Herbert Spencer, himself, and others. He attacks Weismann's theory of differentiating division in the germplasm, as well as his theory of determinants, proving by many examples of cell-doubling, and of epigenesis from gravity, position of yolk, and external influences, changes of form that no theory of determinants could account for. The whole work is devoted to this proof that Weismann's hypothesis of determinants (miniatures of the developed organism in embryo) does not and cannot account for the developed organisms we see in life, thus destroying the theory of hereditary particles in the germplasm. He seems to do this quite conclusively.

FICTION.

It has been a pleasure, repeated at intervals the past few years, to have in convenient form collections of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's stories, but the pleasure is heightened at this time in the appearance of *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (Houghton) by the light thread of identity of place and character on which the stories are strung. Miss Jewett has, in effect, made a seacoast of her own, a mirage lifted just above the

horizon of actual land, and peopled it with figures that are images of reality, also. She herself moves among them, and her warm sympathy is the breath of life which animates them. Her art has devised no more enchanted country, or given a more human substance to the creatures of her imagination. The book has the freshness of Deephaven with the mellowness of matured power.—Mrs. Wiggin's *Marm Lisa* (Houghton) has already found readers in *The Atlantic*, and we are glad that in the separate publication the story has no intrusion of any draughtsman's conception of the characters who carry on the tale. For a large part of the secret of Mrs. Wiggin's power lies in her vivid portraiture, not so much of face and figure as of character itself; and it is a pity to limit the free imagination of the reader by an individualization which proceeds from a single form of interpretation. The author's art is clearly taking on a fixedness of design, when she can escape the peril of a merely humanitarian attitude toward her heroine, and can yet intimate, as subtly as she does, the process by which a stunted life flowers forth into something very like beauty.—We are told on the fly-leaf of *The Sprightly Romance of Marsae*, by Molly Elliot Seawell (Scribners), that the little story now offered to the public in book form took a prize of three thousand dollars given by the *New York Herald* in 1895. This may or may not be considered in its favor by those who now see it for the first time. We are inclined to think that the lively little sketch has not fulfilled its real destiny till it goes through yet one more transformation and is dramatized as a farce. The absence of descriptive passages and the incessant action and lively dialogue make it seem almost a play as it now stands, and a few changes would convert it into an amusing "curtain-raiser." The book is creditably free from padding, — perhaps because it was written for a newspaper public, — and we are carried swiftly down the stream of absurdity and impossibility, hardly realizing how preposterous are the situations which are made to seem plausible by Miss Seawell's lively pen. There is sometimes too much of American colloquialism in parts to make us quite believe in the French blood of the little troop of Parisians among whom we are set down, but as a whole we find the

story an amusing and readable one, — neither more nor less than what the author calls it, a "sprightly romance."—*Limitations, a Novel*, by E. F. Benson (Harpers), proves a most encouraging exception to the general rule that after an author has written one successful story he has touched the high-water mark of his talent, and that other works from the same pen are as unnecessary as they are inevitable. This story is modern in the best sense of the word, — full of analysis, but void of unhealthiness, — and there is an underlying seriousness running through the book which keeps the brightness from being too frothy. Two delightful characters are described, Maud Wrexham and Tom Carlingford, who in different ways and by different means come to "acquiesce in their limitations." She fails to win the love of the man she cares for; he misses the opportunity of developing a genius for sculpture of the ideal Greek style, and prostitutes his talent to the producing of small but salable statuettes. He is hampered by narrow means and a wife whom Maud Wrexham describes as "a divinely beautiful cow;" but he loves his wife faithfully to the last page, and any suggestion of sadness we feel on closing the volume comes, not from any tragic incidents in the plot, but from the pathos of blighted enthusiasms and shattered ideals. *Limitations* stands high among novels of its class. It is simple, sincere, and subtle, and in no wise written for effect, though much of the dialogue is in the Dodo-ese order of brightness. Mr. Benson is always clever; he can always write something we like to talk about, and he can sometimes write something we like to think about.—*Nephelê*, by Francis William Bourdillon (New Amsterdam Book Company), is a romance of the school in which Marie Corelli is high-priestess. The ethereal love-affair — born of an intense love and genius for music — between a dreamy Oxford student and a young lady with "supra-earthly" and "worship-worthy" eyes, runs through one hundred and sixty-five pages, and soon wearies us with its false spirituality and would-be mysticism. We close the book feeling that a draught from the waters of realism, muddy though they be, would be more health-giving than the double-distilled decoction Mr. Bourdillon pours slowly out for us. The story has no-

thing specially distinctive to separate it from others of its class, and works like *Nephelê* do not tend to make skeptics believers, but serve rather to make believers skeptical of the good accomplished by authors who try to popularize the occult. — *A Rebellious Heroine*, a story by John Kendrick Bangs (Harpers), describes in serio-comic vein the trials of a young writer of the realistic school who finds himself unable to control the actions of the unruly heroine of a romance he is writing. She will not fall in love with his hero, she will not be caught in the snares of the villain, and, after causing the author to destroy many half-finished novels because of her rebelliousness, she ends by making him fall in love with her himself. There are clever things in the story, for it is written with Mr. Bangs's usual facile pen, but much of the working out of the slight scheme is forced, and we must confess to being bored by the too obvious effort to amuse. Mr. Bangs's humor seems always deliberate rather than spontaneous, and we feel convinced that as his ambition is to entertain and divert his readers, he would be far funnier if "he never, never dared to write as funny as he can."

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

The Perfect Whole, by Horatio W. Dresser. (George H. Ellis, Boston.) The earnestness, sincerity, and purpose of this work make its philosophy well worth considering. From the longing for truth, beauty, a belief in a God or a spirit existing in every human heart, the author argues a deep unfathomed self, a fundamental reality. Fate, love, will power, reason, intuition, illumination, — these are his chief headings, and it is maintained that they are but the God power making itself progressively known to man. Seek the spiritual illumination, the author says: it comes to many from the infinite source; it will come to all who truthfully seek it, and live in harmony with the laws of nature. All is for the best. One may be somewhat skeptical as to the reality, the possibility, of the spiritual illumination and intuition of which Mr. Dresser so confidently assures us, and ascribe it to the moral enthusiasm of a good man who wants to believe in its existence; yet in doing so he perhaps acknowledges only his own limitations, and thus proves the author's point. — *History of Philoso-*

phy, by Alfred Weber. Translated by Frank Thilly. (Scribners.) The tracing of the development of thought through a period of two thousand years, from earliest Greek philosophy to the present time, and a synopsis of the argument of each philosophy in clear, simple phraseology without unnecessary technicalities, — this, Professor Thilly has given us through the medium of his excellent translation from the fifth French edition of Professor Weber's work. It is a history of philosophy conceived as an evolution from the simpler to the more complex forms of modern thought, and as such escapes the fault of being a disjointed mass of theories. The exposition of Kant, and of the Hegelian doctrine especially, gives a particularly good insight into that system, while the modern theory of evolution, which has done so much to upset that system and to revolutionize the thought of the nineteenth century, receives a precise and satisfactory explanation. From the most primitive philosophy to modern scientific thought in its synthetic building up of sense-experience, the positivism of to-day, we are given an insight into the doctrine of monist and pluralist, spiritualist and materialist, idealist and rationalist, sensationalist and empiricist, dogmatist and skeptic; or, to sum it all up, we are carried along with the author from *a priori* reasoning in embryo to modern positivism in its latest development. — *The Imperial Christ*, by John Patterson Coyle, with a Biographical Introduction by George A. Gates. (Houghton.) Those who have read Dr. Coyle's posthumous *The Spirit in Literature and Life* will be eager to read this volume of warm-blooded discourses, and especially to know something of a man who could write with the largeness of vision and the positiveness of faith characterizing his books. President Gates's memoir does much to explain the rich personality of Dr. Coyle. — The paragraph habit has got into that last stronghold of leisurely speech, the pulpit, and now one can read three-minute sermons in Mornings in the College Chapel, otherwise *Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion*, by F. G. Peabody. (Houghton.) But the audience has plainly a commanding influence on the preacher. Dr. Peabody has taken his turn in the chapel at Harvard University, year in and year out, since the notable experiment in voluntary

religious exercises was begun ten years ago, and now gives a selection from his talks. It is interesting to note how this "daily theme" in the pulpit has led to a directness of speech without epigrammatic affectation, and to a simplicity of expression which is not barren. An audience of college students invites the best one can give, but it will not wait for the preacher to find his place. These ninety-one discourses, of three pages each, are singularly varied, earnest, and at the same time winning by their grace.

BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

The History of Modern Painting, by Richard Muther. (Macmillan.) This is the first attempt to set forth in detail the history of modern painting, not as a series of rival technical schools, subdivided into a catalogue of individualities, but as an expression of modern civilization, sharing with literature in all its intellectual developments. If this scheme of study is characteristically German in conception and arrangement, and if it is carried out with true German industry and thoroughness, it is also made consistent with a spirit liberal, cosmopolitan, and unprejudiced. The exposition, though scientific, never becomes dull or perfunctory after the manner of a catalogue, but at all points is animated and interesting, and not without literary power and elegance of statement. Of course it is difficult for any one, from so close a point of view, to apply a philosophical method to the investigation of a subject so many-sided, so complicated and sensitive, so influenced by personal initiative and fashions, as modern painting, without encountering the danger of unconsciously distorting, exaggerating, or even suppressing facts to meet the necessities of orderly and symmetrical classification. But the monumental and prodigious work of Professor Muther is less open to this objection than any other treatise on art attempting to cover so large a field. These three volumes of more than twenty-four hundred pages, illustrated on nearly every page, appeal both to the mind and to the eye, and possess all the inherent qualities of a standard work not likely soon to be supplanted. The extensive bibliographical basis of the work is admirably set forth in the index of each volume, and confirms its character as an authentic summary or re-

statement of the best criticism of the century. A general unity of effect is aimed at and fairly well attained. Its literary merit is apparent even through the medium of translations by several different hands. — *Modern French Masters, a Series of Biographical and Critical Reviews by American Artists*, with thirty-seven Wood-Engravings and twenty-eight Half-Tone Illustrations, edited by John C. Van Dyke. (The Century Co.) This elegant volume, presented with all the luxury of the De Vinne Press, and with all the fullness and beauty of illustration which we have a right to expect from the Century Company, is in fact a graceful tribute of gratitude from certain American artists to their French masters. It is more than this: it is a critical estimate of the art of these masters by minds more capable of such service and more sympathetic than any others in the world. For the indebtedness of American art to that of France is profound and peculiar. The older country, with all its accumulated resources of art, with its established schools and its vast traditions, has ever been most hospitable to pilgrims from the New World, and has lavished upon them all that it has to give. It is evident that the most fitting response to this unprecedented generosity is fair appreciation and the establishment of an American art worthy of its parentage, — an art, not of imitation, but of new development. Couture, Puvion de Chavannes, Gérôme, Bonnat, Baudry, Carolus-Duran, Laurens, Meissonier, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Daubigny, Monet, Millet, Courbet, Manet, Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and De Monvel, — these are the illustrious men here celebrated by their loyal pupils and friends in the New World. There is a personal flavor about these twenty essays and an intimate technical knowledge which are in the highest degree interesting and instructive, and Dr. Van Dyke's editorial care has succeeded in merging the whole into pleasing and effective symmetry. The illustrations, both the wood-engravings and the half-tones, fully sustain the high reputation of American achievement in this department. It is worthy of note that modern French art is progressive, not retrospective or reminiscent, and that some of these masters have by no means uttered their final inspirations, notably Monet. In such cases a complete

analysis of their genius is as yet impossible. — Jean François Millet, his *Life and Letters*, by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), with nine photogravures. (Swan Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) The career of the peasant painter is one of the most tragic life-dramas possible under the conditions of modern civilization. The development of his genius in the midst of every possible discouragement of insistent poverty, his student life in Paris, his rural life at Barbizon, his ineffectual struggles for recognition, the heroic constancy with which he adhered to ideas of art that were in conflict with the academic traditions of his time, his lofty friendships, the purity and simplicity of his life, his immense posthumous success, and the immortal fame that came to him too late for consolation and reward, — these are the elements of this most touching story. It has been the subject of innumerable essays and critical estimates, which this volume now for the first time sets in order and adjusts to a new and large narrative gathered from authoritative sources hitherto inaccessible. Through this narrative the noble figure of the master is confirmed for posterity with all its peasant-like simplicity, but with something of the power and grandeur of the Biblical prophet, uttering inspirations which were rejected with scorn by the Salon, but which a later day recognized as the highest artistic expressions of the century. He celebrated the mean conditions of the peasant life around him and within him as a sublime epic poem. Gleaners and shepherds, sowers and ploughmen, and all the scenes of rural life are given by him to the world in solemn pastorals. He had a distinct mission to the minds and hearts of men through his art. He made visible to them the majesty of toil and the beauty of humility. Mrs. Ady's work in preserving to us the life and labors of this great master, his letters, his aspirations, and the development of his genius, deserves a cordial acceptance, and the full-page photogravures are at once an ample justification of the man and an adequate illustration of his art.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Fairy-Tale Plays, and How to Act Them, by Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Longmans.) Mrs. Bell has taken fourteen familiar tales, like

Ali Baba, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Cinderella*, and has not only thrown them into dialogue form, but has furnished very complete instructions as to music, dress, stage setting, and even dancing. Moreover, she has gone over the ground in general, in her introduction, with excellent advice. The whole scheme supposes thoroughness of training, and may possibly discourage some amateur actors; but the results justify real pains, and in children's dramas work counts. — The figure of a child perpetually getting into scrapes is a familiar one in books for the young, but it is rarely set forth so delightfully as in *Cricket at the Sea Shore*, by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. (Estes & Lauriat.) The humor and at the same time the good breeding of this story — they are by no means always joined in such books — make it a joy to older readers and a merriment to the young. The relations between old and young in the tale are most wholesome and natural, and there is a spontaneity and rollicking freedom about the group of children distinctively American. They are curiously and refreshingly unlike the English story-book children. — A new child's story by Mrs. Molesworth hardly needs to be commended to those who are familiar with that now rather long list of tales which have delighted innumerable little readers and appreciative older ones about equally. The *Oriel Window* (Macmillan) is the history of a boy who on his ninth birthday meets with an accident which cripples him for years, and it tells sympathetically, but with neither sensationalism nor sentimentality, how this weary time was spent, not without pleasure and profit. We wish that the self-assertive youngster who pervades so many more or less popular American juveniles could imitate this small hero and his compeers in simplicity, gentle breeding, and agreeable English. — *Mother Molly*, by Frances Mary Peard. (Putnams.) Miss Peard follows in a pleasantly readable fashion the fortunes of the motherless children of a naval officer, absent with his ship, who are dwelling in Plymouth in 1779, while the fear of a French invasion is felt all along that coast. The spirit of the time is well reproduced, and of course the story is told with easy skill and unflinching good taste. The liveliest figure in it is a maid of fourteen or fifteen, and girls of like age (and others) will find her ex-

periences interesting. — The Book of Wonder-Voyages, edited by Joseph Jacobs, and illustrated by John D. Batten. (Macmillan.) When we meet the names of this editor and artist in company, we confidently look for a delightful retelling of the folktales of divers lands and peoples, with illustrations reproducing the very spirit of the text, and having a grace and charm all their own. Perhaps Mr. Jacobs has completed his library of fairy-tales, for this year he gives a collection of wonder-voyages from widely different sources, the first and longest being *The Argonauts*, from Kingsley's *Heroes*, the editor declaring that he dared not commit the sacrilege of attempting a rival version; the *Celtic Voyage of Maelduin* follows, contributed by Mr. Alfred Nutt; *Hasan of Bassorah* is retold by Mr. Jacobs from the *Arabian Nights* (it does not appear in the ordinary editions); while *The Journeyings of Thorkill* and of *Eric the Far-Traveller* have been adapted from the *Eric Saga* and from *Saxo Grammaticus*. The volume is as attractive in its make-up as any of its predecessors, and altogether as much to be desired. — *The Dwarf's Tailor*, and *Other Fairy-Tales*, collected by Zoe Dana Underhill. (Harpers.) To those who love genuine fairy-tales told in the good old fashion, even to the use of good English, this collection can be heartily commended. The stories come from many lands, but the larger number are of German and Scandinavian origin, and some, we think, will prove new, or as good as new, to small readers versed in this lore. — *Tales from Hans Andersen*, illustrated by Helen Stratton. (Constable, Westminster; Macmillan, New York.) Five of the super-excellent among Andersen's tales — *The Wild Swans*, *The Ugly Duckling*, *The Little Mermaid*, *The Storks*, and *The Snow Queen* — form this pretty gift-book, an admirably harmonious selection. A word of praise must be given to the stork cover designs, but, despite an occasional felicity, the artist's work is only moderately successful. — *Tommy-Anne* and the *Three Hearts*, by Mabel Osgood Wright. (Macmillan.) The small heroine lives so near to nature that she can talk to bird and beast, tree and flower, and learn all their secrets. Her story is told in an animated, readable style, and with a sufficient touch of realism to make it effective.

Children who love the country — and what child does not? — will find in this pleasant tale answers to scores of questions, and suggestions for asking many more. — *Songs of Childhood: Verses* by Eugene Field, Music by Reginald de Koven and Others. (Scribners.) Musical settings to twenty of Eugene Field's charming child-poems are here given. Four of those by Mr. de Koven and one by Hubbard T. Smith are already well known, but the remaining fifteen were written especially for this work. The other composers represented are G. W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, W. W. Gilchrist, Clayton Johns, Gerrit Smith, C. B. Hawley, and Edgar S. Kelly, names which sufficiently show the quality of the music. The editor's aim, that the setting should express the lyrical quality of the verse as simply and naturally as possible, has been particularly well fulfilled in his own *Nightfall in Dordrecht* and *Dutch Lullaby*, in Mr. Johns' *The Doll's Wooing*, and in Mr. Gilchrist's very pleasing melodies. The *Rock-a-by-Lady* is a genuine lullaby, the music and words most happily united. — Nearly a generation has passed since the first publication of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker*, and the story, still full of vigorous life, has every right to be considered a juvenile classic. It now appears in an exceedingly handsome new edition, profusely illustrated by Mr. Allen B. Doggett, who went to Holland for that express purpose. His work not only embellishes, but, so to speak, illuminates the text; for not only is the writer followed with rare faithfulness, but Dutch scenes and characters are vividly and truthfully depicted. (Scribners.) — A reprint of a still older friend is *The Young Voyageurs*, which appears in the Putnams' *Nimrod* Edition of certain of the boys' stories of Captain Mayne Reid. As boys will have tales of adventure, give them by all means those as healthy in tone as are Reid's at his best. (His worst are trashy enough, and, it is to be hoped, are long past resuscitation.) Indeed, have any later writers of this *genre* equaled him? We think his new readers will declare they have not.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Washington Irving's *The Alhambra* is a holiday-looking book, with its gilded cover and its air of refined sumptuousness. The Introduction by Mrs. Pennell is excellent,

for it puts the book in its place among other books, and, though discriminating, has a true enthusiasm in its lines. Mr. Pennell's drawings, which are abundant, are exceptionally happy in manner, especially the pen-and-ink ones; they let in the sunshine, and they suggest both the richness and the ruin. (Macmillan.) — Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese (Copeland & Day) appears in the black-letter, large-initial style which is in the printing art of to-day a reminiscence of the emergence of printing from its artistic cradle. The effect is to make the type itself the main thing, so that the text is seen through it. The book becomes thus a monument to the printer, upon which the poet has been permitted to inscribe her lines.

POLITICS.

Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, in his *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe*, in two volumes (Houghton), has written practically a natural history of political life. He has proceeded upon the very rational plan of inquiring into the actual condition of parties and the part they play in the conduct of the administration, and then he seeks to find the nearest and some of the remoter causes of the condition of parties. He proceeds upon the correct assumption that he is dealing with organisms of different degrees of development, and liable to constant variations. His very thorough examination becomes particularly valuable since it is really a cross-section of contemporaneous political structure, and as such enables the student of government to have as it were a laboratory in which to watch experiments and products.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The quarterly parts of Murray's *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles* (Macmillan) continue to give agreeable serial reading in the alphabet. The numbers for July and October cover *Diffluent-Disobservant*, and a section of the fourth volume, *Fish-Flexuose*. This dictionary, by the emphasis which it lays on the development of meanings as disclosed in dated quotations, is peculiarly fitted for the use of students in linguistics. For example, how interesting would be a grouping of the *dis* words into those where the separative force is applied to familiar words and is in

common use, as "discomfort;" where the combination has been individual and has not held place, as "disbench;" and where the *dis* has become merged in the compound so that the separative force is lost, as "disdain." By the way, we miss one word for which we looked. We never could find out exactly what "dillar" meant, in the classic line, "A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar." We guess, a "dilly-dallyer," but Dr. Murray fails to help us. — A *Bibliography of the State of Maine from the Earliest Period to 1891*, by Joseph Williamson. In two volumes. (The Thurston Print, Portland.) Mr. Williamson, already widely known as an enthusiastic student of Maine history, has done an extraordinary piece of work in collecting these fourteen hundred pages of titles, under names of authors and towns, of books and pamphlets relating to Maine or having their origin in the State. Not only do Jacob Abbott and Henry W. Longfellow appear as the authors of works first written or published in Maine, but titles are given of all their writings. Most valuable is the long list of titles of works under names of towns. Portland, for instance, has thirty-four close pages, and little Saco has more than two. Such minute labor will be of value to a few scholars; it deserves the recognition of all who honor the noble army of index-makers. — Browning is at once a lapidary and a stone-cutter in words, so that the reader who has a haunting sense of phrases which he cannot quite place, and the student who would fain get at the source of this poet's wonderful skill, have good reason to thank Miss M. A. Molineux for her *Phrase-Book from the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning* (Houghton), which represents an enormous amount of intelligent work on the part of the compiler, and of economy on the part of the user. A very full index, containing significant words not elsewhere noted, completes a handbook which is indispensable to one who would give anything like close attention to Browning's art.

STANDARD LITERATURE.

A new and handsome edition of Carlyle's works in thirty volumes is projected (imported by Scribners), and the first volume, *Sartor Resartus*, gives agreeable promise. This Centenary edition is edited by H. D.

Traill, who contents himself with a brief general introduction, in which he points out particularly the autobiographic hints in the book. The introduction is a good piece of direct, sane criticism, and we hope Mr. Traill will be better than his words, and furnish the edition with a clear and concise biographic sketch. The paper, page, and type of the book, though English, are as good as the best American work. The binding is of course not so good. English cloth binding rarely is as good as the best American. The old tradition still holds that cloth is a temporary expedient. — In the series *The Muses' Library* appears a collection of the *Poems of Henry Vaughan*. (Imported by Scribners.) Two stout dwarfish volumes hold the productions of a writer who surely would be better known if some skillful editor were to winnow the few really beautiful poems from the wheelbarrow load of chaff. Mr. Beeching has provided a somewhat formal but intelligent introduction, and the general editor of the series, Mr. Chambers, has furnished biographical and bibliographical material, together with useful notes and indexes. — In the new, full edition of Mrs. Stowe's writings (Houghton), two of the volumes are given up to *Old Town Folks* and *Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories*, and one to *Pogonuc People* and *Pink and White Tyranny*. Those who wish to catch a glimpse of the racy New England in which Mrs. Stowe grew up will have their wish most amusingly gratified: there is the humor of the soil in *Sam Lawson*, and the editor of the series has enabled the reader to find between the lines of *Pogonuc People* something of the story of Mrs. Stowe's own girlhood. — A new and very attractive edition of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* comes to us from England (George Allen, London; Macmillan, New York), with a preface by Joseph Jacobs, and pen-and-ink illustrations by T. H. Robinson. Mr. Jacobs's preface, despite a little unpleasantness in the opening paragraph, is a discriminating and readable study of the book, and Mr. Robinson's pictures, except occasionally when ideas and ink both seem to fail, are graphic and have a good deal of character. — A similar book, quite as pretty in general effect, though with illustrations of less artistic value, is Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*, with an introduction

by Augustine Birrell and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. (Macmillan.) Mr. Birrell saunters through his preface with his hands in his pockets, throwing out good things in a careless fashion. — The thirtieth volume of Roberts' edition of Balzac contains nine of his shorter stories: *Juana* (Les Marana), *Adieu*, *A Drama on the Seashore*, *The Red Inn*, *The Recruit* (Le Réquisitionnaire), *El Verdugo*, *The Elixir of Life*, *The Hated Son*, and *Maître Cornelius*, — all belonging to *Philosophical Studies*; while the fortieth volume gives us *The Deputy of Arcis* (Scenes from Political Life), of which only the first part was written by Balzac. From Charles Rabou's completion of the work the translator has judiciously omitted, so far as is possible, his painfully feeble reincarnation of *Vautrin*. — The latest issues of the English edition of the *Comédie Humaine*, edited by George Saintsbury, are *The Country Parson* (Le Curé de Village), translated by Ellen Marriage, and *Béatrix*, translated by James Waring. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) These translations, though by no means so excellent as Miss Wormeley's, are on the whole good, and Mr. Saintsbury's introductions furnish precisely the information regarding the writing and first publication of each novel which readers are likely to desire. The volumes are very attractive in their make-up, agreeable to read and light in the hand, and each contains three etched illustrations.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Naval Actions of the War of 1812, by James Barnes. (Harpers.) This does not rival the work of Mr. Roosevelt upon the same subject. It is not a history of the naval war, but a series of disconnected narratives describing those thrilling combats in which our Yankee seamen so damaged the prestige of the *Mistress of the Seas*. Mr. Barnes writes in a clear, straightforward style, and addresses himself particularly to American youth. His enthusiasm is unbounded, and he does full justice to American valor. We think he goes too far in asserting that England's navy suffered "as great an overthrow" in this war as did her arms on land in 1775, and we find no mention of the inglorious fight between the *Argus* and the *Pelican*, with its legends of bad gunpowder and Oporto wine. The

hitherto unpublished letter of Mrs. Latrobe, given on page 67, is interesting reading. It affords a glimpse of the Washington of Madison's day, and introduces us to social festivities in which Hull, Stewart, and the captured colors of the Macedonian play prominent parts. It is safe to say that the story of the sea-fights of 1812 has never been placed before the public in so attractive a garb as in this handsome volume. — The Memoirs of Baron Thiébauld, Late Lieutenant-General in the French Army, translated and condensed by Arthur John Butler. (Macmillan.) The successful translator and condenser of Marbot's Memoirs here undertakes the same task with Thiébauld's five large volumes, the English version being, we should judge, considerably less than half the length of the original. The necessity of this severe condensation must be admitted, even if it be deplored, and the work has, on the whole, been done with judgment and skill. It could be wished, however, in view of these liberal omissions, that Mr. Butler's preface and notes could have been a little fuller and more explicit in dealing with biographical facts. At least, the reader should have been introduced to the general's father, till three years ago a man better remembered by historical students than his son, and so have understood why the latter's childhood and boyhood were spent in Berlin. There is no doubt whatever as to the interest and value of these reminiscences, or as to the honesty of the narrator. His antipathies and prejudices are so naïvely evident that they will not be likely to mislead the non-French reader. In his antecedents and culture he differed widely from most of Napoleon's higher officers, and his Spanish recollections, in especial, give vivid pictures of the vulgarity as well as the coarseness and brutality of some of those personages. The Memoirs are the work of a bitterly disappointed man, whose rewards had never been commensurate with either his abilities or his services. — The Second Madame, a Memoir of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orléans, by M. Louise McLaughlin. (Putnams.) An agreeably written sketch of the life of the Princess Palatine, illustrated by some well-selected extracts from the voluminous and racy correspondence of this most indefatigable of letter-writers, the terribly plain-spoken, but brave, loyal, and honest Ger-

man, who, despite the vehemence of her dislikes and prejudices, looked with marvelously clear eyes upon the alien world around her. It is scarcely to be expected that a slight study like this should go out of the beaten track, but still it is to be regretted that the author should so readily accept Saint-Simon's sensational and (to speak mildly) highly improbable tale regarding the death of the first Madame, about which our better instructed and (perhaps) less credulous generation need find nothing other than natural. And we can hardly account for the surprising statement that the Electress Sophia lived to inherit the throne of England, and saw her son become ruler of that country in her place. — Colonial Days in New York, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) Mrs. Earle's books are beginning to form a sort of popular encyclopædia of the manners and customs, in things both small and great, of the colonial American. In this volume she does for New York what she has already done for New England, and follows the career of the transplanted Dutch from the cradle to the grave. After all, the impression given by these records is curiously like that produced by those of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Mrs. Earle is an unwearied and successful collector of facts of all sorts bearing on her chosen theme, though the thoughtful reader may not invariably accept her inferences drawn therefrom. — Another book from the same hand is Curious Punishments of Bygone Days (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago), dealing with old-time pains and penalties, from the ducking-stool, stocks, and pillory, to military punishments and branding and maiming. The volume, in its make-up and illustrations, — the latter by Frank Hazenplug, — admirably simulates the work of the early eighteenth century. The reader inquisitive as to the matters of which it treats should remember, in justice to our forbears, that the examination and punishment of criminals by the English of those days, on both sides of the Atlantic, were distinctly less severe or cruel than those legally prevailing in the great nations of the Continent. On closing the book, we wonder how many misleading ideas the investigator of some future century, or even the foreigner of to-day, will gather from its concluding paragraph. Sweeping statements often require explanatory comment. — Reminiscences of

an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816 to 1860), by Charles H. Haswell. (Harpers.) It is by Haswell's Tables that the author of this volume is mainly known, and it is to be doubted whether the knowledge extends far beyond the circle of those who in engineering and building are applying the formulæ of science to their daily work. It is for quite another audience that he has written this book. Its appeal is to

New Yorkers who would not forget that their city has a past as well as a present and a future. Mr. Haswell has been a close observer and a taker of notes, and an infinite deal of lore concerning churches, streets, theatres, and persons is crowded into the well-indexed pages of this book. It will take its place and do its work in company with such reminiscences as those of Philip Hone and J. W. Francis.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Reminis-
cence of
Tennyson.

ONE autumn in the fifties (I think it must have been 1857) I spent with my mother on the west coast of the Isle of Wight. I remember the sensation of amusement I felt when I first saw upon Freshwater Cliff boards bearing notices against various malfeasances, signed "A. Tennyson, Lord of the Manor." I had several friends who knew the Tennysons, but I did not feel justified in obtruding myself upon them as a mere curious outsider. The next year, however, Mr. Maurice was staying at Farringford, and I had a right to call upon him: indeed, before we left London it had been agreed that I should.

I went, accordingly, and saw Tennyson and his wife. I was admitted, moreover, into the upstairs sanctum, where he did his work over a pipe. Nor do I recollect anything more interesting in the course of my life than the talks between Tennyson and Maurice in that little room. Tennyson's attitude toward Maurice was altogether deferential; nay, reverential. I remember one particular talk about the book of Ecclesiastes. Tennyson said it was the one book the admission of which into the canon he could not understand, it was so utterly pessimistic, — of the earth, earthy. Maurice fired up. "Yes, if you leave out the last two verses. But the conclusion of the whole matter is: 'Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.' So long as you look only down upon earth, all is 'vanity of vanities.' But if

you look up, there is a God, the judge of good and evil." Tennyson said he would think over the matter from that point of view.

I outstayed Maurice by several weeks. But I had henceforth my *entrée* into the sanctum. I usually called in the forenoon, and I think I always found Tennyson alone. I saw his two handsome boys; I had many a talk with his very charming wife. It happened more than once that I remained in the drawing-room downstairs till it was too late to go up. Of course, after Maurice's departure I never saw Tennyson under the same aspect as when they were together.

About that time the newspapers contained the story of some one who had fallen heir to a fortune on condition of his assuming the "name and arms of Smith." Tennyson raged about it. Nobody ever left fortunes to poets. Why did n't some one leave him £50,000 on condition of his taking the name and arms of Smith? He would do so at once. "No, you would n't," I put in. "I would do it, and I would never write another line." "Yes, you would," I persisted; and so it went on. It is rather curious to observe that his brother Charles changed his name under somewhat similar circumstances, becoming Tennyson-Turner. But I still refuse to believe that Alfred would have become Tennyson-Smith for a consideration.

The recollection of my visits to him which is the most endearing of all to me is that of a day when we all went up the cliff together, Tennyson drawing his wife in an invalid's chair. I relieved him for a short time, but, though I did not betray myself, I

found the effort a tremendous one. He was, however, a very strongly built man. There was something infinitely touching in the sight of this great poet—to my mind the third greatest of our race, after Shakespeare and Milton—fulfilling thus the homelier offices of conjugal affection. He seemed to bring out the meaning of those deep words in the Church of England's marriage service, "With my body I thee worship."

Although for those few weeks I was with the Tennysons on a footing almost of intimacy, I never saw either of them again. One evening at Macmillan's, when I was in the drawing-room some one told me (I think it was Mr. Hughes) that Tennyson had come, but that he was in a very bad humor, would not leave the ante-room, and seemed determined to contradict everybody. I stayed where I was! On several occasions I received very friendly letters from Mrs. Tennyson, who often acted as his amanuensis, but I do not possess a scrap of his handwriting. It so happens, however, that I have seen a good deal of it. When I was on the Council of the Working Men's College, our secretary at one time was a man who had been secretary or clerk to John Forster. He still had charge of Forster's papers, and these included the manuscripts of various songs of Tennyson's published anonymously in *The Examiner*, and of Tennyson's reply to the "School-Miss Alfred" passage in Bulwer Lytton's *King Arthur*. Tennyson was very particular about his revises. He even required two or three revises of poems that he wrote for newspaper publication.

His anxiety to be accurate is well known. His intimate friend, George Venables, told me that Tennyson had once come to him in high dudgeon at having been served with a writ for a debt which he did not really owe. Venables advised him what to do, and his advice was justified by the event. But several years after he found in one of Tennyson's poems a reference to a writ embodying the very terms of the one which had been served upon him, the form of which had in the mean time been superseded. Venables said he must have carried the terms of the writ in his memory, as he was not at all likely to have preserved it, for he was living at the time in lodgings, with as few impedimenta as possible.

Fissiparous Fiction. —The other day I extorted a somewhat interesting disclosure from a novelist. By subjecting my intelligence and sympathy wholly to his for the time,—a method of approach to which I find novelists peculiarly vulnerable,—and flattering his literary vanity adroitly and indirectly without making him too plainly aware that I was flattering him, I led him into a train of confessions which, at least at first, he seemed to take pleasure in, as if they afforded him a certain relief.

"Yes," he said, "after all, the only thing that a novelist does is to split himself up into pieces and work himself over into a great many different people; and his success, generally speaking, is proportioned to the skill with which he can make himself appear somebody else. My own method is to take, for instance, a phase of my own character which I do not like particularly, and yet am well aware of. I meditate on it a while, and build it up until it becomes a kind of shadow by my side,—a haunting, abstract presence.

"So far, so good. But my personified quality is still no more than a kind of literary spook. I must materialize it,—bestow on it a form and a way of acting and talking, which of course must be as far as possible from my own. This is hard to do. The abstraction must be made to look, speak, and act not merely *like* a human being, but *as* one. It must be completely covered over with some kind of human flesh. One way of doing this is to pick out the external part of some actual person to fit the abstraction, and thrust the abstraction neck and heels into it. That, indeed, is what most people think we novelists are always doing. Some people affect to be terribly afraid we are going to do it with them. Sometimes it is done, to be sure. I don't do it myself,—not so much, I think, because of any fear that my 'characters' will become troublesome to me as for the reason that I can never find any ready-made bodies which will fit my personified qualities. If I should use them, I should perceive that they were untrue to life.

"The next method is to make a composite body; and that is what I do usually. The world is full of eyes, lips, noses, brows, heads of hair, beards, hands, shoulders, backs, legs, skins. These are the things of which people are made externally in stories.

You may have noticed that ears are seldom spoken of by any writer of fiction. Unless the character is an unpleasant one, and we wish to make the personage appear ridiculous or repellent, we suppress the ears.

"By the way, I have often wondered why some caricaturist, one half as clever, say, as the man who drew 'Ludovicus, Rex, and Ludovicus Rex,' has not produced portraits of some well-known characters of fiction; using in the picture only the elements of the form and articles of clothing that are plainly mentioned by the authors, and leaving all the rest blank. The great majority of the figures so depicted would have no ears; many of them would have no noses. There would be large numbers of cleverly drawn faces without any bodies at all, and some of the people would consist of nothing but clothes. Probably all of them would have *some* clothes. Most of the nice people would have delicate hands and long, tapering fingers, including those who are low-born but high-minded; coarse people of all sorts would be apt, in this collection, to have large and clumsy hands; but very many of the ordinary run of people would be entirely handless. Probably not one picture in the collection would show a complete human being.

"However, these pictures serve in books perfectly well for human beings, because the reader fills out the blank spaces. More important than the external form is the way of saying and doing things, in which the real life and soul of the person comes out. Here the reader does not wish to have much left to his imagination. He insists, with reason, upon being told just what the people in the story do and say. Every speech and act must be characteristic, and all must be consistent. Now, how am I going to manage my piece of myself? How shall I make a real outsider out of this abstraction of my own soul? Why, I simply have to get a very close hold in my thoughts upon the abstraction, and think what this element of my own character, deprived of the other elements which qualify it, would do and say subject to the qualification of the bodily parts I have already given it. No doubt I and all other writers of fiction seem to see and hear characters, after a while, doing and saying things spontaneously, but that is only because we have already thought them out

and set them going; and it is dangerous to give them their heads, to do and say what they please, even then.

"You see, people who are imagined outright might change insensibly and quite go to pieces; but this stupid or mean or pretentious part of me, or this nice, generous, and bright part of me, would always be fairly consistent with itself. I get so that I know it pretty well, and have no particular difficulty in judging what it would do or say. Of course it involves pretty close study of myself under varying conditions, and that is why the novelist's experience should be large. Then I must be harvesting material from others all the time to be worked up into my external composites.

"What effect, do you ask, does all this have on my own mind? You think I should feel like a man who had been feeding himself into a sausage-machine and turning the crank himself? Perhaps I ought to feel that way, but you know we get used to anything followed as a trade. Your first question reminds me of the quandary of a friend of mine when he read how a man of science had cut off the tails of successive generations of mice during five years, to see if he could produce a breed of tailless mice, and failed to bring about any effect on the mice. 'But what effect did it produce on the man of science?' my friend asked. But, bless you! I never feel any mental or moral deterioration from my study of myself or others. However, after I have finished a novel I feel somewhat as if I had been playing several simultaneous and prodigiously prolonged games of whist, and rigidly keeping track of everybody's plays."

"I should call your method of creating characters the fissiparous method," said I.

Will you believe that I was compelled to explain to this man of letters the meaning of the word "fissiparous"? When I had made him understand that it describes those most interesting creatures which, when cut up into pieces, make as many new creatures as there are pieces, he smiled a shuddering little smile, and said no more about novel-writing that day. A great many times I have been glad I was not a novelist, but I was never more glad than after I had heard my friend's account of his methods.

Of Melody. — Somebody once called melody "the A B C of music," intending to speak slightly; but he was doubtless

correct enough, since all primitive music, whether of civilized or of uncivilized races, so far as we are aware, consists simply of single unaccompanied notes in a series bound together by some sort of rhythm, although, in the earliest examples, showing little of what is now known as form, which means a studied correlation of pitch in the notes or groups of notes. Many changes have been wrought in the art, many discoveries made in the science, but how stands the taste of the world on this particular point to-day, and what does that taste betoken?

It cannot be denied that numerous persons, without "ear" and with no real fondness for music, can endure — nay, after a fashion enjoy — a melody. True, these folk usually require for their full enjoyment the strongly marked beat of dance or march measures, or the lilting of the Scotch "snap;" or, if their ideas rise above mere accent, and they are sensible of pitch at all, they demand in addition something violently contrasting and sensational in the intervals, such as "Ta-ra-ra boom de ay" affords.

Next come the class to whom music, though they are ignorant of it theoretically and practically, gives a genuine and perhaps deep delight, but of a wholly emotional kind. They are less influenced by a definite taste than by early associations. To these persons there is "nothing like the old songs," — all the old songs, of course, being essentially melodies.

Rising a step higher, we come upon a large and important class, undoubted music-lovers, and more or less educated in the art, who confess without shame that operas, symphonies, — yea, all manner of concerted and solo *morceaux*, — avail them naught so long as melody be wholly wanting.

One step more brings us to the top. What do we find there? We find the Wagnerites, taking them to stand for the whole class known as intellectual lovers of music, many of whom profess to despise melody, and who claim that in harmony alone is for them a sufficiency of both sensuous and spiritual nourishment. Well, what of them? We may possibly judge what of them when we find Wagner himself — who, whatever he may have been guilty of in his early days, would not in his later life risk even the accusation of perpetrating anything of conventional lyric form — actually throwing what looks very

much like a sop to his prospective listeners; telling them that in lieu of the arias they had grown used to, and in default of satisfaction from the fragmentary *Leitmotiv*, he would furnish them forsooth with the "unending melody," a species of melodic contrivance which takes an entire opera (not to say several operas) to show the pattern of; requiring, therefore, a thoughtful, patient hearing of the entire opera to comprehend. Thrice clever Wagner! O admirable, worldly-wise Wagner! Right well thou knewest how all the world loves a tune, though it but sneakily admit the fact, and so didst lay thy lure, having resolved upon conquering mankind unto thyself, which thou hast indeed for the most part accomplished.

Musical mankind has cause to thank him, too, for it is largely by means of this artifice of the unending melody that opera-going folk have at this late day learned the two lessons of promptness and of sustained and respectful attention.

This matter is none the less amusing for being also serious; and serious it certainly is, since it concerns the whole modern musical movement. But my own bump of humor is sensibly touched at finding in this solemn Teutonic giant among composers an unmistakable streak of the Yankee! Yet supposing that what I have named artifice be such in no ill sense of the word, all the same is the unending melody a tribute, though unintentional, to a wellnigh universal taste.

Ruling out the common jingling tunes that take the common uneducated ear, and even the many really charming and pretty themes that year by year rise, flourish in favor, and perish, I should like to ask, and perhaps partially answer, a few questions apropos of this interesting subject. Is the taste for melody necessarily a low one? Does the taste for harmony rather than for melody invariably argue a truer love for music *as music*? Does it require less genius to invent a melody of the highest type, one that shall live in men's hearts and be sung by them throughout ages, — is it less of an honor to be the originator of such a melody than to have composed one of the modern miracles of harmony, which unquestionably implies the utmost of study to conceive, the utmost of hard labor to produce?

Nordau well describes melody by saying that in music it "corresponds to what in language is a logically constructed sentence,

distinctly presenting an idea, and having a clearly marked beginning and ending." Accepting this as far as it goes, we may add that a melody really worthy the name, — a melodiously perfect one — corresponds more nearly to a *poetically* constructed sentence (logic implied), since the "idea" Nordau speaks of must in music be distinctly rhythmical, while its musical contents (logic apart) should express emotion or sentiment, which in language the logically constructed sentence need not do. Hence the inventor of a fine melody must be at once a musical grammarian and logician, and a poet too ; moreover, it is required that he shall be an artist, having practical knowledge of construction, in order that his "beginning and ending" be not alone "clearly marked," but also clearly balanced, the one artistically answering or completing the other.

I myself, a Wagnerite of a somewhat pronounced type, freely confess to a belief that, could the spontaneous operations of genius be measured or weighed, and the palm awarded for true superiority in the production, it would be given to the makers of pure melody, like Bach's Air, Händel's Largo, the theme of Schubert's Impromptu No. 3, the Russian National Hymn, or that soft woman-tune (these others being so essentially masculine), The Last Rose of Summer, rather than to the makers of "tone-mosaics."

Great orchestration is a mighty thing, and the mastery of harmony means the possession of mind in addition to mere musical gifts ; yet in time harmony grows archaic-seeming, and must change its fashion from age to age, ever developing to meet the requirements of new poet musicians who find the old forms insufficient to convey their messages, while melody, the primal essence of music, — the A B C, if you like, — is the eternal thing ; so that all perfect examples of it remain as perennially welcome and dear as are youth and springtime and love.

It cannot be all nor even largely attributable to association that the most sternly and exclusively classical hearts melt when listening to My Lodging is on the Cold Ground, O Tannenbaum (better known in the United States as My Maryland), Ar hyd y Nos, Afton Water, or The Flowers of the Forest, — this last more elaborate than the others mentioned, but preëminent among its kind ;

being, as it were, enriched with the souls of all melodies.

It is, I say, something more than association that causes the exquisite pleasure which these airs awaken in us ; that pleasure proceeds directly from the airs themselves, for, besides possessing the intrinsic simplicity, grace, and tenderness which, independent of words, would always commend them to the ear, they are notable specimens of faultless melodic structure.

They are, in fact, what few of the more pretentious musical compositions can claim to be, namely, beyond criticism, — true "gems" of art, diminutive but flawless. For this reason have they lived and come down to us fresh as when first conceived ; for this reason must they — unless the heart of man changes essentially — "ever live young."

My Grandmother's Books. — I had occasion, not long ago, to superintend the closing and ending of the life of an old house. Any one who has done this knows the vague pain, the intangible melancholy, that accompanies it. But it is not all sadness. Childhood and youth press upon one ; soft shocks of memory push the mind back into that groove of cheerful and obedient trust in the judgment of others, the very thought of which seems to rest the responsible middle-aged man or woman who has to do his or her own thinking — and perhaps half a dozen other people's, too ! One pauses in the work of settling and arranging things, — a little dusty, perhaps, and tired, hearing one's voice calmly directing and ordering and deciding : "This must be sent to —," "Burn that," "This can go to an auction ;" and is half scared at the presumption of it. In that old life, which seems to spring up again, modest and happy, in all these silent rooms, one received orders instead of giving them.

At such a time every room in an old house has its recollections ; but in this particular house the library brought the past most keenly before me. I sat looking over the books, forgetting to plan as to their disposition. How many times I had done just this same thing ! — taking the books down from their shelves, dusting them, dipping into them, forgetting all about work that was to be done. For when I was a child, there was a domestic period that came once a year, and was called "house-cleaning,"

during which the children were generally relegated to the library to dust the books, that being an employment that kept them out of the way. This period was, in my day, accompanied by gloom and the smell of soap; it always seemed to me to be a sort of religious rite,—perhaps because there was something penitential about it, and also, no doubt, because, when it was over, there was an obvious exultation in the household, and an unexpressed thankfulness that we were not as other men were. This period came in April, just at the time when the grass was growing green in sunny corners of the fields, and the daffodils were coming up in files under the larches, and, like white fangs biting through the wet earth, the tulips were beginning to sprout,—just the very time when children are impelled to run and shout and roll, and feel the sun warm on their bare heads; and instead, because it was “house-cleaning,” we were bidden to dust the books in the library! How downtrodden and oppressed we felt, and yet what happiness we got out of it, after all!

The long rows of books were lifted from the shelves, and set up in high, tottering piles; then each book was “clapped,” dusted, and put back in its place on the shelf; a slow process,—no doubt that was why we were set to do it,—made slower because of the temptation, not to be denied, to peep inside each book, to read, and forget the dusting: there was the joy of it!

How well I remembered the big black copy of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, when I found it in its old place beside *Froissart*! Gaunt, long-legged *Innamorato* was still upon the yellowing title-page; and *Hypochondriacus*, in his furred gown, with the shelf of vials over his head; and *Maniacus*, chained by an ankle to the floor and sitting down on air. How we used to shiver with delicious terror over this thrilling volume, which would never have fallen into our hands except for house-cleaning. *Nostradamus* was there, a heavy book with stained and ragged pages that rustled as one turned them; and *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, which used to incite us to experiments to see if we could die for our religion “in case” we should some day be persecuted.

Everybody knows how old books—books packed double, standing behind the outer

rows of a crowded library, books bound in worm-eaten leather, stacked on the top shelf next to the ceiling—are brought out on such occasions, see the light for a brief hour, and then go back to dust and silence. They are mostly small, thin volumes, of no intrinsic value, and never needed for reference. I found them just where they used to be thirty years ago, when they were lifted down for us to dust, and in looking them over I discovered a little collection which had once provided entertainment and instruction for my grandmother when she was a child,—a “miss,” she would have called herself. It was made up mostly of tales and homilies, but there were a few schoolbooks. Her French began, it seems, with *Martel's Elements*, with its dedication: “*A Mademoiselle Theodosia Burr: Dulce Decus, Si, (pour répondre à l'honneur que m'a fait Mr votre père, en me rendant accessoire à votre éducation) d'un côté, j'ai réuni de grands efforts pour vous expliquer la route des sciences*”—how much more has he endeavored to rouse the “sensibility of the heart, and the elevation of the soul”! The book, published in 1796, is almost falling to pieces now; it is evident that my little grandmother must have worked hard over it, and had her weary hours, although the title-page declares it to be “*A Selection of Delicate Bon-Mots, Sentiments, Happy Applications of Passages in Famous Writers, and Ingenious Repartees*; having nothing that might alarm modesty or excite condemnable laughter upon subjects of our duties and our respect, which, certainly, is not the case in the books now in the hands of youth to learn French by.” A little later than this is the date of a French grammar, which she used to instruct her little brothers and sisters. She was quite a young lady then, and able to appreciate the elegant phrases which this small, fat, black book bade her “render into French.”

“America, Asia, Africa, and Europe.”

“Drunkenness is detestable.”

“Loam at top, clay next, and then chalk.”

“He comes from China.”

“The horses of Flanders.”

“Dr. Johnson dreaded death.”

“Rooks eat corn.”

“God, heaven and hell.”

“Apples are very good fruit.”

“How do you do, Captain?”

What variety of suggestion! Even our

own grammar, with its "Have you a basket of grapes?" "No, but I have the nightcap of the Baker's Aunt," is less of an appeal to the imagination!

Beside the schoolbooks were books "for improvement and recreation." When she was fourteen Seneca's *Morals* were presented to her. (It was but a few years after this that, in an elaborate correspondence with her father, carried on while under his roof, she discussed her reasons for a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity.) Sandford and Merton (in French!) came next; when I opened it a small pressed violet dropped from the yellow pages where "M. Barlow et Tommy" carry on endless and edifying conversations. Female Scriptural Characters, exemplifying Female Virtues, by the author of *Beneficent Effects of the Christian Temper on Domestic Happiness*, had evidently been carefully read. In the Advertisement the writer "acknowledges with pious awe that she stands on holy ground, and that it may have the appearance of presumption in a female to take up a subject so ably handled by a pious divine." There were several books of this order before the "tales" were reached, — "tales for juvenile edification," some of the title-pages assert. One, given her when she was seven years old, is *The Paternal Present*, the contents being "chiefly selected from the writings of Mr. Pratt;" of whom the Advertisement declares that, "whether the heart is to be melted or the understanding enlightened," there are few authors to be compared with Mr. Pratt; and indeed, the publishers go so far as to add that "the person that does not rise improved from this rich little banquet must be, in a great measure, lost to the finer sensibilities of the species." I observe that my grandmother signed her name, in awkward, childish hand, at the end of the Advertisement, as if to assent to its propositions, or to acknowledge that she had "risen improved." But why Mr. Pratt offers this particular kind of improvement to children in the nursery it is difficult to imagine. The book begins with the story of Emilius and Clara. "Love," says Mr. Pratt, "of the purest kind, had united for some time, under the amiable laws of a happy marriage, the virtuous Clara and the wise Emilius;" and he adds that "the heavens, singularly propitious, had denied no favors to this tender pair at their first out-

set, but presently, by a circumstance which we shall admire in the issue, it seemed as if the hand of Fortune had been wholly withdrawn." The circumstance, admirable in its issue, was the appearance upon the scene of Cresus, "a young gentleman who fixed too great confidence of success in the elevation of birth and fortune."

Now Cresus had been a former admirer of Clara's, and of course it created a complication when, after marrying Clara, the wise Emilius became his debtor. The combination of being a rejected lover and an unpaid creditor filled Cresus with anger. "Nay," says Mr. Pratt, "from anger he was heated into rage!" And such was his wickedness that he planned to destroy the home of the amiable husband and wife. This he proceeded to do by attaching the property of Emilius. The scene where the minions of vice destroy the habitation of virtue is most dramatic. Clara swoons; but as soon as she recovers, she falls at the feet of Cresus.

"You were born generous. Your heart is susceptible. What objects were ever better suited to excite its compassion? Look upon us: your eyes instruct me in the emotions of your soul! Ah! you begin to interest yourself for us, — I am sure you do!"

"Pray, reader, consider well this picture: Clara upon her knees, her arms extended, her fair face bathed in tears, her eyes declined, a lovely blush upon her cheek; the children hanging about her; her husband in an attitude of despair."

The response of Cresus, who, we are told, was "moved," is startling: —

"Fear nothing, beautiful Clara. You were always dear to me. To-day I will end your sorrows, and begin your happiness. Since your heart is not ungrateful, Clara, I hope you will condescend to add to the benefit I intend you one compliment to Cresus, by way of a receipt in full, — you will bestow on me yourself. Upon this condition only can I comply with your request. But you turn pale, you remain suspended?"

We infer that Clara's "suspension" refers only to her attitude, not to her state of mind; for Mr. Pratt would have us know that "though some high-born females are insensible to the feeling of virtue," this was not the case with Clara.

"'Dear husband,' she says, 'dear infants, a crime would save you. The innocence of thy mother will be thy destruction. What is to be done? You must either starve, or else I must purchase the means of your existence by rendering myself unworthy of ye. O heavens! inspire, instruct me!'"

"'Let us perish,' said Emilius, 'the victims of our duty.'"

"A mournful silence," says Mr. Pratt, "succeeded this rhapsody. Cresus fell into a profound reverie. His heart, yet young in villainy, had not acquired that flintiness which resists every power of virtue. Remorse had still its poignancy. After a second fit of reflection, he struck his hand on his bosom, and in a loud voice exclaimed:—

"Behold the power of virtue! She triumphs even over love. Amiable pair, be happy as ye are good! Your conduct has changed my heart. Permit me, then, to attempt a reparation. Accept this present: the sum of money intended to bribe away innocence is surrendered to expiate intentional crime and pacify offended virtue. All your little property shall be restored. Permit me to add with a share of my own. You shall always have my entire esteem."

The story ends with the acceptance, on the part of the wise Emilius and the virtuous Clara, of the proofs of Cresus' "entire esteem."

There are other stories in this interesting volume, of the same nature, only more so: all of them with the frank implication that virtue is the necessity of humble poverty, but is merely the adornment of rank.

The novels of this small collection, which doubtless refreshed the youthful mind in intervals of study and theological discussion, were all on these lines, and more or less concerned with efforts of vice to undermine virtue. One, *The Recess*, printed in 1791, its pages brown and ragged and dog-eared, was written with as highly moral an intention, no doubt, as is the erotic purpose novel of to-day; but its statements are

like the nakedness of a baby, unblushing and unconscious. In it virtue triumphs, and vice is punished,—except in the person of the "rake of rank," who reforms. This tale is "humbly offered to the hearts of both sexes nature has enriched with sensibility and experience and refinement, in the persuasion that such will find it worthy of their patronage." Next to *The Recess* was *Tristram Shandy*.

My grandmother read poetry, too, like other genteel young ladies. I found one poem on Sensibility, beginning:—

"Next let us speed to yonder sainted plains,
By mountains screen'd, and crown'd with dulcet canes,
Where the Ouragen in phrenzy roars,
Affrights the isle, and desolates the shores.
There see a hero, of the negro line,
Boasts an high feeling, Briton, proud as thine!"

There is no explanation of "sainted shores" or "dulcet canes," but the finest and most elegant remarks from the negro, upon the occasion, it appears, of his suicide:—

"Thus, tyrant, thus, thy fury I defy!
Live thou to shame, while I in honour die.
He spoke—the poignard sluic'd the crimson flood,
And bathed the master in the servant's blood."

There is a woodcut of the suicide sluing the crimson flood, but it could not have impressed my little grandmother's "sensibilities" very deeply, for it is daubed with faded paint; she has given the "faithful Qua-shi" realistic dark brown legs, and clad him in a green robe, while his master wears a red coat and gamboge breeches.

How those colored woodcuts do carry one back! Childhood seems to be the same, whether it read Seneca and Camilla and *The Paternal Present* or *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. We all know the shining look of the gamboge, and the very smell of it, and the layers of Prussian blue we put on coats or trousers, and crimson lake for lips and cheeks!

Ah, well, here it was all over again: my work forgotten, these little old thin books in my hands, the April weather outside, and the keen scent of spring in the evening twilight!